

JESUS IN BERKELEY

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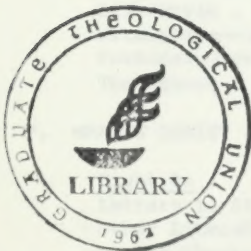
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INTRODUCTION

In the middle sixties Bob Dylan sang a taunting song with the refrain, "Something is happening and you don't know what it is." The great decade of political and cultural upheaval perplexed all who experienced it, actors and observers. If there was a massive erosion of the legitimacy of the American way of life and a crisis of meaning, there was at the same time a proliferation of experimental alternatives—in dress, living arrangements, politics, religion. To decide what was happening was difficult. Certainly no consensus about why things happened as and when they did has yet emerged. Nor is it yet clear whether the counterculture and the events and attitudes associated with it were epiphenomenal or signals of profound change under way.

Around such questions a discussion group of faculty and students in Berkeley gathered during the 1970-71 school year. Professors Robert Bellah and Charles Glock came together with students in the Department of Sociology at the University of California at Berkeley, and in the program in religion and society at the Graduate Theological Union, Berkeley. While by this time the peak of the sixties had already passed, its legacy continued to be evident, and successor movements began to emerge.

Particularly interesting to those of us in this group was the religious dimension to what had been happening. Some kind of religious consciousness had been present among the emerging countercultures of the early sixties, and religion seemed even more prominent in the late

sixties and in their aftermath in the early seventies. Certainly one could see in the sixties, in addition to the proliferation of religious movements, a quickening of conscience, a new self-awareness, and a kind of spiritual sensitivity among many young people. Further, if the central fact of the sixties should turn out to be a crisis of meaning, as many of us in the study group began to believe, that would signal, ipso facto, a religious crisis. Because of this and because we all were, from one vantage point or another, students of religion, we chose religion as the strategic point of entry into the intriguing and confusing phenomena occurring among many young people in the sixties and continuing, if abated, into the seventies. Religious consciousness seemed potentially the most profound dimension of change.

Eventually our group discussion led to a research plan. In 1971 we were awarded a major research grant by the Institute for Religion and Social Change in Honolulu. The funds for the project came to us from the Ford Foundation, via the Institute. Under the co-directorship of Robert Bellah and Charles Glock the project was launched, one of us pursuing survey research and five of us ethnographic studies.

The setting for these investigations was the San Francisco Bay Area. Here the counterculture had begun, here new trends continued to be born, here the phenomena of the sixties we were most interested in studying, as participants and observers, were most fully developed. Truly in-depth study also seemed to require us to restrict the locale.

As the outlines of our research project began to take shape, we discovered ourselves respectively drawn to study groups or movements

with which we felt some personal sympathy or which seemed to be posing and addressing questions which were also existential for us. We certainly agreed early to adopt a nonexploitative attitude toward those whom we studied. Debunking or sensational publicity were not our concerns. We also agreed not to withhold from the group studied our identity as a researcher.

While we wanted to include in our study movements which were quasi-religious and movements which avowed to be nonreligious, we certainly also wished to look at movements and groups which were quite frankly religious. The prominent new religious movement not indebted to the East was the Jesus movement. A revival of fundamentalist-evangelical Protestantism within the youth culture of the late sixties was an event no social commentators had predicted. By 1971 the Jesus movement had become the religious news story of the year.

At hand in Berkeley was a Jesus group calling itself the Christian World Liberation Front (CWLF). From word of mouth, from posters and flyers, and from a few inquiries I gathered that CWLF was not anti-intellectual, did not have flamboyant leadership, and did not take a hard-line fundamentalist approach to its evangelism. In addition, I discovered its interesting newspaper Right On, its countercultural coloration, and its critical attitude toward the American way of life. It looked promising. More, the group seemed something I could "live with" over the next two years in a participant-observer role. (My role was considerably more observer than participant, but in many ways I became in the eyes of the group a minor part of the furnishings.)

Certainly I brought to my study of CWLF the questions that defined our entire research project. We wanted to learn at first hand what it is about new movements, alternative approaches to reality, that appeals to young people; what is the "alternative state of consciousness" the group seems to foster; and what the prospects are for these movements to have a significant and permanent place in American culture and society.

But there were questions more important to me personally which probably clinched my decision to study CWLF. One was partly romantic and partly theological: What would it be like for me, a lifelong Lutheran and, by training and by choice, now a Lutheran clergyman and theologian, to immerse myself for two years in evangelicalism (and perhaps fundamentalism)? Surely I would not end up "going native," as the anthropologists say, but might I find alternatives to some loose ends or short circuits which had increasingly come to bother me about Lutheranism? The chief problem in Lutheranism for me was its ethic and the way it worked out its position in the world.

Akin to that concern was an issue which had been fascinating me since studying Ernst Troeltsch's The Social Teaching of the Christian Churches. Troeltsch argued that in each age the Christian Church is called to arrive at a new "completion" of its Gospel, a new embodiment of its message vis-à-vis the world. I was inclined to agree with Troeltsch's radical critique of the form and structure of the Lutheran "completion." Could CWLF be suggestive of a quite different kind of completion? Amidst the cultural upheaval of the sixties a variety of

alternatives was coming into being. Specifically, might CWLF represent a position in social ethics long neglected by the mainline churches: intentionalism? Surely an evangelical intentionalism purporting to be an alternative way of being a Christian community over against the world would be more sect type than church type. But if it were vigorous and open, it might have the possibility both of recalling sectarian Protestantism from its unthinking and self-interested Americanism and of challenging mainline Protestantism and Roman Catholicism with provocative and critical questions—leading perhaps to new attempts at completion for them.

If it should prove true, and I was very reluctant to grant this possibility, that a new kind of religious consciousness about the role of the Christian community in society was being embodied, or if a promising revitalization of the historic, but lately forgotten, intentionalist position was under way, then two important additional questions would become crucial. What would happen to whatever was going on? What course would it follow? Would its charisma or promise be sustained? This is the question of institutionalization. Considering how rarely new religious consciousness appears, or even successful revitalizations, the other question is, Will the movement throw sparks, even if its own fire will not continue to burn? And what kinds of combustible material might lie at hand? In all this, besides the concern of Troeltsch, there is the classic question of Max Weber about the role of religion in social change.

In the spring of 1972 I approached Jack Sparks, the head of CWLF. I told him who I was, described our research project, and asked for an entry into every facet of CWLF as a participant-observer. He instantly agreed and graciously invited me to observe or participate in anything that interested me. It was a long time before I felt secure enough fully to take him up on his open invitation. It was not always easy to break through the suspicion many in the group held toward outsiders. In my case that suspicion was sometimes doubled. I was a student at the Graduate Theological Union, often viewed as a vast liberal conspiracy by fundamentalists and evangelicals, and I was working, in part, as a sociologist. That ^{is} ~~was~~ ~~two~~ strikes against me.

I early discovered that telling someone I was a Lutheran minister was no help. After sharing that with a young man early in my research, naively hoping for instant trust, he replied: "I used to be Lutheran before I became a Christian." Other times I felt like the infiltrator into organized crime one often sees portrayed on television. Such a person is usually asked to kill someone as testimony to his honest intentions. I dreaded being asked to hand out tracts or preach a sermon in Sproul Plaza or evangelize the Graduate Theological Union (no mean task!). I was never asked to do any of these things. Once when I went with the group to picket a Nixon fund-raising dinner in San Francisco I was asked to help hand out anti-Nixon and antiwar leaflets. I was handing them out long after everyone else had grown disinterested or tired. Indeed, I alone almost got myself arrested by the Secret Service.

Eventually I came to be trusted by most of the brothers and sisters in the inner circle of CWLF. I was often taken into their confidence, and very little was hidden from me. Occasionally what one person might be interested in covering another would reveal—because of some internal power plays that were beginning to occur. A few of those people continue to be good friends of mine.

My participant-observation lasted from 1972 to 1974. During that time I attended the Family worship with some regularity. I also went on weekend retreats for the leaders, sat in on many kinds of meetings, and talked informally with a wide variety of participants, including those on the fringe and those just passing through. I was often privy to internal workings (and dissension) among the leadership which few of the members in the group knew about.

I conducted depth interviews with twelve of the brothers and sisters. In a few cases this consisted in one long interview lasting several hours. In most cases I re-interviewed these people over time, sometimes three, four, or five times. During that two-year period, I was also able to observe these people in their "natural setting" and to talk with them in a less focused way on many, many occasions.

I also read all the issues of Right On, the newspaper which CWLF began publishing shortly after arriving in Berkeley in April 1969. I was particularly careful to read all the material in the files that I could gain access to which related to the years before I arrived on the scene. I studied the pamphlets, flyers, and posters which flowed from the CWLF presses in a steady stream.

I tried to talk to many people in Berkeley who had some impressions of CWLF. There were a number of political radicals who continued to nurture strongly hostile feelings toward CWLF because of the group's many face-offs with leftist groups in its early days. Campus ministers and pastors of Berkeley churches also had occasionally encountered CWLF and had some feelings and opinions about the group. CWLF was known to many of the students at the Graduate Theological Union and a celebrated dialogue between CWLF and the GTU occasioned some discussion of CWLF among GTU students.

Although the formal period of my participant-observation ended in 1972, I continued my informal contacts with many of the people I had met in CWLF. I did this particularly with people who stood at the center of leadership and decision making. These kept me informed of the changes that were happening in the group. Occasionally I would come back for a Family meeting or some other group occasion, but most of my contact after 1974 was through long talks with individual leaders. The final such conversations, bringing me up to date on some dramatic changes which had been occurring in the group, occurred in January 1976.

What follows, then, is ethnography. I have attempted the interpretive understanding of a group and its participants. I have tried to be sensitive to the meanings and intentions which these actors were bringing to the scene I was studying. Sociology, social psychology, historical studies, and theology were the disciplines which informed my work. Critical interpretation and analysis is a part of sensitive ethnography. I have also traced the history of the group since its

origins in 1969 and tried to place it in its cultural and historical setting. Finally, suggesting the probable outcome of the movement and its larger consequences and significance was the most difficult and most interesting task.

I have said that our studies on this project aimed to discover what the appeal of the group was, what was the alternative it offered, and what were its future "prospects." In addition, I was interested in asking Troeltsch's question about new completions and discovering whether CWLF might promise a revitalized intentionalism as an appropriate social ethical embodiment for a Christian community at this time in American history. Involved in these large questions are the questions about the kind of people who are attracted to the group, "what Jesus People do all day," what they believe, how the group is evolving, and what it does to accomplish its goals.

In order to address these questions and to maximize the sense of evolution and growth of the group itself and also of its participants, I have chosen the following, perhaps unusual, format for this dissertation. Chapter I describes the setting in Berkeley and in American culture and religion for the arrival of the "missionaries" who would found CWLF. I saw them as Paul-like missionaries to Mars Hill, coming to Berkeley, the American Athens, to "make Christ an issue" and attempt to talk about him in the language and style of the inhabitants. This is a chapter about sources and setting.

Very soon the missionaries began gaining converts. Chapter II, "Port of Call," records the spiritual voyages of twelve people who found

their way into the Forever Family. Some of these came already in CWLF's first year and some later. These are the people with whom I have conducted depth interviews. I have chosen to "develop" these character studies throughout the dissertation rather than to fill in the whole picture in one chapter.

Chapter III returns from a focus on individual brothers and sisters to the emerging structure of CWLF itself. There is a record of the origins and early history of the group, of a subsequent period of consolidation and structuring, and of the first important time of challenge and change, 1973. (1975 is the second such time.) Dealing with such issues as leadership, social control, economics, and structure, it is essentially a chapter about institutionalization. Here is the groundwork for a later analysis of the ongoing development of the group and for an interpretation of key internal stress points which are fundamental for the ultimate directions the group takes—directions which are reported in the last chapter and which did not solidify until late in 1975.

Chapter IV, "The Days of Their Lives," returns to the Jesus People themselves. It reports "what Jesus People do all day," but also in what context they do it. It is a study of essential ingredients in the new life-style, of the "developmental" tasks of the new person in a new movement.

Every movement develops tactics appropriate to its goals. Within the Christian tradition such strategies and actions are typically called ministries. Chapter V, "Making Christ An Issue," is a long and thorough

study of the several ministries that came, in some ways, to define what CWLF was and in what directions and with what purposes it felt called to move.

Chapter VI, "Jesus: Symbol, Style, Structure," is an analysis and interpretation of CWLF's ideology or theology. Chapter VI tries to answer three questions: Who is Jesus for CWLF? What is the group's theological style? To what stance or posture does CWLF see itself called as a Christian community over against the world? A preface on historical theology sets the context for these questions. In answer to the first question, several important symbolizations of Jesus are described and then analyzed functionally. Such aspects of style as Biblical authority, prayer, and heart religion are described in answer to the second question. In answer to the third question, the importance of the Christian community or family for its own members is described, and its stance over against the world is analyzed within categories drawn from Troeltsch, Bryan Wilson, and H. Richard Niebuhr.

Chapter VII, "Outcome, Consequences, Significance," traces the trajectory of CWLF as a group and of the twelve individuals presented in Chapter II. It reports on the directions that institutionalization took and particularly on the decisive events that occurred in late 1975. The twelve character studies are further developed and there is information on "where they are now." Next there is a discussion of the effect CWLF has had on Church and society, particularly in Berkeley. A sense of the national impact of the Jesus movement is also given. Finally, there are tentative answers to the questions about the significance of CWLF, questions about Troeltschian completions and revitalized intentionalism.

CHAPTER I

THE SETTING

After a decade of turmoil, disruption, and religious despair, the editors of Time asked on the cover of their last issue in 1969, "Is God Coming Back to Life?" By 1971 something which had come to be called "The Jesus Movement" was voted the religious news story of the year. This book is a description and interpretation of the Christian World Liberation Front, the most conspicuous evidence of the Jesus movement in Berkeley during the early seventies. This is particularly the story of CWLF from 1971 to 1973, the years when the author was often present as a participant-observer. There is also a record of the evolution of the CWLF after 1973, in the last chapter, and its early history (1969-1971), in the third chapter. Something of the pre-history of the group is contained at the end of this chapter.

But how did it come to pass that in late 1969 news reports should begin trickling out that Jesus was in Berkeley?¹ And, no less surprising, how did that great American revival called the Jesus movement come to appear in the turbulent history of the 1960s? This chapter is a brief look at the setting for the arrival of the Jesus movement in California and the nation, and of the Christian World Liberation Front in Berkeley.

To locate the Jesus movement on a map of the American consciousness, particularly that of California, we look at three coordinates.

First, the state of American society, particularly during the decade of the sixties. Second, the chiefly youthful phenomenon which came to be called the counterculture. Third, the state of American Protestantism. The sources and origins of the Jesus movement seem to lie at this intersection. A description of that intersection is the subject of the first half of this chapter.

To locate CWLF in Berkeley we look at the scene which had come to shape Berkeley consciousness in the late sixties. There is also a portrait of three missionaries, living in Los Angeles and looking at Berkeley, praying and deciding about "making Christ an issue in Berkeley," and making a pilot foray into alien territory before deciding to take up a ministry. A description of Berkeley and the missionaries' coming is the subject of the second half of this chapter.

Three Coordinates of the Jesus Movement

American Society in the Sixties

In one year of the sixties, 1963, John F. Kennedy was assassinated, Pope John died, and Bible reading in the schools of Pennsylvania was outlawed. Timothy Leary was dismissed from his academic post. The Beatles arrived in America. Bishop Robinson's Honest to God became a best seller.

The decade saw the assassinations of Martin Luther King and two Kennedys, war in Southeast Asia, the explosions of Watts, Harlem, and Detroit, the rise of Students for a Democratic Society and the Weathermen, and the Death of God. After the civil rights movement came black power and then student power and, later, women's power.

Following a thousand-day Camelot came Johnson's Great Society, the abdication of LBJ, the children's crusade for McCarthy aborted in Chicago, and the arrival of Nixon. The famous Bishop Pike, who had scoffed at Billy Graham talking to God in prayer, ended the decade talking to his deceased son and searching for Jesus in the wastelands of Palestine. A whole generation was suddenly offered a glimpse of technology as an iron trap closed over American society and chewing up other countries as well as soon as they achieved ultimate industrialization. The sound of its whirring gears was never again out of consciousness, but no one seemed to know how to throw the switch to stop the machine.

Many noticed few of these things. It was a decade in which millions of people, as always, continued to buy homes, rake leaves, raise families, go to church, and work overtime. Various Americans enjoyed their leisure, went to Europe, experimented with new sexual mores, explored their human potential, acted like Archie Bunker. Many wanted to keep their world view intact, refusing to notice the cracks made by Kent State, Saturday night specials, a jolting divorce rate, the rapid decline of churchly influence, the cries of the Third World, the forceful idealism and violent despair of the young. One concession was to buy a gun, in case one's reality structure should be threatened. Increasingly, police and soldiers were called in to enforce world views and settle disputes over reality definitions.

Especially for some of the young, the sixties were a time of intense idealism, strong commitment, utopian politics, nausea with the

hypocrisy of those over thirty, social passion, and reaffirmation of original American values. They rode, stood up, laid down, and sang for a democracy in which all could freely participate in making those decisions that affected their lives. They saw visions not dreamed of during the Eisenhower years. Surges of euphoria, visions of alternative realities, and a Puritan investment in righteous causes balanced despair, decay, rage, and reaction.

Three crises permeated the entire decade. Generally, there was an environmental-urban crisis. Specifically, there was an educational-economic-racial crisis. Through them all was the steady obligato of Vietnam.

Environmental critics became millennial figures during the sixties. With steady and militant prophecies they kept Doomsday before the American imagination. They talked about ecosystems, worldwide famine, spaceship earth, polluted oceans, technological fallout, and irreversible biological mechanisms. Protestant fundamentalists and Marxist radicals were often Amen corners to their stern sermons. The moon would turn to blood, the American empire to destruction. It was almost exciting to some of those whose deviant reality structures seemed to hang from skyhooks outside the dying American ecosystem. Others responded with denials or calls for more technology.

The urban environment aggravated, intensified, and catalyzed nearly every problem that faced American society. The graffiti on the city walls was slowly rubbing into the American consciousness, even while some praised the city or ignored its problems. Urban became an adjective

tied to a thousand disasters. Cities were the locus of the poor and the sick, living apart from organic supporting structures. Cities confined technology and bad air and corrupt politics and racial hatreds and corporate capitalism's work force and castoffs.

Universities had become knowledge factories serving the corporate state. Students saw themselves as nameless IBM cards tracked through the system and fed out at graduation for service in an alien society. High schools and even junior high schools were battlegrounds for teachers, students, neighborhoods, races, politicians, criminals, parents, and ideologies. The University looked to various people like a free-love playground, a tool of rightist regents, a staging area for assaults on "Amerika," a depersonalizing monster, the covert ally of the military-industrial complex, a microcosm of troubled society, the place to refashion a new America, the hope and curse of youth, a refuge from Vietnam, the dumping ground of middle-class permissiveness, a temple of head trips or Enlightenment rationalism.

The economic machinery kept throwing up alienated youth. A New Left, come to being in a post-scarcity society, saw revolutions around the world precipitated by corporate capitalism in search of new markets and exploitable sources of raw materials. Adolescence had become a new class created by socioeconomic realities. A new consumerism tried to raise consciousness to understand the level at which the people were being cheated, used, and exploited by American corporations, lied to by American advertising, and forsaken by a bought American Congress. Millionaires paid no income tax. Everyone resented welfare.

New burdens consistently were made to fall heaviest on the poor. The greatest oppressors were the most sheltered by the political system. Wealth, privilege, power, corruption, and politics all seemed to run together.

The racial revolution ignited as things began to improve. There was racial strife bordering on war in cities, unions, schools, prisons, and in the military. Black power, white reaction, pride, prejudice, paranoia, oppression, deprivation, delayed anger, an unatoned history, directionless frustration, demagoguery, guilt—all came together in the evil morass of racial strife. Scarcely any part of the fabric of American life was untouched.

Through it all, accentuating the anomie and hostility of the young, beat the drum of the Vietnam war. It seemed the longest, ugliest, most alienating, immoral, destructive war in American history. For many it epitomized a syndrome of fatal defects in American society: racism, corporate capitalism, deluded liberalism, misbegotten patriotism, hysterical anti-Communism, cynical and lying politics, hypocrisy, trampled ideals, egotism, blinded political vision. It looked like a projection of everything that was wrong in America, compounded with some things that were right. For many of draftable age, it was the single most irritating, frustrating, insulting, enraging, nagging aspect of life in America.

All this pointed to a crisis in the American character. America seemed ready to fall because its citizens and its politicians no longer believed in things worth believing in. Comfort, profit, selfishness,

thoughtless obedience were replacing God, civic virtue, and concern for community. The call of hedonism, escape from freedom, withdrawal into materialism, temptations to morality without demand, responsibility without social components, values without transcendence had eaten deeply into the American character. In religion and theology, too, there emerged "a major reappraisal of the most assured elements of the historical Judeo-Christian consensus."² Looking back over a decade which seemed to "experience a fundamental shift in the aesthetic, moral, and religious attitudes of Americans . . . a decisive turning point in American history,"³ Sydney Ahlstrom asks:

Why did THIS decade become the moment when the WASP's wings are clipped; when the Protestant Establishment collapses; when ancient stands of sexual morality are revised; when governments relax their equally ancient prerogative of censorship; when thousands resist or evade the country's call to arms; when ministers and thinking laity alike lose confidence in ecclesiastical institutions; when anti-supernaturalism makes deep inroads in both pulpit and seminary, and presumably also in the church historian's study; when a two-and-a-half millennia tradition of religious opposition to "worldliness" and "secularism" is drastically weakened; when the religious category itself is profoundly questioned in the churches and synagogues; and when the New Morality and the Death of God become popular slogans? Why, in short, have so many long-term processes dropped their bomb load on the sixties?⁴

The fate of the American family, the family which bore the children of the Jesus movement, could scarcely remain separate from all this. A general decline in transcendent values, the constant mobility demanded by American corporations, alternative values and life-styles hawked by Hollywood and advertising, the continuing erosion of organic bases for community, the late stages of a corrupted bourgeois individualism, the prolongation of adolescence, the rise of a new morality

with the decline of authoritative theologies, the evolution of youth as a social and consumer class, the increasingly rapid pace of American society giving rise to future shock, the drive for individual happiness and self-actualization—all these played their role in the flood of divorce, marital strife, and personal immorality which threatened to erode and wash away the institution of marriage and family and the American home as an integrating unit in society.

The Counterculture

In his best-selling book of 1969 Theodore Roszak described the reaction to the state of American society in the sixties: The Making of a Counter Culture.⁵ The vital ingredients were reacting youth, popular but older gurus, and the recovery of heroes and visions long since departed. Ammunition for the fight against technocratic society was garnered from the liberation philosophies of Herbert Marcuse and Norman Brown, the religions of the East via Allen Ginsberg and Allen Watts, the visionary sociology of Paul Goodman, and figures from the romantic tradition like William Blake. Roszak thought he saw a cultural constellation which included the psychology of alienation, oriental mysticism, psychedelic drugs, and communitarian experiments, all coming together in a way not seen since the scientific revolution of the seventeenth century.

Eventually, a whole variety of ingredients came to be lodged in the youth culture of colleges and universities: Romanticism, body consciousness, cult of experience, experimentation with drugs and the search for altered states of consciousness and visions of multiple

realities, cultivation of feelings, anti-intellectualism as a form of protest, return to nature and the organic, new sexual mores, yearning for ecstasy and peak experiences, alienation from the system, the Establishment, the churches.

Beyond the many specific new religions which flourished among the young, the counterculture in a sense tried to be a religion itself: a religion of feeling, experience, selfness, human potential. In this it only shares in the profound psychologization of American life. Esalen retaught a new generation an old principle of romantic philosophy: I feel, therefore I am. The prophets of Baal exhorted the crowds to get in touch with their feelings. In a thousand "high places" small groups gathered around dilettante and self-proclaimed novice priests to encounter each other and themselves.⁶

Much of this psychologization of American life had become a phenomenon of American culture generally, moving from the intellectuals to the masses. The youth culture seemed to produce its truest believers and its most violent inquisitors. Many cultivated the self and the "old Gnosis." But others embodied the moral idealism of the civil rights movement, commitment to brotherhood and community, and the stern Puritanism of the Marxian New Left.

Eventually the abandonment of instinctual renunciation, the cult of self, and the despair of political action became more and more attractive options. With Romanticism, the counterculture shared the lust for uninhibited personal development.⁷ Any and all religions could become stages to go through on one's personal quest.⁸

Drugs were often central to the countercultural experience. They were the apotheosis of isolation, the celebration of anomie, psychic emigration from Establishment realism, a rainbow of blessings and curses. Through drugs one could achieve a cheap exodus from responsibility or a window on new reality, a first glimpse of the supernatural. They became a protest, an alternate way of life, a new status system. People were lost and found. Some killed themselves and some were reborn. Some escaped God and some found him. The Hound of Heaven had a remarkable propensity for appearing in psychedelic trips. The divine archetypes which had always been there in the old family albums of the psyche reappeared or once again asserted their mysterious and fascinating power. Drugs readied people for death and life, for god and the devil, for pinnacles of isolation and for the surging, warm communities of the new religious movements. They were a new Eden of death and rebirth.

There seemed always the possibility of going two ways in the religion that was the counterculture:⁹ idealism and activism or resignation and frustration; the liberating death of authority or the curse of uncertainty; if the old God is dead all things are possible—or nothing is worth doing; a surge of commitment or the slackening of human tone and the incapacity to get interested in anything.

There remained all through the sixties, however, hard- and soft-core political activists and idealists. The Movement, as it came to be known, seemed most happy and sure of itself in its civil rights and early anti-war days, but some from this New Left stayed on long after many, frustrated or lacking energy for the long haul, left to contemplate

themselves instead of society and reduced the revolution to what seemed the more manageable proportions of their own heads.

The year 1962 saw the birth of SDS, the most conspicuous and successful political organization throughout the decade, until its disintegration in 1969-70. SDS was only a part of the Movement, which was only a part of a larger cultural upheaval, but it epitomized what was best of youthful politics and, later, what was worst. It was a kind of organizational expression of the Movement, its intellectual mentor and energy source. Its initial Port Huron statement provided the intellectual and analytic tools for the first home-grown Left. It was a crucial help for students trying to fashion a political understanding for their sense of alienation. It became like a theological analysis of the modern dilemma. It helped you understand why you felt so bad and what externally was wrong.¹⁰

The counterculture, then, was a social movement, perhaps a quasi-religious movement. It fostered and peopled other social and religious movements. It was all at the same time a crucible, a dumping ground, a compost pile, a pregnant womb, a power plant. Charismatic leaders born for it were able to exploit its unconscious yearnings. The Establishment had, in a way, produced it and then come to hate it. There was also admiration, persecution, and co-optation. Out of the intense ferment of its longing, idealism, disgust, anomie, intellectual talent, the counterculture produced important leaders and movements. By no means was it a sterile reaction to American society "which offered nothing positive." It was alive with alternatives, often several new ones every month. If it sometimes looked like a dumping ground for deviants and social

misfits, the spontaneous combustion that happened there lit up a decade.¹¹

American Protestantism

The American culture of the sixties cannot have been without effect on the churches. Mainstream Protestantism has often been considered the religious expression of the American people. Now its pews were increasingly empty and its theology in disarray. There was a marked decline in belief in supernatural religion and many of the historic doctrines were left unconfessed or even were scorned and reviled. There arose among theologians "the God question"—whether it was possible any longer to talk about God at all. Some of the religious best sellers, revolutionizing theology or castigating the churches, were Honest to God, The Secular City, the several death-of-God books, After Auschwitz, The Comfortable Pew, and The Noise of Solemn Assemblies.¹²

There was no lack of theological ferment. One unifying theme was growing concern for the world. While the very problem of God was debated, a marvelous flowering of social Christianity was occurring, perhaps a wonderful sublimation of a past theology of transcendence. Unsure about God's place in heaven, churches and theologians were energetically keeping his rumor alive on earth. One could be sure about social action. Yet ethics generally was also in a quandary, partly due to the denial of absolutes and the assertions of optimistic situationists.

More than coincidentally, the death of God seemed the opposite side of the coin of joyous secularism. If the death of God was in fact only a "two-man movement,"¹³ the media, from Time to Playboy, the American people, and thousands of Easter sermons fastened onto it with amazing interest. People who had little interest in the churches were stunned to encounter God's pallbearers coming out of them, and many were outraged. Fundamentalists said we told you that's where it would end. Pundits inquired into the American character that could produce such a thing. Most liberal Protestants were not happy either with what had been wrought.

Some began to extol the man Jesus. Religious phenomenology was not without its "freakiness" well before that time late in the sixties when the early Jesus people took that epithet with pride. Out of the emptiness of many of the American churches came a new interest in religion, often, but not always, Eastern. U.S. News and World Report noted that 800 of 1,300 four-year colleges had religious studies programs or departments. Enrollment in them was growing twice as fast as the average for most departments.¹⁴

In addition to the world, theologians tried variously to recover hope, the future, eschatology, and transcendence. Toward the end of the decade there were theologies for the political and cultural revolutions as well. The World Council of Churches Geneva Conference on Church and Society in 1966 was political and radical. Shortly after, the Frankfurt statement by evangelicals called the churches to a mission and evangelism consciousness. There were also theologies of black power,

theologies of peace. At the end of the decade, Marty and Peerman's New Theology No. 7 was reporting "the recovery of transcendence."¹⁵ The first section of the volume contained three articles under the subtitle "The Call for Experience." While the "pioneers in the recovery," Karl Rahner and Thomas Merton, were hardly advance men for the Jesus movement, it soon would become clear, at least in the popular mind, that Jesus people were virtuosi at experiencing the transcendent.

American religion seems always to have been enigmatic. America was the most secular and the most pious, a steady source of amazement and despair for European theologians. Will Herberg had looked at the fifties and seen the triumph of secularism in a new Protestant-Roman Catholic-Jewish culture religion.¹⁶ William McLoughlin saw there the beginning of a Fourth Great Awakening.¹⁷ Evangelicals and liberals could never agree on the essence of Christianity—whether individual salvation or social Gospel. To the evangelical and fundamentalist, the social Gospel was at best a derailment of the true Gospel and at worst clear evidence of the onslaught of secularism and a theology emptied of transcendence. To the liberal, the social Gospel was the essence of being Christian, and the preoccupation with individual salvation was escapist at best and at worst anti-intellectual, repressive, and demonic.

If the finest flower of social Christianity seemed to bloom in the sixties, that decade also saw the unmistakable beginning of the decline of mainline Protestant dominance on the American religious scene. The decline in funding and in students at the major Protestant seminaries

by the end of the decade, the rapid growth of evangelical seminaries, the decline in readership for the Christian Century and the great numbers success of Christianity Today, the decline of advance and even of interest in the ecumenical movement, particularly the much-heralded Consultation on Church Union—all were important indicators of what was happening in American Protestantism. Looking back on the sixties, Dean Kelley, a staff member of the National Council of Churches, wrote Why Conservative Churches Are Growing.¹⁸

Reassertions of fundamental Christianity had always come about through major revivals in American religious history. In Modern Revivalism, William McLoughlin has described several such periods:¹⁹ the Great Awakening of the 1730s and 1740s, associated especially with Jonathan Edwards; the Second Awakening of the 1830s, associated with Charles Finney; Dwight L. Moody's revival of the 1870s and 1880s; Billy Sunday in the 1910s; Billy Graham since the 1950s. Such revivalists rekindled loyalty both to evangelical Protestant teachings about sin, conversion, and regeneration, but also loyalty for respected American ideals about individual liberty and opportunity. The major revivals all strongly identified the future of Christianity with the fate of American democracy.

Since its founding America has had a free church tradition which has always been able to provide fertile soil for revivalism. A German observer finds the Jesus movement inconceivable without the American free church tradition.²⁰ If the increasing pluralism in American life and a new suspicion of the melting pot ideal had given rise to a "new

ethnicity" in the late sixties, it is not surprising that the particularities in the free church tradition should also begin reasserting themselves amidst the vast common denominator Protestant liberalism which had gained the day.²¹

Looking in 1968 at the failure of the promise of Vatican II, Rosemary Reuther thought she saw a kind of free church movement, though of a different type, in Roman Catholicism as well. The term free church meant to her:

all the various ways and means of expression by which Catholics are withdrawing from hierarchical jurisdiction and setting up para-institutional organizations, communities, and forums by which their own voices can be heard; voices which really express their own positions and needs and are not simply the echo of the power structure above them, whether this be the Pope vis-à-vis the bishops, the bishops vis-à-vis the priests, or the clerical power structure as a whole in relation to the laity.²²

Some kind of free church tradition in America had always been available, going its own way and, at its best, refreshingly outside the mainstream, deviant, gloriously sectarian. Such a tradition was there for people turning to Jesus while remaining in the counterculture. Erling Jorstad has argued that, unlike previous American revivals, the Jesus movement was "new-time religion" in not binding itself to American institutions and American destiny.²³ In a way, such groups as the Pentecostal-Holiness finally came into their own in the Jesus movement. They had always been there—deviant, usually rural, in many ways disloyal to commonly accepted cultural and churchly values and ideals. In the Jesus movement they were to some extent able to break out of whatever acculturation they had suffered and take their place as a new counter-Christianity, often urban.

If the fundamentalism which had expired on the battlefields of the 1920s was regaining its nerve in the 1960s and indeed experiencing a revival, if it was flexing its muscles in a scene until recently dominated by mainline Protestantism, then it is understandable that some of its tradition, some of what it offered, was readily mainlined into the veins of a young Jesus movement.²⁴ Indeed, it may have been indispensable for that movement to take life.

The apocalyptic always at hand in fundamentalism, if it did not unite with lower classes suffering economic deprivation to create a religio-political movement as at some times in history, did provide exactly the right feel of reality for a generation suffering from future shock, the threats of nuclear disaster nearly reduced to a daily banality, ignorance of the past, the cruel War, a lying government, and broken dreams and values. For some, the new apocalypticism meant the world situation was so bad only God could intervene to make it right. For others it became the most exciting game going in a culture gone mad: fundamentalist witchcraft, evangelical magic. For those not in the counterculture, those who had faithfully kept apocalypticism alive in deviant, fundamentalist churches, apocalyptic and prophecy were the new keys to reality, a real mystery religion in the time of the failure of diplomacy and political science, a charismatic romp through the American unconscious, a new status in a world trusting nothing that was there.

Hand in glove with apocalypticism was a pre-millennial eschatology. Essential to this view is the belief in literal prophecies and a dramatic second coming of Christ before the golden age of the

thousand-year reign. The latter belief eliminates any possible optimism which would see the church and/or civilization working its way up to the final return of Christ. Historical events are inevitable guideposts on the road to the end, if one reads them from the correct Biblical viewpoint. To many, the restoration of a homeland to the Jews in 1948 and the recapture of Jerusalem in 1967 were vital steps on the way to Christ's second coming. Hal Lindsey's phenomenally best-selling The Late Great Planet Earth²⁵ documents all the signs with breathless certainty and anticipation. If Jesus people often seemed escapist, that is a life-style which grows easily on pre-millennial soil. There is, in fact, no future, especially in the latter days, but that which will be inaugurated by the return of Christ. That return is totally discontinuous with all that has occurred on earth immediately prior to it. Things are getting worse before Christ comes to make them better.

Evangelical Protestantism also provided a solid presence of youth and evangelistic groups which served as models, missionaries, catalysts, and profiteers as the Jesus movement took shape. These nondenominational groups had begun appearing in the 1930s. The Navigators began in 1933 with a ministry to people in the armed services. In the 1940s the American Inter-Varsity Christian Fellowship grew rapidly, planted in this country by the Inter-Collegiate Christian Fellowship. Its ministry was to colleges and universities, on very many of whose campuses it now has chapters. Inter-Varsity Press not only publishes HIS magazine, the official organ, but over two hundred books and pamphlets. Every three years a major convention is held in

Urbana, Illinois. Young Life, a ministry to high school students, was begun in 1941. Youth for Christ, begun in 1944, was responsible for a controversial "new evangelism," whose rallies and techniques resemble those of the Jesus movement. The newest and most ambitious of these ministries is Campus Crusade for Christ, founded in 1951 by William Bright. It is active on campuses and elsewhere, united to saturate the world with an evangelistic message by 1980. It is composed of students and laymen and has expanded from campus ministry to lay, faculty, high school, athletic, military, and mass media ministries. Its most conspicuous recent manifestation was the Dallas "Explo 72," in which 75,000 people gathered to share Christ with each other, with Dallas, and via the media, with the world. The styles of bold, activist, evangelistic, nondenominational, innovating ministries developed by such groups were scarcely without impact on the young Jesus movement. It was a predisposing factor, a vital contributor, and an eager harvester of the Jesus movement. Often, of course, the Spirit of the Jesus movement blew too freely and lighted too capriciously and unstably for the leadership of many of these groups. Not a few staffers of these groups, whose charisma had been heavily institutionalized and whose style had become middle-class and straight, went over to the Jesus movement when they saw in it new charisma, new movements of the Spirit, and new opportunities for the kind of leadership they thought they could provide—opportunities which were part of the history of their own groups but no longer a present reality.

A more general factor in American Protestantism, which in the early 1970s would force dramatic changes in the Lutheran Church, Missouri Synod most conspicuously, but was also a steady ferment in other denominational infighting, was the crisis in Biblical authority. The fight for Biblical authority was, in the eyes of many, lost by the fundamentalists and evangelicals in the 1920s. If it was a victory for liberal Protestantism, it was a victory which seemed to be catching up with it by the 1960s. The evangelical camp had never let the issue die either. When a whole age questioned authority of all kinds, when some sought authoritative answers amidst bewildering history and experience, a part of Protestantism was there with surefire answers. They sounded like they stood for something. They acted as if they knew what they were talking about. They had a certainty and an authoritative word which was very different from that to be heard in the civil religion, among the member churches of the National Council of Churches, and among campus pastors. That authority was the underpinning of a world view which explained the mess of reality, which offered a fulcrum amidst chaos, which conveyed meaning, a place to stand, a place to go, a dependable resource, something you could trust, something that would stay still as the sands shifted and the floods swept by. Only those indebted to such an authority could shout "One Way" and say with joyful certainty, "Jesus is the Answer."

The Arrival of Jesus in Berkeley:
Mars Hill in a California Athens

Prologue: Acts 17:16-31

Now while Paul was waiting for them at Athens, his spirit was provoked within him as he saw that the city was full of idols. So he argued in the synagogue with the Jews and devout persons, and in the marketplace every day with those who chanced to be there. Some also of the Epicurean and Stoic philosophers met him. And some said, "What would this babblers say?" Others said, "He seems to be a preacher of foreign divinities"—because he preached Jesus and the resurrection. And they took hold of him and brought him to the Areopagus, saying, "May we know what this new teaching is which you present? For you bring some strange things to our ears; we wish to know therefore what these things mean." Now all the Athenians spent their time in nothing except telling or hearing something new.

So Paul, standing in the middle of the Areopagus, said: "Men of Athens, I perceive that in every way you are very religious. For as I passed along, and observed the objects of your worship, I found also an altar with this inscription, 'To an unknown god.' What therefore you worship as unknown, this I proclaim to you. The God who made the world and everything in it, being Lord of heaven and earth, does not live in shrines made by man, nor is he served by human hands, as though he needed anything, since he himself gives to all men life and breath and everything. And he made from one every nation of men to live on all the face of the earth, having determined allotted periods and the boundaries of their habitation, that they should seek God, in the hope that they might feel after him and find him. Yet he is not far from each one of us, for 'In him we live and move and have our being'; as even some of your poets have said, 'For we are indeed his offspring.' Being then God's offspring, we ought not to think that the Deity is like gold, or silver, or stone, a representation by the art and imagination of man. The times of ignorance God overlooked, but now he commands all men everywhere to repent, because he has fixed a day on which he will judge the world in righteousness by a man whom he has appointed, and of this he has given assurance to all men by raising him from the dead."

Athens was again searching for its soul the year the missionaries arrived. In April 1969 there was a comment in Rolling Stone the missionaries would have applauded:

Politics has failed. My God, if we need more proof of that than any hour of the evening news on TV, we are blind. No, the hippies and the Beatles and the Pop musicians present no Program for Improvement of the Society. What they do is to present a program for improvement of the young people of the world. You can't change the society until you reach a state of grace and, as poet Jerry Greenberg asked, "What is the capital of the state of grace?"²⁶

The missionaries who arrived that month wanted to make it Berkeley.

On Mars Hill people with itching minds and ears debated the questions of the day. Which way is SDS going? Can we make a Peoples' Park? What will happen to the Chicago 8? Rolling Stone suggested: "The Beatles aren't just more popular than Jesus, they are also more potent than the SDS."²⁷ The sun and the drugs were good, too. There was talk of Sergeant Sunshine's nine-month sentence for smoking grass on the steps of City Hall in his police uniform. Down near the border Costa Mesa's city council urged the United States to purchase Baja California from the Mexican government to stem the flow of narcotics. Several Mexicans offered to buy Costa Mesa from the United States for six burros and three sacks of beans. The "Better Berkeley Council" was passing out a flier with a hairy young man grinning beneath a policeman's cap: "WANTED: Hip Cops, peacemen not policemen."²⁸

There were other missionaries that spring. SDS had its travelers. Michael Rossman was calling himself a "campus traveler in the educational reform movement."²⁹ He talked about a new ghetto with seven million inhabitants, America's college youth coming alive with rebellion. Guerrilla actors surfaced in cafeterias, classrooms, and libraries to shoot Vietnamese peasants, recalling Aeschylus' disruptive drama. The street was the heaviest theater, stage-managed by the hip

and the radical. Policemen's clubs sent instant enlightenment into the heads of the audiences. Music, drugs, and the street were the new catalyzers of religious experience. Meanwhile, old-time chaplains were called to King Nixon's Court to assure him of his righteousness and rebuke the opposition. A report from Educational Testing Service circulating in two thousand college administrations declared: "The absence of a religious preference is the single personal characteristic most predictive of protest behavior in college freshmen."³⁰ Counter-religions were not long in emerging. In two months Peoples' Park would be sanctified by a cross section of young Berkeley clergy. In six months congregations would gather at Woodstock "dedicated to whatever gods now seem effective and whatever myths produce the energy needed to survive: Meher Baba, Mother Earth, street-fighting man, Janis Joplin, Atlantis, Jim Hendrix, Che."³¹

In Los Angeles the spirit of a man named Jack Sparks was provoked. Safe in the employment of well-funded, straitlaced Campus Crusade for Christ, he could not stop thinking about Berkeley. Something special was needed there. Campus Crusade had tried. In 1967 they had declared a Berkeley week, brought in staffers from all over the country, manned forty telephones to get out the Gospel of four spiritual laws, and topped it off with a Billy Graham appearance. There was not a revival.

Certain that Crusade's style could not succeed in Berkeley, Sparks began talking with two friends, Fred and Pat. A special missionary journey was called for. They talked to their wives. They

prayed and tried to trust God's Spirit to lead them. Pat fretted about a radical movement out to take over the country and saw nothing but hate and violence ahead. Jack saw the absence of Christians in a place where people were hurting and trying to make change happen. They tried to get ready to let God change their lives. If the claim of Christ's Lordship was real, it would have to be taken to Berkeley and taken seriously there, too. The cross had to be raised on Mars Hill, Sproul Plaza of the University of California at Berkeley.

Sparks was no showman, carrying his eighty-pound cross across the country and chaining himself to Sunset Strip like the Jesus entrepreneur, Arthur Blessitt. He did carry a cross inside him. A kind of grief for the masses, it made him hurt in his stomach and it reflected in his deep eyes and sad smile.³² He did not wear white bucks and blue serge suits, like the missionaries who combed Sunset Strip for the Lord. Oshkoshes, blue work shirt, and boots seemed right for him and for Berkeley. Sparks had become a Christian when a neighbor in an apartment invited him to church. He was the son of an Indiana tenant farmer determined to make it big with his Ph.D. in statistics. He felt God taking slow hold of him, as he and his wife, Esther, began studying the Word to make up for a lifetime of churchlessness. The burden he felt taking shape was not computerizing the Bible for Campus Crusade, but coming to Telegraph Avenue and Ludwig's Fountain in Sproul Plaza and beginning a Forever Family in Berkeley.

Pat and Fred were college jocks who had lived the high life. After college they were converted and felt themselves set on a great

quest to be "Christians with a difference." Pat was tall, aggressive, handsome, and thrived on conflict. He was conservative politically. His "Miss California" type wife and he had to make a great adjustment to Berkeley.

The group first stumbled on the Berkeley campus in the middle of the Third World Liberation Front strike. They were spit on by the radicals and tear-gassed by the police. They leafletted, spoke to crowds, prayed, cowered, and carried their first signs: IT TAKES GUTS TO FOLLOW JESUS, THE REAL REVOLUTIONIST! PIG STATE NO, ANARCHY NO, JESUS YES! JESUS LOVES THE LITTLE PIGS, JESUS LOVES THE LITTLE STUDENTS, WHY NOT TRY JESUS! Mostly they felt stupid, silly, and out of place. They were. When their trial ordeal was over, Sparks felt satisfied that Jesus Christ was lifted up and "not a single person didn't know that there were Christians around who cared." Even if fire did not come down from heaven and six thousand people fall on their knees and repent.

That was their pilot missionary visit. Back in Southern California they licked their wounds, prayed, rejoiced, talked, and decided to leave their jobs and careers. They felt God calling them. No one else was doing the kinds of things they were inclined to do and thought had to be done. Berkeley was the vortex of the youth culture. They had to come.

Berkeley religions were flourishing when the missionaries arrived. Like ancient Rome, Berkeley received prophets from all over and did no little exporting. Wandering priests from Berkeley found their way to a thousand parks and commons and public places around the world.

The Berkeley Gazette trumpeted an old American religion which conservatives still held on to. Sacrifices to the American dream were still offered up daily by its editors. The Berkeley Barb hawked another religion to a different audience. From across the Bay came more theological tabloids. On every telephone pole and building side were written messages from rival gods. From a hundred corners and storefronts religious prophets hawked their wares. It was a Persian market of divinities, the California god-rush, East and West come together, with the market favoring the exotic.

The Puritan sky god who possibly still called America his sacred territory and whose name and image were invoked in Inaugural Addresses was disacknowledged by the people on Telegraph Avenue. They lounged in the loins of an earth mother. Pan-sexualism was the rite of their reborn fertility. If regressive fusion with earth mother was not necessarily the goal, a hearty body consciousness and the recovery of human potential often were. Zen and Yoga were paths of discipline for those who wanted it. Unlimited balling and drugs were there for those who didn't. Drugs were the bread and wine which transfigured their devotees into new states of consciousness in which they saw god again—or for the first time. New liturgies sprang into being and thousands of witnesses gave their testimonies. The Daily Californian, the student newspaper, was a calendar for the meetings and events of the Berkeley divinities. If one were not already a disciple, and most were not, one could pick and choose, embracing all in a grandiose but mindless syncretism or one by one with passion and intensity—

serial monotheism, the religion of the week. Through the crowds also walked the true believers in the age of science and rationalism, on their way to preach to unbelieving classes.

In the midst of this the new missionaries argued every day in the marketplace and on Sundays, if invited, in the churches. Often they were well received by the young, for many had ears for every new thing. Schlagwortjaeger, the German Bible called them. When the missionaries mentioned Christ and new birth and personal relationship, however, the crowds left or responded negatively. Sometimes there were confrontations. Loud preaching into plugged ears. Counter gestures. A campus table standoff at high noon. SDS and the missionaries forcefully witnessing to each other.

Their message was simple and strong. Except for the last sentence, it was not different from the one Nock reports of the missionaries in the early centuries of Christianity:

You are in your sins, a state inevitable for you as a human being and aggravated by your wilfulness. No action of yours will enable you to make a new start, no effort of yours will enable you to put aside your guilt in God's eyes, and you are doomed to endless suffering hereafter. Turn to us, stake everything on Jesus the Christ being your Savior, and God will give to you the privilege of making a new start as a new being and will bestow upon you grace which will enable you so to live here as to obtain a share in the life of the world to come. By using our sacraments you will here and now triumph over death and will have a foretaste of the joys which await you in heaven.³³

Perhaps the emerging community, the Forever Family, was to become the new sacrament. Echoing Paul, the missionaries introduced the crowds to the Father of Jesus Christ, the God above and beyond their religious quests. "He is near you. Your own counter-culture witnesses to him."

Every day the missionaries went to the campus and walked the Avenue. They listened and talked and prayed about what they saw. Evenings they went to radical political meetings. Wherever crowds gathered, they appeared. Late at night they came home to the house they had found to rent. They learned to leaflet, sign, poster, and bullhorn from watching radical students.

But they learned slowly and painfully and with much prayer. Once they went to a Free Huey Newton rally in San Francisco. Their leaflet proclaimed "FREE HUEY" and then talked about the freedom available in the Forever Family. When the rhetoric got heavier, the nearly all-black crowd began chanting, and Kathleen Cleaver identified a pig as "anyone who doesn't believe as we do." The brave missionaries paid two ten-year-old blacks fifty cents each to distribute the leaflets and headed for cover. Years later they are still embarrassed. They were not yet ready for such situations. They tried to learn as they went along what pleased the Lord.

Other Christians hassled them. Some were suspicious of any who would go off and leave good jobs to spend time with "such people." Those Christians tried to make Sparks feel guilty for exposing his four children to such things and wondered if the missionaries were cutting themselves off from the good people of America. The missionaries did some hassling, too. They argued in the Submarine Church, they confronted the Free Church, and they thought about claiming Unitas, the center for United Ministries in Higher Education, for the Lord Jesus Christ.

As they made their rounds they found passionate radicals, quiet despair, unbudging Hari Krishnas, indifferent finger gestures, and seekers after religion. They tried to talk and listen to all of them. They wanted to tell people in their own languages what a personal relationship with the Father through the Son could be and they wanted to describe the life with brothers and sisters in the Forever Family. There were long conversations that ended abruptly with "I've got a class" when the missionary's punch line came.

They began gathering a small group around their ministry. They prayed mightily, learning to do it in a group. "It builds your faith to see things happen together. You become witnesses to each other that the Lord is real and you're not just making something up." They took odd jobs. One zealous new Christian confronted a Berkeley hill dweller, in whose yard he was working, with the firm question, "Do you know Jesus?" The man turned and fled and phoned for assurance that the young man was harmless. They cast out demons, when some prospective Christians said they could not be in the Father's Family because they already belonged to the devil. They loved and supported and scolded and wrestled and agonized with heroin addicts. They printed ten thousand copies of "Jesus in Berkeley," imaginary encounters with Jesus in the language of the street. They joined radicals to picket the Russian tourist bureau, carrying signs which said: LIBERATE CZECHS IN CZECHOSLOVAKIA, LIBERATE CHRISTIANS IN RUSSIA, and POLITICAL FREEDOM WITHOUT RELIGIOUS FREEDOM IS PLASTIC. When police said they could not carry a six-foot sign into the Russian Photo Exhibit, they painted the message on old white shirts, and wore it into the exhibit.

Once the missionaries went to a love-in at a Marin County beach. Driving along in an old hearse they had acquired they picked up hitchhikers along the way. These began to pass around a jug of wine, smoke dope, and one young woman began to expose herself. It was almost too much for one of the young Christians along. When they stopped in a traffic jam close to the beach, the hitchhikers all said they'd walk from there, and the pressure was off. As the traffic jam continued, Pat hooked up the portable PA they had brought along and read the whole book of Romans from his Living New Testament. The scene at the beach was gross, people were stoned, the Hell's Angels were there, sex was everywhere, and nobody wanted to listen to anything. One young Christian stayed in the hearse the whole time. The missionaries didn't go to any more love-ins.

They were more effective at North Beach in San Francisco. One of the Christians was arrested, another got superficially stabbed when a dancer came after him with a scissors, and they all got hosed down by one of the owners of a topless and bottomless joint, but they stayed there and they kept witnessing and passing out their leaflets. Not a few stopped to talk, and some of those came into the Forever Family. One owner tried to bribe the group to stay away from his place. "Sometimes we give donations to certain worthy groups." When the missionaries refused, he made a deal to let them come inside once a night to witness for thirty minutes if they wouldn't march around outside. After he lost his bouncer, one of the dancers, and a few in the audience to the Forever Family, he terminated that arrangement.

The missionaries tried every means they could imagine to deliver their message. The antics and theater and signs and leaflets and confrontations were meant to gain a hearing. When they got it, they learned to speak softly and winsomely to the people about how God loves them and wants them to know him. How the Father, through Jesus, is calling people into his Forever Family. How they can enter as they give up their hold on themselves, ask to meet Jesus, receive him into their hearts and lives. Sometimes they just sat down next to someone on the sidewalk or the steps of the student union and started telling about Jesus or listening to where someone was at. Often it was the first time anyone had talked or listened in a week. Once Pat bought two spare change artists lunch and baptized them in soapsudsy Ludwig's Fountain two hours later.

In that first year the missionaries started their Rising Son Ranch in Northern California for people who needed a rest from their previous environment, a time to work with their hands, and a Christian family to grow into. They began "Right On," the underground Christian newspaper which was to begin a new genre in Christian literature. They wrote some new "Screwtape Letters"³⁴ in which they had junior and senior devils arguing over what was really happening in Peoples' Park. They protested the regulations against religious activities on campus in a May Day Pray Day, and witnessed at Altamont. At Christmas they put San T Claus on trial, charged him with economic imperialism and scaring children, and acquitted him by the blood of Jesus. They struggled with Children of God prophets passing through Berkeley and shared Jesus with

a few who claimed to be Jesus. They tried to start a Free University and a Christian youth hostel, gathered in the woods for weekend "offensives," produced a People's Medical Handbook, Christian comics, and Letters to Street Christians, a paraphrase of the letters of the New Testament in hip language. They enticed people to a Billy Graham Rally by chartering a bus and handing out leaflets in the name of the "People's Committee to Investigate Billy Graham." They witnessed, uninvited, at the prestigious Earle Lectures on theology and told a United Methodist Conference on Evangelism, to which they have been invited, what they thought evangelism was. They produced "bust cards," with bail information and civil rights listed on one side and Jesus the Messiah proclaimed on the other. They marched for peace in San Francisco and distributed 100,000 leaflets for God, out-saturating even the Maoists. They took to cable cars to keep their signs moving when the police stalemated an anti-Nixon demonstration. They leafleted a conference of industrialists with the warnings of the New Testament epistle of James. And they came to call themselves—because they needed a campus organization and the organization needed a name, and this one seemed right—the Christian World Liberation Front. It was a very good year.³⁵

They had sunk their roots, they had taxed their imaginations and energies to be all things to all people everywhere things were happening. As the New Testament Book of Acts recorded, the Lord added to the church daily such as should be saved. A Forever Family was alive in Berkeley. The press and the people began to take notice. God would start to call

some people home here. That is the story which lies before us.

Had they accomplished more than Paul had in Athens? They talked about the "New Berkeley Liberation Program" and they called for brothers and sisters to join it. They distributed widely the following message:

The people of Berkeley passionately desire personal fulfillment, vital interpersonal relationships, and inner peace.

1. Jesus Christ will free all who come to him from bondage to the crippled self, the maimed world, and the scheming devil.
2. He will enable all who come to him to develop their inner talents, abilities and resources to the fullest.
3. He will turn the schools into training grounds for liberation of the inner self.
4. He will destroy the powers that bind us as we turn to him, the only one who truly serves the people.
5. He will provide for the full liberation of men and women as a necessary part of the revolutionary process of building his family.
6. He will take responsibility for basic human needs.
7. He will make drugs obsolete.
8. He will bring a new spirit of concern and cooperation among people who turn to him and trust him for moment by moment direction.
9. He will continue to show his concern for the poor and oppressed people of the world.
10. He will eliminate fear of tyrannical forces and powers.
11. He will create a soulful Christianity in Berkeley.
12. He will govern perfectly.
13. He will unite Berkeley Christians with others throughout the world to demonstrate his alternative to the present world system in all of its manifold manifestations.

Sisters and Brothers, unite with Jesus, assist and create, build a revolutionary Berkeley, with your friends, your Lord, your God, form liberation committees, carry out the program, choose the action and do it, set examples and spread the Word.

We call for sisters and brothers to form liberation committees to implement his program. POWER THRU THE SPIRIT. ALL POWER THRU JESUS.

The missionaries wanted to be an alternative to the Establishment and to the radicals.³⁶ They prayed to see if God would sustain them, call more brothers and sisters, and make it happen.

Footnotes to Chapter I

¹ During this time a local dairy, Berkeley Farms, closed their commercials with the exclamation, "Cows in Berkeley!" The presence of Jesus in this city would, to many, seem no less surprising.

² Sydney E. Ahlstrom, "The Radical Turn in Theology and Ethics: Why It Happened in the 1960s," in Herbert J. Bass, ed., The State of American History (Chicago: Quadrangle Books, 1970), p. 100.

³ Ibid.

⁴ Ibid., p. 103.

⁵ Theodore Roszak, The Making of a Counter Culture (Garden City, N.Y.: Doubleday, 1969).

⁶ The term "high places" is used in the Old Testament to designate nonapproved places of worship, often shrines for the worship of Baal. In The Triumph of the Therapeutic (New York: Harper & Row, 1966), Philip Rieff has described a contemporary situation in which the vitalities of life are thought sufficient, where once a vital faith was sought. Instinctual renunciation is a tyrannous ogre from the past, no longer even understood and all the more castigated. If art and science took the place of faith for an enlightened establishment, the self replaces faith for the masses. This is a time of "the systematic hunting down of all settled convictions" (p. 13), "sexual opportunism of individuals" (p. 16), lives "with a minimum of pretense to anything more grand than sweetening the time" (p. 22), an "eternal interim ethic of release from the inherited controls" (p. 23). It is a culture in which one is "born to be pleased" (p. 25), not saved, in which doctrines are not important, but only "permission for each man to live an experimental life" (p. 26), in which the tragic sense is eliminated and people spend their time believing in the green light (p. 27). There are virtuosi of the self (p. 32), people intent on being kind to themselves (p. 55). "Clarity about oneself supersedes devotion to an ideal as the model of right conduct" (p. 56). "Not the good life but better living is the therapeutic standard" (p. 58). The pilgrim has become a tourist (p. 62). A new myth has arisen, the myth of psychological man. "I am merely announcing his presence, fluttering in all of us, a response to the absent God. In so doing, I say that the modern man is not in the position of a wise man exhibiting a fool, or that of a healthy man examining the sick; we are all fools, all sick—and until we can control the shock of this recognition we shall not be able to assess the character of our age correctly. That a new myth of man is developing, at least among the educated classes, seems evident to me. It is a response to the divisiveness and destruction without and

to the chaos within. But we are ourselves involved in the creation of this new myth of man and cannot be expected to see the type in clear perspective" (p. 40).

⁷Theodore Roszak, Where the Wasteland Ends (Garden City, N.Y.: Doubleday, 1972), p. 389.

⁸Arthur Darby Nock, Conversion (New York: Oxford University Press, 1933), pp. 32, 48, 120, suggests that at a time of social disintegration in the ancient world one used the mystery cults rather than belonged to them.

⁹In The Greening of America (New York: Random House, 1970), Charles Reich has taken everything he could find that looked good, and not a little that is silly, and constructed a one-sided ideal type of the youth culture. He called it "consciousness three."

¹⁰This is a thesis of Kirkpatrick Sale, SDS (New York: Random House, 1973). In One Way: The Jesus Movement and Its Meaning (Englewood Cliffs, N.J.: Prentice-Hall, 1973), p. 14, Robert S. Ellwood, Jr. describes the "new politics": "It seemed to expect that a single decisive blow, if fired by a pure and uncompromised new consciousness, could vanquish the past and inaugurate the new age. Its characteristics were concentration on a small number of emotionally powerful issues connected with life-style values rather than party politics in the ordinary sense. The 'new politics,' then, was essentially a symbolic crusade expressive of the sense of alienation of a minority group with a different cosmic vision, expressing itself through alternative means as well as ends."

¹¹Ellwood, One Way, pp. 11-14, lists eleven elements of the "psychedelic culture": 1. Psychedelic experience defined the fundamental vision of reality. 2. Subjectivity was the key to reality. 3. The goal of life was the "high." 4. Related modes of expression—art, music, the light show, and crafts—were all centered around the induction of this "high" or were at least reminders of its possibility. 5. This generation had a sense of belonging to a new era. 6. There was a new relationship to the cosmos. 7. This led to a reaction against science and technology. 8. Even more fundamental was a reaction against history. 9. Eastern religions, and the western occult tradition, were popular. 10. All the foregoing led to a new politics. 11. It was a movement based in urban society.

¹²John Arthur Thomas Robinson, Honest to God (Philadelphia: Westminster Press, 1963); Harvey Cox, The Secular City (New York: Macmillan, 1965); Gabriel Vahanian, The Death of God (New York: G. Braziller, 1961); Thomas J. J. Altizer, The Gospel of Christian

Atheism (Philadelphia: Westminster Press, 1966); Thomas J. J. Altizer and William Hamilton, Radical Theology and the Death of God (Indianapolis: Bobbs-Merrill, 1966); Richard Rubenstein, After Auschwitz (Indianapolis: Bobbs-Merrill, 1966); Pierre Berton, The Comfortable Pew (Philadelphia: Lippincott, 1965); Peter L. Berger, The Noise of Solemn Assemblies (Garden City, N.Y.: Doubleday, 1961).

¹³ Martin E. Marty and Dean G. Peerman, eds., New Theology No. 4 (New York: Macmillan, 1967), p. 11.

¹⁴ U.S. News & World Report, 20 March 1972, p. 61.

¹⁵ Marty and Peerman, New Theology No. 7 (New York: Macmillan, 1971).

¹⁶ Will Herberg, Protestant-Catholic-Jew (Garden City, N.Y.: Doubleday Anchor Books, 1960).

¹⁷ William G. McLoughlin, "Introduction: How Is America Religious?" in William G. McLoughlin and Robert N. Bellah, eds., Religion in America (Boston: Houghton Mifflin, 1968), p. x.

¹⁸ Dean M. Kelley, Why Conservative Churches Are Growing (New York: Harper & Row, 1973). Kelley argued that conservative churches offer meaning, demand, and commitment, and also seriousness, strictness, stability, continuity, and predictability.

¹⁹ William G. McLoughlin, Modern Revivalism (New York: Ronald Press, 1959).

²⁰ Bibel und Kirche, Heft 2/2 (1972), p. 35.

²¹ Richard Quebedeaux, The Young Evangelicals (New York: Harper & Row, 1974), traces the growth of the new evangelicalism. Ellwood, One Way, p. 24, offers this definition of evangelicalism: "Wherever there is Protestant simplicity, melodious hymns, warm and emotional preaching, and felt personal conversions to Christ, where there are revival meetings and perhaps gifts of the Spirit such as speaking in tongues, where the Bible is believed quite literally and the church tries above all to relive the New Testament, there is evangelicalism."

²² Rosemary Reuther, "The Free Church Movement in Contemporary Catholicism," in Marty and Peerman, New Theology No. 6 (New York: Macmillan, 1969), p. 275.

²³Erling Jorstad, That New-Time Religion: The Jesus Revival in America (Minneapolis: Augsburg Publishing House, 1972).

²⁴Ellwood, One Way, pp. 18-20, attempts to show that eight of the eleven characteristics of "psychedelic culture" (mentioned in note 11 above) are also characteristic of evangelicalism and have been carried over into the Jesus movement. 1. Subjectivity is the key to reality. 2. The goal of life is a high—the joyous assurance of knowing Jesus. 3. Expression through music is central, as are the visual symbols of Bible and cross and an idealized rural past. 4. There is a sense of belonging to a separated culture, a New Age. 5. The heritage of fundamentalist belief in miracles, literalism, and separation from worldly culture are in long-standing tension with science and technology. 6. There is a suspicion of history; the essential events and authority of the Bible are in a separate lasting category from the rest of human history. 7. The political role of evangelicalism in America has much in common with the new politics of the counterculture. 8. The most spectacular achievements of evangelicalism in the last hundred years have been in the large cities. Their rhetoric involves an obvious appeal to the problems of subjectivity and the nostalgia for an idealized rural milieu which haunts the urbanite.

²⁵Hal Lindsey, with C. C. Carlson, The Late Great Planet Earth (Grand Rapids: Zondervan Publishing House, 1970). In July 1974 this book was in its forty-third printing. The cover trumpeted: "4,390,000 copies in print." The pitch on the back cover may suggest why: "In an effort to satisfy man's age-old curiosity about the future, modern-day prophets and astrologers are enjoying the greatest revival since the ancient days of Babylon. In the midst of the many prophetic voices clamoring to be heard, there are authentic voices which have been overlooked by modern, sophisticated man . . . the voices of the ancient seers of Israel, the Hebrew prophets. Three millenniums of history are strewn with evidence of their prophetic marksmanship and to ignore their incredible predictions of man's destiny and the events which are soon to affect this planet will be perhaps the greatest folly of this generation." Lindsey's second work, again with C. C. Carlson, Satan Is Alive and Well on Planet Earth (Grand Rapids: Zondervan Publishing House, 1972), was in its twelfth printing in July 1974, with 1,300,000 copies in print. His third work, There's a New World Coming (Santa Ana, Calif.: Vision House Publishers, 1973), was in its eighth printing in February 1974, with 800,000 copies in print. His fourth work is The Liberation of Planet Earth (Grand Rapids: Zondervan Publishing House, 1974).

²⁶Rolling Stone, 5 April 1969.

²⁷Ibid.

²⁸Ibid., 15 March 1969.

²⁹Ibid., 5 April 1969.

³⁰Ibid.

³¹Ibid., 20 September 1969.

³²The Greek verb splangnizomai, used of Jesus as he surveys the crowds coming to him, has this flavor.

³³Nock, Conversion, p. 13.

³⁴These were patterned after the famous satire of C. S. Lewis, The Screwtape Letters (New York: Macmillan, 1943).

³⁵A fascinating tale particularly of this first year is Jack Sparks, God's Forever Family (Grand Rapids: Zondervan Publishing House, 1974). Many of these anecdotes are taken from that work.

³⁶CWLF's program was written as a statement-by-statement answer to a current radical program. It typifies CWLF's relations with political radicals of that time. An attempt was made to show how the radical program would ultimately short-circuit and how the way of Christ was a better way.

CHAPTER II

PORT OF CALL

"'Berkeley' is not a school; it's a state of mind. Berkeley is where you don't have to know people to talk to them, where you don't need money to live, where you don't have to own land to build parks. Berkeley is right out in the open—not behind closed doors—in the streets which have ceased to be the locus of the aimless interminable 'traffic' of commercial life."¹

Berkeley is Mecca for thousands of young American pilgrims. It is a new or last frontier for regressive fantasy. It is sacred space where the future may be relocated. It is a magnet which attracts the filings produced and brushed away by the American machine. It is bare feet in quiet spasms beneath dirty blankets half-covering the misery of the street. The shrines of new religious consciousness are here. New gurus stop for a cup of wine and share their bread.

Thousands of American young people find it necessary to come to terms with Berkeley. For some of these pilgrims Berkeley is a beginning. For some it is a rite of passage. For some it is an Eden where they have learned to know good and evil and from which there is no going home. And some think they have found here a direction home again.

People may undertake a voyage to escape or to go home or to meet people or to find themselves. It is not surprising that Berkeley calls to port men and women whose passports are stamped with differing and

multiple realities, whose psycho-histories are bizarre and ordinary, whose birthrights are Christian, Jewish, and "other," whose goals are divergent and complementary. Some of these found their way into the Jesus movement in Berkeley.

In this chapter twelve people who came into Berkeley's Christian World Liberation Front tell their stories. These spiritual histories are arranged in three groups: those who "came home" to the Christian World Liberation Front; those who came to find a place to be somebody; those who came seeking authenticity in Christian life-style and services.

1. Coming home

Homecoming is a powerful image. George McGovern in 1972 wanted to utilize its evocative power in his campaign slogan, "Come Home America." The old revival song beckons: "Softly and tenderly Jesus is calling, calling to sinners Come Home." What is this homecoming? After long and tortuous wanderings, after crushed hopes and burnt-out lives, suddenly there is the discovery of peace, comfort, healing, security, rest, salvation. You ease tiredly down on the bed, take off the heavy shoes with the dust of the road, a brother runs for a cold glass of water, you sleep soundly, and the family table is set when you awake. Home again means love, happiness, purpose. All this the evangelist presents, and some prodigal sons and daughters respond.

In his Harvard Duddleian lecture, Robert Bellah talked about the experience of nothingness and existential despair. He called the lecture

"No Direction Home."² Bellah's hopefulness was not about a "way back," but about the possibility of rebirth in the midst of death. With Thomas Wolfe in Look Homeward, Angel, Bellah denies the possibility of going home again. Instead, he says: "The experience of nothingness exposes man as the creator of his own myths and that is not only a frightening but also an immensely creative experience."³ The revivalist offers instead a jump of the centuries to the security of the Biblical Christ and, at the same time, the immediate presence of Jesus in one's heart. (In practice, neither Bellah's alternative nor the evangelist's is as polarized from the other as may appear.) What Bellah denies the pilgrim-as-intellectual, the four who tell their stories here seem to say they have found—an "absolute home." Yet, as their life histories are followed through this book, that claim may need revising.

A conversion experience involving "inviting Jesus into one's heart" seems central to the stories of those who came home. Over and over in the fellowship one hears described the sense of freedom, the weight lifted, the rush of joy, the filling of emptiness, when that simple invitation is prayed. With that invitation comes the new identity of being a member of the Father's "Forever Family."

Glock and Stark have called part of what seems evident in these homecoming stories "psychic deprivation."⁴ Home life has been unsatisfactory. There has been a quest for new values, new faith, new meaning and purpose. Despair, estrangement, and anomie were characteristic prior to conversion. Glock and Stark believe that in America resolutions to psychic deprivation tend to be religious and that a cult is the most

likely religious response. In their study of the Jesus movement, Peterson and Mauss see the search for identity or for a new self-concept as an indicator of psychic deprivation.⁵ The new self may come via rebirth or conversion.

2. Coming to find a place to be somebody

The people who tell their stories in this group were Christians before they came to Berkeley and the Christian World Liberation Front. In some ways people in this group are simply at a different state in their spiritual life cycle than people in group one. Some of these in group two had conversion experiences late in life, some early. Most had not experienced a life full of joy and peace. They were not satisfied with their "Christian walk." They thought they should be getting something more out of it. They did not seem to belong. They were still looking for their place in a community, in a family of brothers and sisters who would respect and love and appreciate them. Christian World Liberation Front looked to be the chance to be somebody, a place where God might hand them just the ministry appropriate for them and the appreciation of a close family for such a ministry.

Among those whose stories fit in this group there is a sense of being led, of needing to come to find a place, of problems of ego strength, of acute need of family or nourishing community. They need to belong, to find status, to be important to others and to themselves, to be satisfied in their Christian life-style.

Glock and Stark's discussion of social deprivation may help to interpret the stories of these people. Society values some attributes

and characteristics more than others, Glock and Stark note, and distributes its rewards accordingly. "Social deprivation is additive in the sense that the fewer the number of desirable attributes the individual possesses the lower his relative status."⁶ Social deprivation is more related to social status than class. It is based on one's perceptions about his prestige and social acceptance compared to those of other people. In some ways, Christian World Liberation Front may serve as an "alternative status system" for members of this group who did not find what they were looking for in the churches. The Jesus movement may be meeting such needs in a way that existing religious structures did not.

Again following Glock and Stark, Peterson and Mauss⁷ see the relative powerlessness and role strain among those in their late teens and early twenties to be related to the generally youthful social base of the Jesus movement. The Jesus movement gave status to those whose psychology, religion, and youth left them without it.

It is impossible to overemphasize the sense of belonging or status which comes to some of very low ego strength or inadequate personality when they come into the Jesus movement. Many whose stories are not told here are apt illustrations of A. D. Nock's comment in his book on conversion in the ancient world:

The small man in antiquity suffered from a marked feeling of inferiority and from a pathetic desire for self-assertion, of which the epitaphs supply abundant illustration. By adhesion to a society like the Church he acquired a sense of importance; "Quartus, a brother" could have his place in Paul's greeting to the community at Rome.⁸

3. Coming to be authentic

The stories here are of people whose personal lives are together, who seem to have strong and healthy egos, who, in Abraham Maslow's terms, are growth-motivated and self-actualizing. In many cases such people come into the Jesus movement to shed middle-class Christianity and formal models of ministry. They are trying self-consciously to be radical (read: pure, pristine, first-century-like, strongly committed) in their life-style, in their ministries, and in their theology, sometimes joining themselves to the Jesus movement to urge such a task. Berkeley and the Christian World Liberation Front seem to appear an appropriate place to begin.

These people have a sense of where they are going and what they want to do with their lives. They are likely to develop ministries with energy and creativity wherever they feel God calling them (and their vision directing them). They are among the most significant people in CWLF in terms of input; yet they could most easily forge ahead without interruption or regret if CWLF were to disappear.

Possibly what Glock and Stark call "ethical deprivation"⁹ may help to interpret these stories. By that term Glock and Stark mean value conflicts between the ideals of individuals and the societies (or churches) in which they find themselves. There is a strong and self-conscious move from what is perceived as inauthentic toward what is perceived as authentic. The goals and style and commitments which society (or the churches) lay on these people are considered incompatible with what they see God calling them to be. Clearly, these people are more "inner-directed" than those in groups one and two.

Coming Home

Susan

For Susan, burned out after years in the Movement, Berkeley was a one-more-time last hurrah. She read in Time about a pretentious group calling itself Christian World Liberation Front, and brazenly co-opting the Movement in the name of Jesus. Angry and crazy, she drove her bus straight to Berkeley to find out who in hell these people were and rebuke them. Susan got saved.

Susan is twenty-seven and divorced.¹⁰ She comes across strong, individualist, cool, mature, used to being on her own, sometimes serious and determined, sometimes radiating a most engaging childlike thank-you-Jesus, look-what-the-Lord-has-done joy. She lives alone in an apartment four blocks from Sproul Plaza and likes it that way. She has long hair, thick-lensed wire-rimmed glasses, and wears the usual uniforms of the counterculture.

"My parents are not Christians," Susan says. Then she smiles broadly, remembering I am a Lutheran, and says, "They're Lutheran." They are church-going people. When Susan thinks about it longer she decides she may have spoken too soon. She is less judgmental now than when she first became a Christian. Yet for them "church on Sunday morning is just like another hour of the week. The Lord is certainly not the center of their lives. They pray only when they're really hurting. My mother is really unhappy. My father drives himself in his work. They know nothing of a love and trust relationship in the Lord. My brothers and sisters are completely turned off. Atheistic. Agnostic."

Susan's father is a professor and her mother is a college graduate. Her father has always been very distant and her mother an object of contempt, abuse, and hate. One of the true miracles of her Christianity, Susan says, is her ability to initiate a loving relationship with her mother. A short time before she came to rebuke CWLF Susan had harangued her mother long distance, on Mother's Day, for three hours one night. When she recalls her mother's recent visit to Berkeley Susan "can scarcely believe what the Lord did."

Susan describes herself as "really a loser" as a child. She had many female friends and was a "buddy to most of the guys." She didn't date until her last year of high school, "and then it was a bummer." She liked a lot of time to herself. When her parents had to write a statement on her University application, her mother wrote that Susan was a loner. She was not a rebellious child, though most people at school might have described her that way. "I was really afraid of my parents. I didn't challenge them. I was especially petrified of my father. To this day I can't understand why. The other kids in the family didn't submit to that authority at all. My parents may as well have had a gun in their hand for all the fear I had though. But I disobeyed constantly behind their backs."

Susan had virtually no relationship with her father. They only spoke when necessary. She cannot explain this. She mentions she has been to "shrinks" over the years and they and her mother tend to mention that her father was gone when Susan was a baby. When he returned from military service, only nineteen years old, he was rejected by Susan.

Hurt, he soon gave all his attention to her new brother. Her father then entered professional school.

"He's really such a fine man. I can't figure it out. There's nothing frightening about him—although I'm still afraid of him. I really am. He doesn't show his feelings at all. I'm really threatened by that. I just hated my mother, for as long as I can remember, even when I was really small. I really don't know why. She's an extremely sarcastic person. She doesn't even know when she's being that way. She's a perfectionist. Everyone thinks she's one of the most fantastic people on earth. She keeps the house perfectly, entertains well, makes things, gives of her time to other people. All my life I heard, 'Your mother is so fantastic.' She demanded a lot of me in those areas, too. I just could not live up to it. She wanted me to sew well. I always messed up. She'd rip it all out and make me start over."

Politically, her parents were "conservative to wishy-washy." Susan says her mother could be persuaded to vote Communist one minute and fascist the next. Her father is "definitely to the right, but not extremist. He votes consistently Republican."

There was no one Susan could relate to. Sex "absolutely was never discussed." It came up only two times that she can remember throughout her home life. Once a girl they knew had to get married and her father said it was a high price to pay for a little pleasure. The other time was when Susan started her period the first time. When her father came home her mother said, "Susan became a woman today." Susan says, "I just wanted to run and hide . . . and did."

Susan is not sure she respected her father. "Perhaps I worshipped him from afar. And feared him." She recognized he was "really a far out man to other people. I couldn't miss that. People really looked up to him." At one time she had no respect for him at all, classifying him in a middle-class bag with a swimming pool and all the rest. She does not think either of her parents is happy. She wonders if her father may now have the fifty-year itch. "I have seen happy marriages since I've been a Christian. Theirs definitely is not." Yet she thinks they do care for one another. Mostly she is sure she would never want a marriage for herself modeled after that of her parents.

Susan does not recall much from her childhood and high school years. "I guess I've done a royal job of blocking." She was always a "freaky kid, out for the underdog. Everyone wanted to be nurse; I wanted to be a social worker. I guess I felt I had to have a purpose to justify my existence."

That she found in the Movement. In her sophomore college year she joined the Students for a Democratic Society (SDS). "There I found available numerous duties to give one as young and idealistic as myself a feeling of 'serving the cause.' A leaflet would be written; I'd type it, run it off and spend hours distributing it. A political figure would come to town; I'd forego studies and sleep to make posters and phone demonstrators." Susan does not feel she was particularly victimized by male chauvinism in the Movement. She was active both in her University town and in a center nearby. She became involved in New

Mobe, CORE, SNCC, the Socialist Party, and the W. E. B. Dubois Club.

In the latter she taught courses in black history.

"Somewhere along the line, my concern for the victims of social injustice began to take second place to the growing hatred I began to feel for those I held responsible—the war machines, the church, the Birchers, the political chiefs, the so-called establishment and their flunkies, the pigs. I became obsessed by a determination to destroy or at least radically expose the guilty. I was almost equally angry at the white middle class—my own people—who sat placidly back in their disgusting silence while black children only blocks away lived with rats and went hungry. Whether it was my anger at the WASP world and complete distaste at being identified with them or simply active rebellion, I chose to live with and finally in 1967 marry a very militant black civil rights leader."

She believes hate alone kept her going when she was deep into the Movement. "We thrived on hate, frustration and anger. What strong motivators these are. I have wondered since why hate seems to be a stronger motivation than love. I needed only to look at a cop and my anger became so intense I could 'fight' him for hours. When I dreamed of them, they actually had sheets of skin rather than features on their faces—so thoroughly subhuman did I find them."

During her college years Susan's sexual experiences revolved around her radical friends. She saw John steadily and many other men as well. Socially the scene was "just sickening. A whole bunch of people screwing together in the same room, really gross. I just had to fall

into that with the group I was with. I really hated it then, too. I remember thinking how sickening it all was. Divorces all over the place. Couples fighting it out all the time. The whole scene was sick. I wasn't ready to buck the crowd. I looked up to all of them so much—politically. They were almost all older than those of us from the University. There were lawyers and people prominent in the Left. I was flattered that they accepted me. I'd have kissed their feet. The status of going with John was fantastic. He was highly respected. Everyone knew who he was. He was about six years older than I. Women also were very prominent. They didn't just have shit roles."

Susan remembers that her grandmother was dying of cancer at that time. "I loved her more than anything in my whole life. I stayed with her twelve hours and my mother stayed twelve hours. When my father called in the middle of the night to tell me she had died, John answered the phone. This was before they knew I was married. My father never said one word to me about it. Just let me sweat it out."

Susan married her husband a year after graduation. "I was influenced tremendously by him. I saw him as kind of a god in terms of politics. He was really together. I knew he wasn't together otherwise, however. We were into the War on Poverty and Vista." Susan and her Movement friends went back and forth between their University town and a nearby large city where CORE was strong and active. Her husband was chairman of CORE when she met him. She didn't tell her parents of the marriage until five months after. She knew her father was getting the brunt of her political activities already, since the newspapers where her

parents lived carried regular accounts of Movement activities at the University. The gossip she knew her father was hearing and which was hurting him infuriated Susan. "Never to this day has he said anything about it." She developed an ulcer that year she kept her marriage secret.

When she did tell her parents, she was living out of the state and her father immediately flew there to welcome her husband into the family. Later a banquet was given in that city in her father's honor and he insisted that his daughter and her husband sit at the head table. "He introduced us to the whole group—many of them Birchers for sure. We were really nervous at the banquet. I didn't know how to act, and I was afraid John wouldn't go. It took a lot of guts for my dad to do what he did. I was really thankful to him. And I felt proud before John. John had expected to be rejected completely."

Susan lived in the Southeast for three years, part of the time teaching in the public schools and always remaining active in Movement activities. She got a divorce during this time. "John said I was irresponsible, immature, childish, and didn't know what was good for me. My parents were delighted to agree with that. My version is that he wanted a possession. It was a strange conflict. He had treated other women the same way. He wanted a fighter, someone involved, open, aggressive, but totally submissive to him in every other area but the Movement. To everyone but him I was supposed to be domineering and outgoing."

Susan came to California and took a job as a Continuation High School counselor. "I was a lousy counselor. I took drugs with my

students. Our heads were in the same place. I just had a few years on them." Susan was dropping out.

Then in a graduate seminar in psychology everything exploded. "I found myself delightfully psychotic. I quit my job, gave everything away, traveled around on a motorcycle, had dope and sex everywhere, the more sane I got the more horrible it was." Susan wondered if insanity is the only freedom. "It's too unreliable, subject to flashes of sanity and also to the threat of physical restraint imposed by society. As the flashes of sanity became more constant, I was faced with the total despair of life with no meaning, purpose, or goal. I realize now that prior to my crack-up I had kept myself so occupied with political action that either I had escaped the question of purpose or subconsciously my activism had satisfied the question. Now without it and with nothing to replace it, sanity was sheer hell."

For two months Susan traveled the West Coast on her motorcycle. "During that time I often had to suppress the feeling: 'Am I going to do this forever.' I had a sense of nothingness. I'd given away everything. Life was worthless." During this time her sexual encounters were mostly with other women, something she had long considered and occasionally tried in the past.

In a "testimony" Susan has written: "It was at this crux of complete despair that I encountered the living God through Jesus Christ. I found my needs filled—plus a new power for motivation." This was the time she had read about Christian World Liberation Front and had come to Berkeley to rebuke it. "No matter what I did, it was love toward me.

That made the difference. I was living in my VW bus. They asked me if I wanted to park it in the driveway of one of the Christian Houses." First she went to the Monday Night Family Meeting. She talked to many brothers and sisters. She would be sitting on campus and one would come up and talk with her. She wondered if they were tailing her. They seemed able to answer all her questions. She never met Jack Sparks at this time. "A lot of people I talked to then impress me the least now. I never would have selected them as the ones to 'witness to a person like me.' God used them in his own way I guess."

She was in a class one night that was talking about love. "God gives Christians the power to love one another," they were saying. "I realized that's what they were doing to me. I went up to the leader after it was over. How can I find that kind of love? He told me to ask Christ into my life and asked me if I wanted to pray with him. I said No. I didn't know how to pray and didn't want him to know it. I had come to a sense of being a totally empty, worthless person. That night I went back to my bus and challenged the Lord to do with me what he had done with the others. I had an immediate awareness of supernatural presence. There's no way it can be explained except supernaturally. Nothing about my circumstances had changed. I didn't know enough about the Bible to expect a new blueprint for living—and didn't receive one. Whenever I doubt, I think about that experience. God was manifesting himself to me personally. So much has changed since then. I had been horribly lonely, even in the presence of other people. I have a sense of not being alone anymore. This all happened in a week—to my amazement

and theirs. I can sure see the Lord guiding me."

When I asked Susan if she considered herself more emotional or more reasonable, she said: "I can still cry over a cat, but in terms of faith, it's what works, not emotion." On her interest in eschatology Susan says, "I believe in the last things but have very little interest in them. Eternal life is not at all what drew me to the Lord." At a dialogue between Christian World Liberation Front and the Graduate Theological Union, Susan said: "In my life as a Christian, the most exciting thing is I can ask God for love to somebody and he'll give it to me. There's no way I could have loved my mother before. Also cops, but I still have problems with some of my old feelings there." Susan does not consider herself a mature Christian. She was frightened to speak at the dialogue and said she "didn't know the language." But she added, "Basically I know who's in control. I know where to go for the answers."

Susan lived on in her bus for several months and then went back home to establish a different relationship with her family. "It was really good. I learned a lot about their problems." She began praying the Lord to lead her into some full-time Christian work. "I wanted so bad to go to Puerto Rico and work in a Christian orphanage that I told the Lord this must be his will." It wasn't. The death of two of her ex-students at Continuation High School brought her back to Berkeley. She had written to Jack Sparks and he had urged her to raise support and come on the Christian World Liberation Front staff. At the age of one year (in Christ) Susan joined the staff. Susan believes God has

used Christian World Liberation Front to give her a new life.

Comments

The story of Susan and others is followed through this book: how she "raised support," how her sexual identity evolved, what role she played in women's liberation, how she reevaluated her Movement politics, how she related to the brothers and sisters in the Forever Family, how she felt a burden for and then developed a tutoring program at Berkeley High School, how she moved from that to other ministries.

But Susan's story calls for some interpretation already in this chapter. Susan has come home. She found the direction in Berkeley. She found a Father in God. Someone she can trust and talk to, someone faithful and loving enough to give herself to. She was so drawn to her own father and heard so many admiring remarks about him, but she could never relate to him. She could fear but not love him. When her mother, whom she despised, rushed to announce to her father that Susan "had become a woman," Susan could only run and hide. Whom could she give herself to? Who was she? She was not her father's little girl.

She was a friend, a defender of mankind, especially the dispossessed. She joined the Movement and gave herself to it. Then she found John—a real man, someone to look up to, to give her status and identity, to represent the mind of the Movement. But Susan had grown up. The Movement had given her some identity and she discovered finally that she could not reconcile what she had felt herself become with what John wanted her to be. She left.

Perhaps then Susan's identity was a homosexual one. "Home" would not be with a man. Having flirted with Lesbianism before, Susan began to experiment considerably. She found little satisfaction and often was burned. Women were no more "home" for Susan than men.

In utter loneliness and emptiness she seems to have caught a glimpse of love among brothers and sisters in the CWLF family. Alone and apart from this family Susan risked asking that Father's love to show itself in her own life. Susan invited God to make a home with her. The months succeeding Susan's conversion are rich in new experiences and emerging identity, but it seems that Susan had become God's virgin, giving herself to him and eager to go anywhere for him—especially to an orphanage to work with children. But Susan was to come back to Berkeley, and the occasion was the death of two of her (female) students.

When I first interviewed Susan, she said she never wanted to get married, that it would take a miracle and it would be a miracle she didn't want God to work. At that time she had begun a tutoring ministry to Berkeley High School students. Susan had warmth and compassion to share. But she mistrusted it, except with young students. Two months after that first interview she talked for the first time with brothers and sisters at a CWLF Christmas retreat about the problems of sexual identity and the bouts with Lesbianism even a Christian might have to fight. A month after that I interviewed her again, and she talked, although somewhat shyly, of the possibility of getting married someday. She said she was feeling she could love a man.

Erik Erikson says that people who failed at being born once want to have another chance to be born.¹¹ Susan did not seek a fusion with the earliest past as did some of the men Kenneth Keniston studied.¹² But her late adolescent crisis, intensified as one try at identity after another failed, was nearly resolved when she experienced new birth, when love replaced hate, when a new family removed her utter loneliness. It was yet another year before Susan began to see a possibly fuller identity than that of God's virgin. She had found a Father; she had found herself. She might want to find a husband, a brother in Christ. But this was no coming home to a pre-liberation mentality. Susan had gone through too much for that, as will be seen later.

Susan had come home to God's family. That was preeminent. As a Christian she began to find some things "handed back" to her to work out. Certainly her mother and father. Also the possibility of a secure sexual identity which might include loving a man. Also her political identity. Susan began to explore what it might mean to be a leftist Christian. She changed and her changes are changing CWLF. Scarcely anyone was unaffected by the identity Susan brought into the Forever Family and by the person Susan found herself becoming as a Christian.

Jerry

Jerry is twenty-five, wears sunglasses perpetually, looks eccentric, acts eccentric, and is immediately recognizable as someone "different" among the brothers and sisters in CWLF. Some are suspicious of him, some think him strange, some think him "one of the most mature

and solid Christians around." Everyone agrees that he is interesting and that his column in "Right On," CWLF's newspaper, is interesting. Jerry has tried the occult and LSD and gay liberation, and they all somehow linger about him in a suggestive way. He carries an atmosphere with him that smells of good and evil and of the power of God to change things.

He was brought up in a fundamentalist Christian family and went to Bible Church as a child. "That soon lost its charms. The church was very isolated from the rest of the world. I wanted to see what the rest was doing. I had some personal problems, too." After high school he came to San Francisco, in 1966. There he mixed "with a lot of disreputable people—in between hippies and beatniks. At first I didn't see or take much drugs."

The "hippie thing" began to intrigue him as a liberating life-style, especially compared to the "restricting, stifling, upper middle class Christian life style." It was a breath of fresh air. He began associating with psychedelic drugs and people. He read Timothy Leary's Playboy interview. Instead of really getting into college he got into drugs. The Leary interview consumed him and he knew he had to try LSD. He and some friends "got hold of some and turned on in this big mansion, Friday the thirteenth. We were listening to the music of Messiaen. It was a fantastic experience. Unlike what I ever would have expected. I had a mystical trip the first time. There was a beautiful room, a foyer of heaven, and lots of archetypal God images. The trip reawakened me to the spiritual side of life—a real one, not just handed down from

tradition. It led me to study Eastern religions and the Bible. This was the beginning of my struggle to see how Christian metaphysics and Eastern thought would be reconciled, if at all." He continued to take acid occasionally and began studying astrology. He adopted a Zen macrobiotic diet.

"I became really neurotic, too. I had such hang-ups. I had been to a psychiatrist in high school. Acid dredged up so much. I couldn't concentrate on studies. I had straight A's the first semester and then I went downhill and dropped out. My experiences were too earthshaking to continue on with school."

He was trying to find the spiritual Truth. He began reading Alan Watts and Karl Barth. He wanted to believe in the reconciliation of Christianity and Eastern thought. "But some things seemed irreconcilable, for example, the bodily resurrection and a Holy Spirit apart from you." He tried to work through four volumes of Barth's Church Dogmatics. "Eventually I sorted things out. Now I believe that revelation in Christ and Eastern metaphysics are worlds apart." But then he is able to add: "I saw what is essential in both and hence my understanding of Christianity is unorthodox. But CWLF is fairly loose, there is no rigid doctrinal statement, and we all believe in and have experienced Jesus Christ in our lives."

He is fuzzy about the relation of his present Christian faith to his former experience. He can say, "I wouldn't say I've been influenced too much by Eastern thought because I'm diametrically opposed to it." Then he can describe how he has more understanding of "those

things" having been into them himself; even the nature of man is clearer to him for that reason. "I saw the clear white light through drugs. I understand."

He has an aura of mysticism about him, but he says, "I hate the word mysticism. I limit the term to the experience in which one feels he is at one with the God he believes is his own true self. There have been many Christian mystics, but I don't think they were in the mainstream of New Testament Christianity. I do believe you can have a direct experience of God, but in this age we live by faith not sight. The clear white light is a psychological experience—man turning inward, probably seeing the highest part of his being, made in the image of God. Hence it's very deceptive, leads to worship of the creature rather than the Creator. I'm a Christian and I've had mystical experiences, but they were in the past. It's not something I seek now. There is a difference between becoming at one with the spirit of the world and at one with the Spirit of God. I was so much into astrology. I could feel the changing of the planets, I could feel the sun moving from sign to sign. In Christ and in his Spirit I feel that awareness is disappearing." He describes how he "really crossed over." He had been very lonely in San Francisco. He saw the division arising in the hip culture, the coming of heroin and speed. In a San Francisco Chronicle story he had read about CWLF doing some picketing, and his parents had already written to mention a Christian group in Berkeley he should look into. He came to a Monday Night Family Meeting. A few weeks later he moved in with Jack Sparks' family. He was so excited he had begged

them to take him in. "Here God had showed me a group of hip Christians—not old, not super-collegiate. Today they relate to straight people much better, too. I was a Christian before—for sure. The fact that Christ was real stuck with me. But here was a little group in Berkeley—excited, overflowing, full of joy and love, thrilling, people of my own type, long hairs, exciting to see that God is not abandoning the hip world. I had such a burden for the hip scene."

Jerry did not come home all at once. He went back to the Northwest for a year and was in a kind of limbo. He stayed away from the fellowship a lot while he was in the Bay Area. He often escaped across the Bay to his former haunts in San Francisco. He began selling psychedelic drugs again and was held up by speed freaks. Eventually he came back. But still he had unresolved problems. "LSD gave me a vision of what my life should be like, but not the power to act on it. It took years to come to terms with my problems and let the Lord work them out. I'm still working on a lot of them."

Some in CWLF know that he once took an ad in the Berkeley Barb, "Gay Hip male looking for good company." He never mentioned the struggle with homosexuality when I first interviewed him, but continually referred to heavy personal problems. In a Family Meeting once Jerry said, "I'd been a Christian for years and years, but was always running off to do my own thing. The hound of heaven chased me down and kept faithful to me." It may be that Berkeley was the place where the Hound ran Jerry home.

Comments

One feels that many of the cliché-sounding statements Jerry allows himself do not at all express the struggles he went through, but are now pat summaries of what he sees as the Answer to his former dilemmas and the peace and purpose he has now discovered. It is difficult to know how far into the drug culture or Eastern consciousness he was. He may have gone back to Christ before he hit bottom (or top) and thus a certain closure to that experience may have set in which makes it more difficult to reexamine it and face how much of it he wishes to incorporate into his life as a Christian.

On the other hand, Jerry tells his story as a spiritual quest. Certainly Susan was on a quest for identity, especially in view of severe unresolved family problems, but she never would have called it spiritual and she was never far into drugs. Of course, Jerry had long-standing personal problems and mentions that already in high school he had been seeing a psychiatrist. For a time, Jerry and Susan led a small group of brothers and sisters concerned about their Christian sexual identity. Jerry feels he is working through his own problem in the Lord rather than running back and forth between the problem and the Lord. He would like to spend a lifetime thinking and writing on the problem of sexuality. He believes there is an essential maleness and femaleness built by God into all creation and an eternal harmony between these should be one's aspiration. Whether he will ever be able to reevaluate his "Eastern" experiences or recognize their lingering presence, as Susan is doing with her Movement activities and ideologies, remains to be seen.

If going home again had meant a return to his fundamentalist youth, he would have stayed away. But in Berkeley he was overjoyed to discover a new direction home: "hip Christians, God gathering a community of people like me." It would be possible to see in this a discovery that you don't have to go home after all, or, in Christian terms, repentance is not necessary. It is just as possible to see in it the prodigal son's joyous response to the Father's unexpected acceptance and love.

Jerry's pride is perhaps too great for him to say how much of a "redemption" this was for him. Unlike others in this group, he insists that he was always a Christian. And he adds, "I had such a burden for the hip scene." In fact, the hip scene may have been a burden for Jerry. Or, Jerry was Jerry's burden.

Susan told her story as one in which God had let her reach the end of her rope and then completely turned her around and took her over. After a year or more he begins to give Susan back to herself and lets her work forward in her Christian maturity. Jerry does not tell his story this way. He does, however, mention that he is now working on his problems in the Lord, instead of alternating between his problems and the Lord. Or suppressing his problems and using his new Christianity to keep a lid on them.

Bryan

Bryan smiles a great deal, appears "mild-mannered" and always eager to help, worries about other people's problems, and does not appear to dominate those about him. Yet it is said that he is being

groomed to take the place of the present business manager. Bryan lives in Dwight House, a Christian House upstairs, a meeting place downstairs, and the headquarters of CWLF in the basement.

He says he had "very, very little religious background." He remembers his mother taking him to an Episcopal Church in the fourth grade. His father never went to church except when Bryan was baptized. Bryan knew neighbors and friends went to church every Sunday. "But nobody believed. It was just something you're supposed to do. That's my image anyway."

In junior high school Bryan became very depressed and began asking God if he was there and would he let me know if he were. He recalls an intense three-day period of depression. Nothing happened. God didn't answer. "I put that aside for awhile." When he was a junior in high school he really wanted a new life. "I checked all the churches in town. I had no understanding of the differences. I figured God had something to do with churches. The only place something really seemed to be going on was the Christian Science Church, but I couldn't intellectually digest that. It also didn't seem to deal with my scars, hassles, family life."

For the next three years Bryan was convinced there was no God. He was very angry. There was no meaning. "I always challenged people who talked about a personal God. I became hardened to an idea of God. This lasted through my first year at college. I read Huxley, Sartre, Camus, Hesse. The only meaning lies in whatever choices we make."

Bryan's chief hassle throughout this time was over his sexual identity. "I was bi-sexual. It was learned behavior. My dad had a lot of problems. He kept it in the family. My sister and I were sexual objects. I also developed a close friendship with another bi-sexual guy. I couldn't convince my feelings that it was OK. I had tremendous guilt and shame. I wouldn't submit and I couldn't deny myself."

His second conflict was his intense dislike, anger, hatred of his father. His father was not bisexual, as he was. "He turned to sex very much as an outlet for his frustrations. He related to me sexually. [Bryan chooses not to say what this means.] On every other level my father is extremely moral and a legalistic person. Only sex was out of control for him. And only during my junior high and senior high years. He had a miraculous change for the better during my junior year in high school." Things went no better with his mother. "My mother always eventually sided with my father in family arguments. She is not a very bright or stimulating person. She began drinking a little. I was becoming New Left, my father was a staunch Republican, and my mother was becoming more and more reactionary."

Bryan says his grandfather died when his own father was fourteen. His grandfather was a stiff German aristocrat. His grandfather's father had also been like that. Bryan's great aunt and uncle were both homosexual. His father had two homosexual brothers, one of whom eventually committed suicide. His aunt also has "definite problems." When Bryan's grandfather contracted tuberculosis, his father had to learn

not to touch, not to embrace "because it could kill." His grandmother had been told by the doctor to sterilize everything her husband touched. The children had to eat separately. "My father had no relationship at all with his father."

Bryan's father eventually became a very successful and well-to-do businessman, the president of a corporation. He had been in the Navy and had led a very disciplined life there. Two weeks after Bryan was born his father was called back to Korea in the Navy. He was gone for two years. When he returned all his time went to investments. "I saw him at the dinner table and sometimes on weekends. He was very demanding and extremely disciplinarian. It was totally impossible to live with his demands. My mother was very indulging. I thought she was a very generous, nice person. But we didn't really share anything. She took care of us, fed us, sometimes took us places. But we didn't really do anything together."

Bryan thinks he may be like his father in his seriousness. "And lately in my temper, too. Actually I admire him. He is very capable, unusual. People always said, 'Your dad is quite a man.' And I always thought, 'But I hate him.' I think my father was deeply feeling, too, but he had no way to translate this. When a strain came he either cut himself off or exploded."

Bryan went to college and did very well his first year, he says. His grade point average was good and he went through the year without any homosexual relations. He dated a few girls, but it was shallow and he felt tremendously inferior. Yet he was well liked. He was

considered very serious but very kind-hearted (a character set that Bryan still evidences).

He went home for the summer thinking things were looking up in his life. He was determined to relate better with his father. At a dinner conversation the family talked about the Black Student Union. When his mother began quoting various radical spokesmen to whom she related negatively, Bryan pressed her for the source of the statements. His father said, "You think that now you're in college you can't learn anything?" Bryan said he thought he was learning some things in college and knew some things about the Black Student Union, and indeed could teach his father something about that. "Wham. He hit me with his fist and knocked me backwards right off my chair. I got up slowly. 'Come on,' I said. 'If you ever do that again, I'll kill you.' And I meant it."

Bryan left home and lived elsewhere the rest of the summer. He earned money captaining a forty-foot fishing boat. When he went back to college, his first quarter was a disaster. His grades were bad and he had terrible relationships. He knew some Christians and began engaging them in long discussions. He concluded that "if there was a God he was far away. If he was far, he would have to reveal himself for us to know anything about him." He became the assistant manager of an apartment house and things began to get better. He had a girl friend at the time who took him to a few meetings of Campus Crusade for Christ, a nondemoni-national Protestant youth ministry.

"I didn't like it. One evening lying on the floor in my apartment I was telling her all my hassles. She said, 'Would you like

to meet Jesus?' I got a real silly grin on my face. I felt ridiculous. 'You mean now?' She said, 'Yes,' 'How do I do it?' 'Just ask him, pray.' 'What do I say?' 'Show yourself to me.' I did and it was the strangest feeling I ever had. But I wasn't convinced at all. That's about it at that time. I prayed but I just kept doubting."

His junior year in college was not too good academically and he decided to do some make-up work in order to keep avoiding the draft. Just after he had decided to go to summer school in Berkeley and had informed his parents, his aunt who lived in the Bay Area called to ask how he was doing. When she heard he was coming to Berkeley she invited him to stay with her. "Was that coincidence or the Lord working?" He felt at this time that the Lord might be confirming him in his faith. He kept getting answers to his prayers.

When he left, some of his Christian friends gave him a New American Standard Bible. He thought it really great and liked it much better than the King James Version or the American Bible Society's Good News for Modern Man. "I got here on June 24th. I started reading the New Testament on June 25. I read it through by the end of July. On campus someone from the Christian World Liberation Front gave me a copy of Right On. We talked. I stopped by CWLF's card table in Sproul Plaza often. I was impressed. I listened to their conversations with others and often entered the conversation myself. I guess I was witnessing too. I always felt the need to defend Christianity."

Bryan became distressed with the theology of the church he was attending that summer. He felt he had more than the pastor did. The

pastor didn't believe in the deity of Christ, the Bible as God's Word, and many other things. When he talked to Sherry, a woman from CWLF on campus, he knew that if there was faith it would have that quality he saw in her. He began praying a lot. He asked God to show himself more. He knew a faith would have to be deeper than that reflected in the conversations over the CWLF card table in Sproul Plaza, too. "The Christians just seemed to take it when a Black Muslim on campus used to come over and berate them."

One day he went to the hockey field on College Avenue and read all through the book of Romans. "I began watching some ants, one carrying a dead ant around. Finally he just put it down and walked off. There must be something more to death than that, I thought. Suddenly I saw God's relation to me in my relation to the ants. I could put food there, change their environment, touch them, but they really couldn't know me. Suddenly I saw that Jesus communicated God to me. He was God becoming a man, as I would have to become an ant if they were really to know me." He went to the House of Pergamos, a CWLF Christian House, to see if they had a good Christian library. He wanted to study up and prove to his pastor the deity of Christ. The person he knew at Pergamos asked him to go by bus to the Billy Graham Crusade then going on in Oakland. Bryan refused. "Billy Graham was just too much." Then he had an intense desire to go and drove there himself. He talked on the field of the Oakland Coliseum to someone who had come to disrupt. He was witnessing again. The man started crying. "I knew then if there was faith I had it. I came back the next night.

I didn't really hear a word Billy Graham said either night. But I heard the call and went forward. I was shaking like a leaf. My legs were rubber. I couldn't talk. 'Be my Lord, my life is yours,' I said. I had given up claim. That night as I was driving back I asked the Lord how he would use me. On a strange impulse I pulled off the freeway and went into a coffee shop. It was strange. I felt there was somebody there God wanted me to talk to. It was the first time I was convinced God was there and I had a part in it. But I had no understanding. I saw a girl. I didn't know how to start. The waitress spilled her tea. We started some small talk. I said, 'Why don't you go to the Billy Graham Crusade?' She turned to me with her mouth wide open. 'Are you a Jesus Freak?' I had never heard that term, but I said yes. She cried. She said she just needed somebody to talk with so much. I could see God was confirming himself to me again."

When he moved into the House of Pergamos shortly thereafter, he came one night to hear "a wee small voice," calling him to stay in Berkeley. "I'm still skeptical about that experience. The voice told me not to stay in school. I do realize now that if I had gone back to school I probably would not have followed in the faith. This was at the end of the summer."

Eventually Bryan moved from Pergamos to the much more stable Dwight House and joined the staff of CWLF. "CWLF is one of the best things that could have happened. Here is where I fit, whereas I wouldn't in many other places. There is amazing diversity, yet all working together. There is a rational, intellectual faith, but it's

still faith. I'm free to become a person, my individuality is not lost, my humanity is being confirmed. Through CWLF God gave me a closer relation to himself and I'm learning to have an inner man not totally dependent on those around me." Bryan sees CWLF as chiefly a context for living a Christian life in relation to brothers and sisters. But it is not his primary stimulator or nourisher. That he found in his prayer and devotional life and elsewhere. But the fellowship was always causing him to question and cope. He kept wondering why there was no utopia if this was a Christian group. But he feels now that God kept him growing that way.

"The pressure and guilt just fell away after I came to Christ. I'm free to express myself. I don't have to flaunt my past, but I'm able to accept it. I don't have to die inside any longer every time I think of the past. When I first became a Christian a lot of hassles were removed. No more problems with sexual identity, volatile anger, and overly sensitive relations with other people. Now God's handing these problems back for me to work through. Lately I'm really blowing off a lot of steam."

His father accepted with good grace his not coming back to school. "Somehow he resisted the temptation to criticize. He said it was OK, but I should consider it carefully. There was care, not confrontation." Later Bryan received the "most touching letter I had ever received from my father. Dad's positive response was another confirmation from God. In the last two years dad and I have developed a pretty good relationship. Mom and I are beginning to get together.

My brother and I have become very close friends, although he is not yet a Christian. I still have no relationship with my sister. I shared the Lord with my brother's girl friend, who is living with him. She just cried and wanted to know more. My brother's a surfer and is more concerned with immediate pleasure right now." Bryan's father said he could see Bryan had found something, but he didn't quite understand what.

Bryan sometimes feels his personality doesn't really match the business type, but the business office has become his niche at CWLF. He still considers going into law. "I would like to serve the Lord wherever he points. I feel sure he'll open the doors for something suitable for me."

He has begun to take business school courses on the side. He thinks his temperament, like his father's, may be to work with tasks. "I never had so much fun as in my accounting class. But I don't think I'd ever find it worthwhile accruing wealth and prestige. I know the Lord and care that others do. Wealth and prestige are not my values. I don't have to authenticate myself through personal performance." Bryan does not see himself becoming a rich, successful businessman. His mother had always said, "You're not like your dad." "I was not competent like him. There is no way that I can be more competent than I am. The Lord will make of me what he can."

Bryan thinks he has found in CWLF "a deep awareness of God's presence, his grace, and lordship. God is the real love, meaning, and purpose in life. And I've been able to cope with my identity. I've been able to go to work on the major moral questions of my life. I've

found my life has a center, there's a unity to it." Bryan also hopes to get married someday. He has always wanted a family. He thinks a wife and children would really be great—"especially before God."

Comments

Bryan has come home to himself. He has nearly arrived at his sexual identity, he likes himself, and he feels centered enough in the Lord to deal maturely with his old problems. Rather, he would say, the Lord has decided it was time to give Bryan back his problems and let him work through them now that he knows who he is and whose he is.

Like Susan Bryan had no relation with either parent. Susan hated her mother, Bryan hated his father. Susan feared and admired her father, Bryan felt no stimulus at all from his mother. Bryan was probably too ego-weak to throw himself into something like the Movement, as Susan did. He went through college struggling with his thoughts about himself, God, and other people. He was too timid and too well-controlled to go off on adventures as Jerry did. His struggle stayed inside.

Bryan may still have a lot of hostility to let out. He never really "blew" as Susan did. His personality has not miraculously changed into something else, but he feels he has found God (or God found him) and himself again. Once at a CWLF Communion service when Spanada was being poured into Dixie cups to pass around the room, an exuberant dispenser poured each cup full. There they sat nearly overflowing, as at the Wedding of Cana, waiting for Bryan to pass them around the room. He took each cup, very meticulously poured its contents into three other cups,

and passed those cups, with lesser measure and smaller exuberance, and no extravagance, to the brothers and sisters. Once when I was invited to sit in on a day-long CWLF staff conference, Bryan was asked to distribute information sheets to all CWLF staffers. When I extended my hand he said, "You're not staff, are you?" and said I could not have one since his instructions were just to give the sheets to staff people.

It is curious that Bryan has ended up in the business office and feels that some kind of accounting (his father began his business career as a CPA) or business administration may be his eventual contribution to the Christian community. Is he pleasing his father after all? One thinks of Erikson's comment regarding Luther's marriage, a course of action his father had urged on him before he entered the monastery: "We do know that the son, when he did marry twenty years later, having in the meantime taken the vows of celibacy, broken with the Church, and set fire to the world around him, publicly proclaimed as his first and foremost reason for taking a wife that it would please his father."¹³

Or is Bryan only going through doors his new Father is opening up for him? If in some way he is following his father, it is certainly with a difference. "I don't have to authenticate myself through personal performance," Bryan said, and declared his disinterest in wealth, power, and prestige. Of course, Bryan's new Father may not be so demanding as his first father. If Bryan's mother told him he could not be like his father, Bryan has learned a touching basic trust toward his new Father, who surely "will open the doors for something suitable"

for him. Now and then Bryan still talks about going into law. That was his goal when he first went away to college.

Bryan says he would like to get married someday. Interestingly, when he told me this he immediately mentioned always having wanted a family and said nothing of a wife. Possibly his relationships with sisters in the Lord are still very much on the surface and without a manifest sexual quality, though these relationships seem to be relatively free of former hassles and doubts.

Characteristically, Bryan did not come to Berkeley to "find himself" (Jerry) or to confront the Christians (Susan). He came, as it were, by accident. He had to keep his grades up to avoid the draft. He was in the midst of some kind of Christian struggle but he didn't know what a Jesus Freak was, had never heard of Christian World Liberation Front, and certainly didn't think of himself as a pilgrim.

Des

Des traveled the longest and most circuitous route of anyone in CWLF before finding the direction home. He was born in Australia, where his father was a professor of entymology. "The joy of my childhood and adolescence was to spend the summer weekends roaming the mountains and bushlands near my home town in search of beetles of every kind for a large collection that I amassed over the years." While he had a sense of individuality from his active hobby, he could not face "the gravity of adult life with its responsibilities." There was no meaningful communication within his family.

In his first year of college he satisfied himself with the camaraderie of drinking companions. He discovered that his family's values were not a life and death matter and were not necessary for survival or approval. He became a compulsive drinker and eventually dropped out and hitchhiked ceaselessly around and across Australia—usually alone and half-starved. "When I returned to the city I couldn't handle it, and I only got wasted again." He went to northwestern Australia and worked on mining and construction projects, earning enough to keep him going for two or three years. He met travelers full of tales of foreign lands and he tried drugs. He moved from acid through speed, morphine, and cocaine in Sydney. "I visited my family for two or three days a year, when I was traveling through, and our relationship grew ever more strained as they knew I was using drugs, but not how seriously. I used to feed my sickness by reading junk literature like Nova Express and existential psychiatry, and listening to acid-rock music up to fifteen hours a day under the influence of acid and other drugs."

For reasons he can't explain he used the rest of his money to buy a one-way fare on a slow boat to Panama with two friends. "Two days before I was helped aboard ship, I had a complete nervous breakdown in which I experienced dying and going insane as a result of overdosing myself with acid." Sick and paranoid on board ship and culture-shocked when he arrived, he left his friends and went on alone to South America. A family of poor people in Ecuador took him in when he could go no farther and became sicker and sicker. They "lovingly cared for me in a

simple and earthy way that I had never experienced before." When he recovered, he went to Peru and fraternized with other travelers who gave him "the vision of psychedelic soldier-of-fortunehood." "I managed to stay away from hard drugs, but continued to indulge voraciously in dope and hallucinogens and once an over-large dose of STP caused me to have an epileptic-type fit, after which I tried to commit suicide with a knife." The friend who dissuaded him then journeyed with him down the Amazon in search of the "much-fabled telepathic and cure-all drug ayahausca."

"During the forty-five day expedition, we were at the mercy of the elements and the people, some of whom were medicine men of various occult calibres, who gave us the drug to drink, and demonstrated their powers to heal and conjure up demons under its influence, and others were people ridden with fear under the oppression of such black magic. Together these once conspired to kill us when 150 Indian people armed with machetes and clubs took us, the first pure white men they had ever seen, to be evil spirits and accused us of stealing a child by magic and had us a whole night in their hands. On another day, a poison was slipped into our food, shortly after we had experimented with it voluntarily and spent a day and a night floating down the river paralyzed and racked with insatiable thirst. Through a treadmill of such events, plus equatorial thunderstorms which threatened many times to wipe us out, we miraculously reached the city of our destination, together feeling that some spiritual force had protected us from fatal mishap. I didn't ponder too deeply that thought then, because I was

exhilarated by the fact that I had experienced a complete healing from junk-sickness with the ayahuasca, by its very purgative effects, and it converted me to vegetarianism and stimulated an interest in yoga."

After that he was arrested as a Communist spy in Brazil, received some money from home in Bolivia, had his money and passport stolen, and began to feel again that "circumstances were getting beyond my control." He went on a quest for mastery of such knowledge as might be controlling his destiny. "But each assault on complete enlightenment I found to end in a sophisticated intellectual system which could only rationalize my circumstances, but not control them." In Columbia he tried the magic mushrooms and nearly gorged himself to death—"another disregarded testimony to my dangerously compulsive nature."

He next met an old friend who was in the wake of a young guru from California. He was introduced to fruitarianism and then to Krishna doctrine. He was tremendously impressed by the powers and magnetism his friend had acquired. He was extremely ambivalent about being drawn into the group—fascinated and jealous and resentful. Soon he became "completely sucked into the inner group, now of seven, which had pooled all money for traveling expenses to Mexico and India. We disciples began the practice of fasting for longer periods, eating only mushrooms or dope, living in exposure to the elements, and occasionally I went into transcendental hallucinatory states for many days at a time, which either frightened or bored me; meanwhile the yogi worked his personal needs. One day he returned to us in the wild decked out in \$15,000 worth of jewelry, having blown the lot on this so as to dress up like

Krishna, to whom he thought himself superior."

Convinced that they had been deceived but still under the yogi's power, he and three friends finally struggled free, captured the guru, exposed him to the group, took his jewelry, shaved his head, and eventually ended up imprisoned when the guru escaped. Des felt paranoid and completely unstable. No one trusted anyone. "I determined never to be deceived by any guru or wise man, no matter how apparently holy or charismatic, ever again." Somehow a woman gave him a fare to Miami and \$50; he sold all he could and two days later ended two and a half years in Latin America "with another blow of culture shock."

He hitchhiked around and eventually came to California, getting a ride with someone who was into yoga, too. When they came in contact with the ShivaKalpa cult in San Francisco, he became convinced that it was the same "oppressive bondage to a psychopathic, demon-possessed man claiming to be God." He visited a friend he had met in Columbia who was now at Christian World Liberation Front's Richmond House, staying for a week.

"I really felt warm love there, and even though the embarrassing effusions about Jesus seemed a bit sissy, I saw my own foolish naiveté exposed: the yogi had hoodwinked me into believing he had some special hot line to God, whereas the Christians each had their own personal hot line and community party line to God through Jesus! But I closed my mind to that." In a week Des wore out his welcome and returned to San Francisco, caving in all the way with a trip on acid and coke. "I felt the presence of two distinct spirits: one was constant, unchanging and

clean, but separate from me; and the other appeared in a multiplicity of forms, fighting and erupting with great power within me, tempting me to act out the desires of my flesh: Jesus and Satan fighting for the allegiance of my soul. Satan kept provoking me to commit suicide, or return to drug addiction, or fast to death, because I knew life was hopeless and meaningless, and he said I should be consistent with my intellect. But Jesus' Spirit made me know that if I only started in His direction in spite of all my rationalizations to the contrary, He would get me through. I spent a long time looking for at least one good thing in me, but I kept finding that Jesus is the very embodiment of righteousness, inviting me to be forgiven and made whole by receiving Him if I'd acknowledge that I had been wrong in going my own way of trying to become God, and agree with Him that I am a sinner in need of a Savior, because a lifetime of knowledge, experience, self-willed efforts and self-improvement trips had got me only to the brink of hell. So I stepped out and He led me step by step of miraculous coincidences that left me in no doubt at all that He is the One, and He is trustworthy when you call out to Him for salvation."

Des was "delivered" to Richmond House a half-hour later and invited Jesus to take control of and responsibility for his life. Since then he feels he is cared for, been given good brothers and sisters through whom Jesus has poured out his love, and even been used to give love to others. "It's wonderful to be able to put down a whole rotten life and start anew with no regrets and see through all those intellectual and scientific deceptions that my head was filled with;

and to have the resurrected life of Jesus, which goes on forever, inside this cracked earthen vessel that will soon pass away." He thanks Jesus for keeping him from harm so long so that he could finally get to know Him. He wants to be used to tell all about Jesus, to tell people they can't get it together, that there's nothing new under the sun, and that all will pass away except Jesus' love. That is so real he experiences it springing up inside him every day.

Comments

Des presents a classic protrait of the wandering pilgrim who tries everything and then finally, utterly burned out, turns or gets turned away from it all, away from years of rich and terrible wanderings and experiences to find peaceful and simple closure—even fusion. After all he has been through he finds a loving family he can trust to love him. It's worth selling all his past experiences for. Jesus himself had talked about selling all in order to buy the pearl of great price. Indeed, it's a bargain for Des. His past has nearly killed his soul and body and mind. In a final struggle between Satan and Jesus, he chooses rebirth with Jesus. He immerses himself in a basic trust he had gone too long without.

The wandering spirit has not left Des. He has been traveling around the United States for several months and has now been advised by immigration authorities that he must return to Australia. He is going back as a witness to the direction home he has found in Jesus.

Des's comment about nothing new under the sun and nothing abiding but Jesus' love suggests a view of the earth as a temporary place where

a long pilgrimage to Jesus goes on. Perhaps Des is trying to shorten other people's pilgrimage by sharing the end result of his own. He probably would call his previous life only nomadic. Somehow Des has achieved fusion—certainly not with a stern Puritan sky-god, but also not in drugs or Eastern thought. His fusion is with Jesus. Interestingly enough, Des has gravitated for his spiritual needs away from typical Christian World Liberation Front ministries. He has found his needs met in the Richmond House family, the most atypical of CWLF, and in Resurrection City, a "rival" Pentecostal ministry in Berkeley. There the person with a history of somatic problems and permanent scars from head-trips can lose himself in Jesus and the Spirit. Indeed, Des's theological language in his Right On testimony is much more the language of Resurrection City than of CWLF.

Death and the experience of nothingness is clear in Des's testimony. He personalizes this and says he could find not one good thing in himself. Is this a post-rebirth theological confession? Probably not, when one considers his previous life and the circumstances of his final wrestling with the devil and Jesus. Robert Bellah has written about the experience of nothingness and existential despair in his essay "No Direction Home." Such an experience is clear in Des's case, but Bellah's interpretation of such an experience would not resonate at all with Des's understanding of himself as a new Christian. Bellah writes: "And yet this radical and shattering experience is not ultimately an experience of despair. The powerful element of death in it is overcome by the vitality of rebirth. The experience of nothingness exposes

man as the creator of his own myths and that is not only a frightening but also an immensely creative experience."¹⁴ Des would want to say that he has been given new birth, that when a person has lowered into absolute despair, God can reclaim him and recreate him and reshape him. Luther may be the prime example of a homo religiosus undergoing such an experience.

Coming To Find a Place To Be Somebody

Mike

"I met the Lord Jesus when I was nine. Never had a doubt after that. I knew I was a sinner. One time we snuck off from school and ripped off a five gallon can of strawberry ice cream. Kept it all down. As later I kept beer down."

Mike is a (self) designated "pastor-teacher" in CWLF. His parents were Christians too. They went to a Disciples church and later to a Southern Baptist church "because they weren't getting spiritually fed at the former. We had been Southern Baptists three years when I came forward. I definitely was not a Christian prior to age nine. That was new birth that happened to me then. I came to know the one I knew about. I had heard Bible stories from my mother's knee. At age five the Holy Spirit was working with me through the external world—I was dreaming of stars. I knew there was a devil and that sometime I'd belong to one or the other. I was very aware of the antithesis—primarily from my mother's Old Testament stories. David and Goliath was my favorite."

Mike talks freely of his own young children and how he looks at them in light of his own conversion experience. "Jonathan had a problem with whizzing [wetting] in bed. He woke up one night, Faye held him, and he said he wanted to ask Jesus into his heart so he would be clean. He had heard his Sunday School teacher talking about that to the older kids. Immediately the next day I began instructing him so he wouldn't just have an emotional experience to rely on, so that the basis of his faith would not just be his new birth experience." Jonathan was three years old at the time. Since then there have been many Bible stories; often they role-play Bible stories. The favorite is the Prodigal Son. David, his younger son, likes to play the pig. "At this point David is very conscious of the presence of Christ. Who can say if the new birth has happened in him? He's only three and a half now."

From his own childhood Mike remembers the time his strong, towering father was waiting in the darkness of the dining room in his underwear one night when Mike came home too late. He lunged forward and gave him one mighty blow. Mike flew back out the door to the ground. His father didn't say a word, but went straight to bed. Mike eventually came in too. He says he knows his father then forgave him.

Mike's parents are still Southern Baptists, though he now considers that shallow. He has a sister in Campus Crusade. He says his father has led many people to Christ. Mike, his father, and his two sisters are college graduates. Mike was an English major.

He read the Scriptures often in college. For three years he was on the associate staff of Campus Crusade. In those days Crusade was

quite radical, before the campus upheavals to come, Mike says. "The most radical thing going was Crusade's aggressive, personal evangelism." Mike's mind began to be saturated with Scripture. He read through a Pauline epistle every morning, shaking guys out for Bible studies in the athletic building, seeing men's lives change from his teaching.

After graduation he entered staff training for Crusade and hoped to go full time in the Chicago area. He met Hal Lindsey, "felt so shallow," counseled with him, and decided to go to Seminary. He compared the graduates from several different seminaries and decided to go to Dallas Theological Seminary. There he found a "tool-centered rather than vocation-centered training." Mike notes this because he is proud of his Biblical skills which he acquired at Dallas, especially his ability to work with Greek and do New Testament exegesis.

He lived near a University campus in Texas and carried on a ministry there besides going to Dallas Seminary. "I was still ministry centered and not really into being in seminary." Even after he moved into the seminary, he continued to take men to campus on Mondays to witness, "Monday being the traditional day off for seminarians."

He met his wife while teaching a Crusade leadership class at the University. He needed a date for a Founders Day banquet, saw Faye's name on the Honor Roll, and said, "You would like to go to the Seminary banquet with me, wouldn't you?" She was a young freshman, "swept off her feet." Soon she went off to Wheaton College. They were married a few years later.

They came to California where Mike intended to work on the Crusade staff. He became disillusioned over the "palatial surroundings" and talked to Hal Lindsey once again, just before Lindsey and several staff members broke away from Crusade. He ended up spending two years as a youth worker in a Southern California church. "I outgrew that situation. Like Abraham I took out not knowing where I was going." Then he was six months at a Baptist church in a nearby city. There he found a "stench, rigor mortis." He discovered that a nearby seminary was the root of this spiritual deadness. For five months Mike went through different situations, interning, candidating ("looking each other over"), and even sold his home. "The Lord sustained us through surprise gifts, we were fed by the ravens, we wanted to take our time before jumping into something." Then Ray Stedman of Peninsula Bible Church in Palo Alto, California challenged them to pioneer in Idaho. They flew up there for six days and tested it out. They decided to stay and were there for two years at a Bible church. "I caught trout and men." He had been considering working at Peninsula Bible Church but was glad for the opportunity to strike out on his own in Idaho. The most important aspect of that time, he remembers, was long hours of study in the Biblical texts. "I averaged six hours a day in preparation for my Sunday morning message, especially on Romans and Ephesians. I saw some wonderful things happen even in a very static community. We received \$325 a month and groceries. We learned to live frugally. The Lord's guerrilla training had started long before we came to Berkeley." He sees Idaho as a place where he "hit the people hard, through their

youth, and then split, leaving walking time bombs in their houses."

After attending a Basic Youth Conflicts conference in Los Angeles, he and his wife stopped in Berkeley to see what CWLF was all about and to visit with Jack Sparks. "Gift-wise I'm a shepherd-teacher and would be wherever I would go.¹⁵ I had been following the so-called Jesus Movement. I became aware of the time to move in behind the spearhead and do the cleaning up, discipling, conserve the real fruit that had come up."

He would come to Berkeley and trust the Lord "with regard to His retirement plan. I wanted to live existentially, on the growing edge. I wake up now every morning with new excitement for the potential packed in a day."

He arrived in Berkeley in October 1971 and experienced a tremendous culture shock. He moved too fast at first. "There was a daily dialectic between middle class culture and the counter culture. They were difficult times. Everything occurred at such a high rate." Mike had a nervous breakdown. Faye held things together. In a Christmas letter to friends (1972), Mike wrote: "October 71. I climbed into a time-machine with my little family—zaroom—Idaho Primitive country to the concrete jungles of Berkeley! January '72. The 'Future Shock' was great! The 'time-machine' turned into a hospital, but I learned wonderful things. In John's words in the Apocalypse . . . 'I fell at His feet as a dead man, and He laid His right hand upon me, saying, "Do not be afraid . . ."' Rev. 1.17."

Mike says he digs his work with CWLF most of all. "It's the most challenging." He considers CWLF's fellowship of creative, gifted believers who have conveniently joined together for a specific ministry in our time to speak into a changing culture and the twentieth century as a whole the orthodox faith once for all delivered."

He thinks CWLF's ministry is much wider and deeper than Crusade's in terms of its future implications. "I'm still grateful to Crusade for teaching me an aggressive evangelistic embrace of a person into the Body of Christ. This is the spiritual bear hug." In CWLF Jack Sparks has charismatic gifts of leadership, Mike recognizes. "He is the charismatic figurehead. Crusade centered around the gift of evangelism, CWLF more around body life. It's much more radical than Crusade, which was hooked into the norms of the middle class."

In that same Christmas letter, Mike wrote: "The Counter-culture is shifting. The shift has been from an 'Activism' on a Marxist base to an 'apathy' on an existential base to 'aspiration' on a spiritually pantheistic base. This 'charismatic' direction is the future of the counter-culture. This, of course, will mean greater deception and spirit activity in both its most gross and sophisticated forms. This will, also, mean greater opportunity for intelligent and Holy Spirit-directed penetration of the Good News both apologetically and in terms of direct evangelization through multiplication discipleship. Pray for continued reproduction of 'wheat' among tares in 1973 in the Counter-culture."

In his Bible studies Mike often gets around to sex. He frequently pictures his life as one of heavy struggles with lust, which he has now largely conquered, having turned it all over to the Lord. He talks about the beaches where he used to go to ogle the girls. He remembers working as a lifeguard—looking at the girls and being looked up to. Once he took his very best girl to a swanky nightclub. It came to him during the evening that they didn't belong there. He took the girl home early. He didn't date her any more. After he married Faye his struggles did not cease. Once they were shopping in San Francisco. He slipped into a bookstore and began paging through a sex book with pictures. When Faye came in he quickly put it aside. At lunch he wanted so much to be faithful to Faye, but the pictures from the book kept flashing through his mind. He felt dirty and helpless. Finally, with great relief, he turned everything over to the Lord and said the Lord would have to conquer temptation for Mike if it was going to get done. The Lord did it.

Comments

Mike's spiritual voyage has been within the church, moving from position to position. He seems largely other-directed, whether by God, his father, Hal Lindsey, or other evangelical leaders. It is difficult to avoid the impression of low self-esteem, defensiveness, needing to prove himself and gain approval, and an almost excessive piety which serves, more or less successfully, to keep the lid on personal problems.

He is often judgmental and his fervent Pauline theology is not always able to keep a more natural legalism under control. He is quite

successful as a counselor with some who come into CWLF in complete personal disarray, little ego-strength, and whom his firmness and directness seem to help. His conversation, in a way somewhat different from most in CWLF, is filled with Biblical allusions and pious and devotional turns of phrase.

Beneath the surface may be an ego greatly damaged by a father Mike has hinted was domineering and violent and withholding of approval. There seems to be a necessity to prove his manhood, his status as a "shepherd-teacher," a role he continually reminds others and himself of, and his Dallas Seminary credentials. He is very concerned with sin and sex. Even his young son's conversion experience relates to becoming clean—from the sin (?) of bed-wetting.

At the same time Mike is a tremendously loving, caring person. He makes himself accessible to all, is eager to listen and help, and ready to counsel. He seems to be well liked by many people in the wider CWLF fellowship.

He can be authoritarian. Once when we met a Hari Krishna devotee on Telegraph Avenue, Mike went immediately up to him, commenting to me that it is very rare to catch them alone, and began a long "witness" to him—the goal of which seemed to be to conquer his falsehood with the truth. Mike feels a great need to put error to rest—whether it be reducing a Krishna devotee to absurdity, confronting the Graduate Theological Union as a "whited sepulcher," or winning out over the uncleanness of his own psyche. Things have to be put in their place, error has to be named, uncleanness has to be scrubbed away. David has

to win over Goliath, God must defeat Satan. The antitheses must not be relaxed.

Erikson mentions that the need for devotion is one aspect of the identity crisis and the need for repudiating is the other. "Ideologies offer . . . overly simplified and yet determined answers to exactly those vague inner states and those urgent questions which arise in consequence of identity conflict. Ideologies serve to channel youth's forceful earnestness and sincere asceticism, as well as its search for excitement and its eager indignation, toward that social frontier where the struggle between conservatism and radicalism is most alive."¹⁶

One is perhaps most conscious of the war outside when one is most conscious of the war inside. This is certainly true of Luther and Paul. Erikson remarks that Luther lived with the devil "on terms of a mutual obstinacy, an inability to let go of each other, as tenacious as his old fixation on his father and his later fixation on the Pope."¹⁷ He suggests that in the older Luther this absorbed great amounts of energy that could have been used elsewhere. It is difficult, of course, to say whether in Mike's case or in the case of fundamentalism generally, potential creativity is cut off because of other preoccupations. It does seem likely, especially in Mike's case, that we are looking, in Abraham Maslow's terms, more at a "D type" (defensive, regressive) than at a "B type" (being, self-actualizing, etc.). It may not be superfluous to mention the likelihood of reaction formation as well. The crusader often has as his real object the darker and doubting side of his own nature.

It has also been suggested, especially in connection with American revivalism, that one does battle with evil in order to taste it, that one luxuriates in the revivalists' fearful condemnations, that an easy catharsis can be achieved by aligning oneself with God in his battle against evil (isn't that why we love to watch the FBI on television?)—a catharsis in which one finds peace in the knowledge that the evil inside has been clobbered once again.

But not dealt with! In fundamentalist Protestantism one can see a Bible pushed against the proverbial can of worms with all one's might. Indeed, the zealous believer is sitting on top of the Bible, helping to hold it down. This is true especially of sex, where there is a monumental repression. A new and open conservative evangelicalism, especially when led by people whose lives are together and who feel good about themselves, has been able to face these problems, deal with them, work them out. Susan and Bryan are examples. I have seen Mike, on the other hand, become extremely upset at a questionnaire regarding sexual attitudes, singling out especially one question on homosexuality.

Above, Mike looked authoritarian. He is also very submissive. He is submissive to the straight church which helps to support him (a condition scarcely unique to Mike!), to the authority of the elders in CWLF (resenting at the same time that he is not one), and says that if the group's theology or ministries ever got too much for him, he would slip quietly away without causing any anarchy. We shall see him working out this statement in coming chapters.

One has the sense of deeply repressed rage, hostility, and the need to act out. That he will not allow himself. While he crusades vehemently against falsehood outside the fellowship, he is meek within it. Again, we shall see later that the farthest he allows himself to go, and that may be subconsciously, is an occasional prayer which is a thinly disguised talking out of hostility or jealousy toward someone or some ministry within CWLF. Mike is perhaps the "nicest" of the males in CWLF, always smiling, almost condescending.

He has had one nervous breakdown in Berkeley, which he attributes to culture shock. That may have been a vital release of pressure. It is likely he would leave rather than risk another one. Mike has come to Berkeley to find a place, a place for his talents in the Christian community, a place to be somebody. It is doubtful whether CWLF is meeting his needs, his own bursts of euphoria notwithstanding. There is no doubt that he is meeting the needs of many others—as a kind and firm counselor to some, as a remarkably persuasive and helpful teacher to many others. Especially has this been true in the Crucible, a forum for radical Christian studies, which we shall meet in Chapter V.

Arnie

Arnie also came to Berkeley to find a place. He was raised in a "traditional Jewish family." His father had been an orthodox rabbi but became an atheist. His parents had unusually great enmity against anything Christian, he says. His brother, thirteen years older, became a Christian first. "I was very close to my brother, not to my father.

My brother was always kind and generous. He became kind of a father to me. My parents were very vicious toward him; they overlooked all the things God was doing in him. He had been considering suicide before he became a Christian. One thing I knew, my brother had something good and my parents were vicious."

Friends played some role in Arnie's becoming a Christian, but he attributes it primarily to the reading of Scripture. He began reading the Old Testament prophets. After Jehovah's Witnesses gave him a copy of the New Testament, he immediately read it through. "I came to recognize that the Bible's description of men and the trend of human history was very accurate. And what it said about the nature and trend of Jewish people was very accurate. I could find nothing that didn't seem very true."

He went heavily into the study of prophecy. He talks about the quest for Jewish identity after World War II. The Bible gave him a solution. The "clincher" for coming to Christ came at a moment of crisis in his life. He had been very active playing chess and had won several junior championships. He finally tasted fame and prestige. "They never meant anything, all things stayed the same, it was just a paper bag. I thought I never would attain fulfillment in life. I wanted so much to find a goal. It was so severe at that time. I felt life was not worth living unless I could find purpose in life. I said, 'God, if you exist, I want to know you above all things.' From that time on—it wasn't a split second thing—a kind of ecstasy came into my life, I felt the presence of God in me and around me. I felt very closely related to

Jesus. I saw him in some Christians as an ever present reality. I didn't see God that way in the orthodox and conservative Jews I knew. I became immersed in this—talking to God all the time. My father took me to a Jewish lawyer who had memorized all the Bible and gave me hundreds of objections, but it didn't phase me. I knew it was true because I had experienced it. I was sixteen then."

This was a tumultuous period in his life—"like hell. In the first two years the whole wrath of the world came down on me. There was a great crisis in the family. My parents had only two sons and they both accepted the Gospel. It was so great a crisis that my father left mother and us and went to Israel. In a few months he came back. My mother was much more understanding but she couldn't accept it herself either."

Before his conversion Arnie had gone through a period of intense hatred of Christians. He trusted no one and considered everyone a possible Nazi type. He recounts his study of Jewish history. "It was a history of endless suffering, persecution, despair, alienation, isolation, and murder. In particular I became very hostile towards 'Christians' at whose hand most of the suffering was dealt." And now he somehow was a Christian and his own people disowned him.

In a "testimony" he writes of his relief in discovering who Jesus really was. "The Jesus Christ that I discovered in scripture was far from the Jesus Christ that I had been familiar with. Far from being a white, middle class, Gentile, Nordic war god, born in Kansas City—who defends the 'American way of life,' I found that He was a Jew, probably

black by Western standards, poor, a conscientious objector, born in a ghetto in the Middle East, and a defender of truth and justice."

Arnie was raised in a New York largely Gentile neighborhood. His high school was only about 5 percent Jewish. At college he became president of the Inter-Varsity Christian Fellowship chapter. His parents never knew this and only found out recently. Most members of Inter-Varsity were middle-class Gentiles and had never really had a conversion experience, Arnie thinks. There was a tradition of electing a Hebrew-Christian as president of the chapter for obvious reasons—the college was 80 percent Jewish. He was very evangelistic while there. The Jews could not fathom him. "They had never even seen such a creature as a Hebrew-Christian. Things were more difficult then. Now it's more often heard of. They were bewildered more than hostile. I was very naive, had bad fellowship, and on a legalistic-rationalistic trip. I didn't then argue Christianity on the basis of it having changed my life. I always pointed to prophecy proofs. The restoration of Israel was my clincher."

After graduation Arnie considered going on the staff of Inter-Varsity, joining the staff of the American Board of Missions to the Jews, going to Moody or some other seminary, or going to California. He had been in frequent contact with Marty Rosen, a well-known figure in the Jews for Jesus movement. The Inter-Varsity door closed because of his lack of experience in interpersonal relations, especially with females. The American Board didn't accept him because Rosen himself was getting out. "Also I didn't believe in the eternal suffering of the lost, and

they did." He didn't have good enough grades for the seminary and it was too intellectually oriented for him anyway. Rosen convinced him to come to California. He ended up in a Christian commune in Marin County, north of San Francisco, in July 1970.

He later began to live in a CWLF House because his former House had moved north and he wanted an urban ministry. At a CWLF retreat in December 1972 he met a Christian woman whom he married the following July. "I saw myself as a Jews for Jesus arm of CWLF. Kind of a representative of Marty Rosen. There were other Jewish Christians, but they had no great desire to express their Jewishness."

Comments

Arnie is a rather intense person but with frequent flashes of shy humor and the appearance of being easygoing. He undoubtedly releases a great deal of his energy in the street theater, a ministry we shall meet in Chapter V. He marvels at how much in love he and his wife are and they are very demonstrative about this. His influence and concerns are felt in CWLF, but he has no official position or ministry. He wants and needs a deep emotional life and a community he can relate to. He is one of the instigators of a new "church" group in CWLF, which we shall meet in Chapters V and VI. His inquiring mind gets him into such things as being a lonely apologist for "catastrophism" as an explanation for the origin of the universe. He is respected, but possibly not always listened to.

Arnie came to Berkeley to find a place to be in a community and to exercise his gifts and his commitments. He has found brothers and

sisters. He has found a wife. He has found street theater. He is working to create the kind of community that will meet his needs.

In Christianity he has found a meaning for his life and a great joy. The door is closed on Arnie's family. He can't go back. The door to his own psyche is probably open. He thinks and prays a great deal about who he is and what he wants to be and do with his life. He has probably not yet found himself to his satisfaction. Certainly his wife—a gift from God through CWLF—is the answer to his real loneliness and need for family. She is a sturdy, loving person. She is completing her RN training, plans to work a year, and then get pregnant. Arnie keeps a lot of himself hidden. He may have few really close friends and confidantes—except his wife.

In many ways a Hebrew-Christian is a fish out of water, especially one so committed to his Jewishness. Arnie elaborately works out the contribution and style of Hebrew-Christianity and hopes it will be an important balance and complement to Anglo-Christianity. Being a Jew is probably harder for Arnie than for other Jews in CWLF. He cannot and will not forget or renounce his Jewishness. He must almost invent or create an identity for himself. There is no direction home to his past. His rebirth cannot include the beginning of a reconciliation with the circumstances of his first birth, as it has for Susan or Bryan. The non-Jewish Christian community cannot present him with a readymade identity, for to accept it would be to renounce his heritage. To some extent, Arnie must pull an identity out of the hat of the future. Where else? He dreams of the coming in of the Jews which the Apostle Paul

writes about in Romans. He says over and over that he is a present and future person rather than a past person. That is easy to understand.

He finds special meaning each Passover celebrating a Jewish-Christian Seder meal, and his new brothers and sisters are very appreciative. He dreams of a community where everyone will help each other, look for jobs for each other, take care of each other, see that no one is isolated, no one is going hungry, a community which will make the world jealous and interested to find out what the people have going among them.

The Hebrew-Christian's identity problems may have similarities to the problems of newly aware black Christians. There is blackness, there is Christian history, and there is one's own Christianity. But it is not easy to fit the three together. For the Hebrew-Christian even the New Testament, or the way it is used, may seem unfriendly. What kind of ambivalences must develop? What doubts? Will the Hebrew-Christian feel free to speak his mind and his needs? How much do the brothers and sisters understand what ails this adopted one? How much more does the Hebrew-Christian want to say to them—perhaps out of a romanticized future, but certainly out of a Pauline past, "No, you are the adopted ones." There is a brooding for his people as well. A brooding the Apostle Paul knew well. And today's Jews—when they are not angry or paranoid—brood for those like Arnie, too.

Joyce

Joyce is efficient, always smiling, determinedly ebullient and almost aggressive, in her late twenties, works in the business office, and lives at Dwight House. She grew up in Ohio and became a Christian in a summer camp when she was twelve. "I was an anxious kid and I saw something different in people who knew the Lord. I was afraid of fire . . . and of hell." It was July 4th when she came to Christ. She had done a lot of thinking about it and now made a public confession of her faith.

Her mother was a Christian then, but not her father. Her brothers and sister are still not Christians, but her father now is. She became active in an Evangelical United Brethren Church and eventually Youth for Christ. "But I really didn't understand what it was to make Jesus Lord of my life." She went to the extremely fundamentalist Bob Jones University, "because it was cheap and because friends went there." She eventually transferred to Kent State and graduated from there. She had become unhappy at Bob Jones during her third year, though she had liked it at first. Kent was closer to home. Her mother was sickly and her father traveled. "The anonymity at Kent was refreshing after one's whole life was constantly exposed at Bob Jones." During the summers she went with a group called "Friends of Mexico" to do child evangelism in Mexico.

After graduation she taught school for two years and then went to the Philippines as a missionary for two years. She was with the Far Eastern Gospel Crusade and taught English in a mission school they

operated. She had thought about being a missionary while at Bob Jones and her pastor had been to the Philippines and encouraged her. When she returned, she served as director of a resources center for two years.

At Inter-Varsity Christian Fellowships's "Urbana 70" she was very impressed with the multimedia presentation and wrote that she'd like to be part of it. She came out to California to look things over. "I had a lot of problems at the time. I realized how pharisaical my outlook had been. I just let the Lord speak to me. I really wanted to stay in California, it was so great." But she was enrolled at the Wheaton graduate school and felt she should go back. She had come out with some friends, however, in a driveway car. When the only driveway car available to go back was a two-seater, Joyce stayed and her friends left.

She ended up living in CWLF's Dwight House for six weeks, not doing anything. Then the office needed a typist and Joyce came to work. "After being so headstrong I now had a very teachable attitude. I had the opportunity to really grow. My life wasn't set when I was nineteen! Especially my relationships with other people began to change. Every previous situation had been marred by bad relations with other people. I learned the Christian walk was not necessarily a lonely one. You are a body. I knew God wanted me to be here. I had so many friends. The problem before was that as Christians we don't really live with each other. For the first time I thought I'd really like to be married someday. Not just for the satisfaction and gratification but to help and to spend a whole life sharing and growing together."

Joyce dreams of traveling "in depth," of getting back into more creative things, especially cinematography or newspaper work. She had been involved in the school newspaper in high school and was the advisor for the school paper in the Philippines. She would like to write for a Women's Movement paper. She likes the atmosphere of Berkeley and of CWLF. She mentioned when I interviewed her, "volley ball tonight, Swan Lake with Rudolph Nuryev last week, the symphony this Saturday. I'm in touch with people who have a great deal of reality in their lives."

Her job in the office is "sort of a rest" and she's relatively happy there. "When I leave I can put it out of my mind. With the tax structure what it is, I take home about as much money as if I were teaching. [This statement would definitely not apply to California public school teachers' salaries.] I now have time to do creative things I never had interest or opportunity for before. I guess I should marry an eccentric millionaire. It's very gratifying to know there's an eternity. Not that you owe me that Lord, but . . ."

She would enjoy teaching in a free school and sees a teacher's role as that of "tourist guide." She formerly would "throw out the book, stay up half the night mimeographing special materials for the kids" and loves a rip-roaring discussion. She finds a "free humanism" very prominent in the structure of CWLF. She wishes the Lord would give her the urge to read again. She used to read a book a day as a librarian. She participates in Crucible classes and has attended meetings of Berkeley women's groups.

Joyce sums of the meaning of Christianity for her: "God relieves me of guilt and satisfies me both in this life and the next." When asked for one word to describe what Christ is for her, she said, "Satisfaction," and then added, "Purpose and fulfillment."

Comments

Joyce came to California to give herself up to something exciting and meaningful. She had served three two-year stints in relatively straight Christian employment. Possibly she wanted to break out and do something almost glamorous or countercultural. The Inter-Varsity multimedia presentation was impressive, especially to one from a quiet, conservative background—and perhaps a straitlaced character to match. She had served the church efficiently and well, but not with great satisfaction. And it would seem the church had not served Joyce well. First in CWLF did she discover that God could make her a new and a whole person, could help her relate to Christians as real brothers and sisters ("Christians are people you live with"), could give her new and full reality, could satisfy her.

Joyce is now "coming out." She knew she could be a tireless worker for the Lord. She is discovering it can be satisfying as well. She knew timidly the world was out there. She is discovering it as God's and therefore hers. She knew people did exciting and real things. She is doing some herself. She knew God had a family. She is learning to live in it with real brothers and sisters and to relate to them in ways deeper than her too-well-learned pious veneer ever allowed her

before. Joyce is not ready to storm the world and she may yet discover some anger inside after years of repression. But she is getting satisfied. As she begins to confront all the reality about herself and her past, she will be able to do it while liking herself.

Joyce has found a place. She may call that place the new satisfaction God has given her as a Christian woman. That place may be the excitement and wonder of Berkeley and the counterculture as well, the easy freedom and unlegalistic life-style of CWLF, the healthy demands of Christian communal living, the time to relax as a Christian and not be the school marm in charge. For the first time Joyce thinks that kind of life would be worth sharing with someone else who also had it.

Barry

At age forty-four Barry may be the oldest person regularly participating in CWLF. He is also one of the minority whose wife is "not with him." He describes his family as "not at all active," and then, typically, immediately calls his ten-year-old son "blessed and chosen before he was born. I know it. But I wouldn't want my son to go through the shit I did to get me prepared for my ministry." His wife is an ex-Catholic; she does believe in God and prays, and she likes all the people she's met from CWLF. "But she still has secular concerns."

Barry readily talks about himself and easily shares the fruits of long years of introspection. He generally appears serious and weighed down with the world's and his own problems. Occasionally, a

radiant smile flashes over his face. He seems to run on raw energy and passion and admits that he has great trouble getting things together. He calls himself a complete individualist, but says he is "for the whole body." He feels he is closer to feeling than rationality, "but I'm moving toward adult—not rational—behavior. My intuitions seem to be spiritually valid. What is said is said emotionally, but it is said in the Spirit. I'm becoming more responsible. I'm gaining more perseverance." On a one-to-ten continuum between historical and eschatological consciousness he said: "I'm a tenner. My gifts are evangelical. Shit, I don't just long for heaven all the time. I like here and now very much. Within the church I guess I'm closer to the historical end. But I know I'm going to be part of the rapture during the heavy trial times." Barry has a bumper sticker on his filing cabinet: "He Ain't Comin' Back as a Carpenter." Barry is undoubtedly, at least in his speech, the most earthy person in the fellowship.

Barry says he has had a "twenty-year character disorder and been in and out of five nuthouses." Four years ago he left a locked ward to enter Synanon for six months. There was no more dope and drinking, but he feels he was pretty much the same person. Three years ago he began attending an evangelical Quaker Church. He had gone to a fashionable Sunday School as a kid, had been Episcopalian, Christian Scientist—"all very insipid." During his teens he went to one of the Protestant churches—"very dull."

He worked off and on, was on skid row once, joined AA and stayed dry for two and a half years. "When you pick up again, it's as if

you've been drinking all along, you're further down the path." He was a "head-hunter for a corporation, wining and dining men from other companies," and was in business counseling. Now he draws up designs for ideas, he says. He still drives a Mercedes convertible, and explained once that it was the one luxury he allowed himself. He was very pleased when I commented on its good looks, leather upholstery, etc. On another occasion he said he would probably drive his Mercedes to the poorhouse. His bearing is one of class, although tired and somewhat burned out.

The pastor of his church had invited Ted Wise, one of the pioneering Jesus People in the Bay Area of California to work with drug addicts, to spend three Sundays in Adult Bible Raps. "As soon as I listened to him I said, 'This is my teacher.' I wasn't a Christian yet. I arranged to have him come back, found space, provided his income personally. This was three heart attacks after Synanon." This is the typical Barry speaking. Taking charge, arranging things, doing something important. Long-haul tasks are more difficult for him.

One time in these classes Barry had been describing his "screwed up family life," his serious heart problem, and Ted had said, "Are you a Christian?" "I believe in Christ," Barry answered. "Have you ever invited Christ into your life?" Ted pressed. Barry became extremely angry and began crying. Ted said, "Let's pray." Barry says that when he (Barry) prayed he always said "us" but never "me." There was nothing personal about his prayers. Ted kept pressing him to ask Christ into his life. "It's marvelous to come to the Lord in a group setting. When

the time comes, the time comes. Finally I said, Christ is my Savior. They're the hardest words I ever said. Immediately a great burden was lifted. I lifted up my head and laughed and cried." A great period of ecstasy followed Barry's conversion. "It was a good two or three month honeymoon." That was the fall of 1969.

Shortly after that Ted Wise went to a Center for drug counseling. Barry dropped down one day to congratulate him on his new position. While he was there someone called in—too many pills. "The next thing I'm making a house call. That was my problem. Then I'm involved doing group therapy for a year. The Lord just kept breaking me while I was doing a Synanon thing. I kept facing abject defeat as long as I was doing my own thing. I had been dumping on this fourteen-year-old-kid. I didn't know how old he was. It was really heavy. Suddenly I realized what I was doing. I cried, the kid cried, he was only fourteen he said. When I entered a personal relationship with people in the Lord, everything happened. More people came to the Lord. Others on the staff, supposed to be Christian, criticized my approach. Eventually I was fired."

Barry met some of the staff members from CWLF when they filled in at his church, and Ted Wise had been on the board of directors of CWLF. Gradually Barry got a drug counseling ministry going with one of the CWLF staff members. "I'm not really on CWLF staff—I am and am not. It's large enough that there's a bureaucracy. I step on toes now and then. My work here started out to be a dope ministry. Now it's a Hot Line."

Barry once summed up his life after conversion: "My life has turned around 180°. I'm consecrated to the Lord. I've never been so joyful or so excruciatingly out in the desert." He cannot imagine what he might be doing five years from now. "I promise you he'll take me wherever he wants me. It would be pure speculation. I might have good secular sense. But every time I make a prediction, he contradicts me."

Barry supports himself through a partnership in an apartment house. He is also holding a couple of second mortgages. "It's deficit living. Getting close to the bone. The Lord's going to deliver me soon. . . . Maybe not soon enough for me."

He often says, "The Lord does everything. I can't do anything, not a thing. The Lord has to keep picking up after us. When we try to do something on our own, we blow it." Sometimes this approaches self-flagellation. "The Lord has to keep cleaning up after me. All I do is fuck up." His manner is intimate, confessional, encounterish, with anyone willing to get close enough. Not many do.

He has been trying to get a complete Hot Line operation going for months. He now mans it on his own. He considers this a very important ministry and becomes almost officious and self-important when a call comes in. But so far the Hot Line ministry is not really off the ground, and Barry is not on the CWLF staff.

Comments

Barry talks much, agonizes more, and produces little. He is a body of guilt, inadequacy, need to be loved and especially respected.

His feelings are hurt easily. He is proud of his counseling skills. He lacks the discipline to study, read, write, he says. He probably allows a religious masochism (Lord is everything, I am nothing) to run interference for his clear inability to get anything together. Yet he is tremendously sensitive, warm-hearted, gracious, the man who will give you the shirt off his back. He can be grandiose, self-depreciating, magnanimous, self-important, ego-tripping, ego-deflating. His character and style are not unlike those of a manic-depressive.

Barry came to belong, to be somebody, to find a place where he could do the things he knew God wanted him to do. He has "lived" a great deal more than many of the "kids" in CWLF and he finds them rather provincial on occasion. His primary source of community may be his church rather than CWLF, or he may have none. He does not participate in any of the opportunities for worship, study, or fellowship available in CWLF, but he attends all staff meetings. Whether his relationship to CWLF has remained tenuous because he wants to retain maximum autonomy and fears obligations or because he can't get things together enough for CWLF to ask him onto the staff is difficult to tell.

Barry's conversion experience, late in life, puts him more in company with those we have placed in group one—"Coming Home." He expressed a great resistance to letting go. One can imagine the upper middle-class, self-important and well-lived liberal playing his life for the whole Bible class, with its introspections and torrents and troubles, and Ted Wise interrupting him to ask whether he has asked Christ to take over his life. Barry refused to stop hanging on. To what? His past

life perhaps, his pride probably. Ted kept pressing him to say the words, to take the final step. When Barry finally did it, he was washed in joy and tears and love and attention. It is characteristic of Barry to say: "It's marvelous to come to the Lord in a group setting." That was not Susan's or Bryan's or Des's way, but it was Barry's. Barry has God's approval. He desperately needs the approval and respect of the brothers and sisters. Perhaps even their admiration. That may be why he gravitated to CWLF. He also seems to need to accept himself and like himself. Struck with introspective admiration for the intensity of his struggles and the romantic storms God causes to blow across his life, he is probably his own worst friend.

Coming To Be Authentic

David

David may be the only person excommunicated into CWLF. He had a conversion experience when he was six. He had heard a sermon on hellfire, damnation, and eternity ("the standard are-you-saved kind") and thought he was lost. He went to bed that Sunday evening, then came back downstairs, said he didn't know Jesus and wanted to, cried, knelt down, and prayed. "I've hardly had any doubts since. I gave a strong Christian witness against evolution when I was in the fourth grade. It was all very foolish, but very much a part of me. I was always getting bad citizenship marks for talking too much."

His parents are Christians and have been since they were children. They had regular evening devotions in his home. His father,

a corporation executive, has been very influential in his life. He often refers to things he learned "on my daddy's knee." He does not consider his family wealthy. "I never had a whole lot of money. I worked in gas stations to buy a car." His parents opposed smoking, drinking, cards, and movies, "though today they have a little wine with dinner periodically." They went to church twice on Sunday and every Wednesday and were strongly conscious of being separate from the world, in the Brethren tradition.

David's father was intelligent and more moderate than most others in the Brethren fellowship. He had no bad feelings about reading things outside of the Brethren traditions. He had read most of conservative Calvinist Francis Schaeffer, "though never anybody like Barth." He is a senior analyst, but an echelon lower than vice-president rank. He avoids office parties and the like and does not take on himself the leadership role. When there are difficulties in church he is probably "not the right kind of personality to want to cope with them." He is contemplative. His mother is "aggressive, outspoken, and somewhat irrational."

David knew "hardly any Christian kids" when he was in high school. He realized later there probably were many to know. His father was unusual in encouraging him to participate in sports, normally considered a worldly pleasure. In Family Meetings and Christian discussion groups in CWLF, David likes to point out the athletic metaphors in the New Testament and humorously suggests this is Biblical sanction. David accumulated a whole scrapbook of his sports activities. He also

was vice-president of the student body in his high school. He always avoided and turned down invitations to parties, but made up for them by organizing all kinds of activities for young people in his church.

He entered the University of California at Berkeley in the fall of 1964. He remembers being more or less opposed to the Free Speech Movement and more or less in favor of Goldwater. "I was really not too much involved." He started out in engineering, then switched to math, then to history. He became concerned about his lack of involvement in Christian living. He visited Campus Crusade twice and was turned off. He was looking for some outlet and with a friend began offering weekly services at Alameda County Juvenile Hall, continuing this for five years. Every weekend they went there, talked, witnessed, and had services. His close contact with blacks was a revelation for him. "It changed my whole orientation and stripped away any fundamentalist accretions." He read all the books on black history he could find in a year. He became involved in writing a paper every week at Juvenile Hall, "Straight to You." It stressed a Christian message and culture and gave him the idea of writing from a Christian perspective. In history classes at the University he began to choose papers that could be written from a Christian perspective. "I was always thinking up new projects for myself. I decided I wanted to start a magazine, a youth quarterly, to awaken young people in Brethren churches throughout the country. I knew personally there was a lot of dope coming in, a dualism taught by example, and a faithfulness that was just an empty piety. I wanted to raise the spiritual-intellectual consciousness of young people across the country.

I made the mistake of checking with a lot of people in the church. They were conservative, began to oppose it, and eventually destroyed the project before I could get it off the ground, using some slander to do the job. After that I was very turned off by my church. I began to explore principles, not just practice, and became more critical. I stopped participating in a lot of things. The youth groups themselves began to decline. Guitars were criticized. Then I saw a poster that Oz Guinness from the evangelical fellowship of L'Abri in Switzerland¹⁸ would be speaking at a CWLF meeting. Previously I had had bad experiences with the Jesus Movement. It was harebrained eschatology. I had visited Linda Meissner's place in Seattle. There were horrible singing groups and a harangue on the baptism of the Holy Spirit. I was really amazed when I got to the CWLF Monday night meeting. So much life, so much love, the whole atmosphere. The singing was great. I was used to funeral dirges in my church. The following Friday I went to a Seder Supper conducted by one of the Hebrew-Christians in CWLF, that was really great, too. The next time I met Jack Sparks, I told him of articles I had written for my Juvenile Hall paper, and gave him three to look at. The next issue of Right On contained all three, without any editing whatsoever. Then I began passing out Right On at Juvenile Hall. One copy of the paper got into the hands of one of the most uptight elders at our church. Meetings were held before I knew anything about it. I pointed out I was not fellowshiping with CWLF, and that the elders ought to be following the guidelines for admonition laid down in Matthew 18. They didn't even listen to me. A week later four elders

visited me and offered the alternative of ceasing all connections with Right On and CWLF or be excommunicated. I kept opening the Bible to various sections, but they wouldn't listen. The charge against me was that I was not separate enough."

David and his wife were concerned, especially because of David's father. His parents were crushed when he told them he was not going back to the church. He had been preaching about once every two months and had been involved in most of their creative youth ministries. "They believe they're the only ones to have an authentic Lord's Table. My father doesn't necessarily believe that but thinks it is the only place for himself and for his son."

David wrote letters to "the responsible brethren" and to the whole meeting, arguing that he would have to be convinced by the clear Word of Scripture. Rejecting merely the authority of the assembly he placed himself with Luther at Worms. He argued that a church was of the Lord when it was under Scripture and the mere fact of being in the Brethren tradition was no guarantee. Regretfully he and his wife left the assembly, rather than recant. They had gone over to the "camp." He was officially excommunicated and all Brethren fellowships were so informed.

By this time he had become involved with CWLF and was working on and off in various capacities. Eventually David was asked to edit Right On, which he did on the condition of inviting a woman as co-editor. A year later David left his job as a high school teacher to work full time with CWLF and Right On. He also was appointed elder in the group.

Comments

David is an aggressive elder in CWLF, a hard-working editor, self-educated in theology and social ethics, very sure of himself, an individualist, a rationalist. He often seems proud, occasionally defensive. When a "friendly Christian" decided to avail himself of his Christian freedom by inviting himself to sit in on a Crucible staff meeting, it was David who coolly and pointedly asked him to leave. David allows himself more introspection than he lets on and only now and then lets others see what things are going on inside of him. Probably few of the brothers and sisters know him well.

He may be one of the three most influential people in CWLF. As a driving force for change, he may be the most influential. He is committed to a life of total witness and the development of a uniquely Christian life-style. That commitment does not always reflect itself with relations to the brothers and sisters in CWLF. He can be cold, abrupt, indifferent, and unsympathetic. He is also warm, loves music, and very often plays his guitar for the singing at the Saturday night family meetings. He has a strong sense of humor and occasionally laughs at himself as well.

David would probably have a problem existing in a "total" community like the Bruderhof.¹⁹ They would probably sentence him to cutting wood or (in CWLF terms) stapling up posters for six months as an exercise in humility and as a warning against working too hard on your own things.

He has a somewhat uncharacteristic self-assurance and knows what he wants to do and where he is going. We shall see more than one reason

why this is uncommon among the brothers and sisters in CWLF. Certainly his behavior and attitude are in marked contrast to those who talk endlessly of leaving things up to the Lord. Yet David is a man of prayer, and certainly prays no less than anyone else in family meetings, staff meetings, and privately. He is one of the most gifted and best educated men in CWLF and tends to think there are many exciting projects and ministries ahead of him in the future. He has a tremendous drive to get things done. It would not be a surprise if he left the CWLF fellowship eventually for a ministry elsewhere.

Important for David and others in this "Coming To Be Authentic" group is "stripping away fundamentalist and middle-class accretions" to their faith. Both the Berkeley scene and the integrity they see in CWLF offer an opportunity to live authentically. They feel more sure that their Christianity is a real following of Christ rather than an acting out of middle-class or churchly traditions. They wanted a new life-style. Living in the Berkeley counterculture and creatively and intelligently witnessing to and in it seemed to provide this chance.

The free-style of CWLF is no problem for David, since he does not consider the group in any sense a church and finds his and his family's needs for community met in a local Bible church. He does have rather definite notions about what a church should be like and does not believe the New Testament model should be "paraphrased."

Certainly CWLF meets needs for David and those like him. It has spawned creative ministries which people like David find fulfilling. It is a base of operations from which to launch an authentic Christian

life-style. It is a place to get started on a new kind of radical Christian living. But for David especially, "deficiency needs" seem much less important than "growth motivation" and "self-actualization." David gives more than he takes. He has enormous energy, a driving ego, and pours himself with enthusiasm into whatever he is doing.

The dynamic factor in such a role, however, is that once a person has been provided or worked out for himself a solid and substantial vision of what a radical and authentic Christian mission and life-style is, he may see CWLF as no longer necessary. Indeed, he may see it hindering him. Typically, such individuals do not have the same kind of devotion to the group as those who "came home" here or especially as those who came to find a place to be somebody here. One can occasionally hear prayers from people in these first two groups which are thinly disguised petitions that God move people like David to love the community more and their own thing less. In a word, David is insufficiently socialized into the CWLF community. Certainly no primary socialization has occurred as it has for those who are born again and find a new family in CWLF. And since his worshipping and feeding community is elsewhere, less secondary socialization may happen as well.

Even more significant and potentially disruptive or explosive is the likelihood that it will occur to such an individual to take his ministry with him. This, of course, is nothing new. Mother churches give birth to daughter churches. The Berkeley Free Church of the middle 1960s, for example, spawned what are now the Free Clinic, the Food Conspiracy, Berkeley Switchboard, etc. And the Free Church is no

more. CWLF itself may find it quite possible to do this and praise the Lord for it. As we shall see later, this may already be happening with Crucible, the Forum for Radical Christian Studies. To let Right On go, however, which is the flagship of the CWLF ministries, might be more traumatic. How CWLF decides who and what it is and what ministries, if any, are basic to its identity and how individuals in CWLF decide who they are and what their relation to CWLF is, is the exciting story at this point in the life history of the movement. We shall see this again and again in all the succeeding chapters. The fact that such dynamics do not keep CWLF in constant turmoil may witness to the fact that "being" or "life" goals are far more important to it than "institutional" or "survival" goals. It is a style the straight churches are continually told by church planning experts to emulate.

Another curious aspect of David's role in CWLF is that he has moved from part-time amateur to full-time professional, or, in terms he would strongly reject, from active layman to clergyman. Almost throughout the group, with one conspicuous exception whom we shall meet shortly, there is a strong rejection of clericalism or of anything that smacks of a "clergy" role or office. Yet if one drops the names and talks only the language of function, the hierarchy all comes back again. Mike calls himself one of two shepherd-teachers. The Lord gives many gifts (not "offices"!) to his people, and this is one of them. And Mike has it. It is characteristic of Jack Sparks' free (paraphrasing) piety that he assumes a multiplicity of ever-changing gifts and will not be bound nor bind CWLF to any New Testament "lists" of gifts.

It is possible to assume a latent status need that CWLF fulfills very well (even) for those who came here to be authentic. Certainly CWLF fulfills a personal need by providing a base and a coalition (people in group three talk much more about a coalition than a community) of like-minded people and ministries. But there is a more significant status that it provides, and that in two directions. First, CWLF has no little stature in the Jesus movement and among evangelicals. Second, CWLF can provide an "official" means for full-time Christian work for one who has enough of the counterculture or enough of his own free church tradition in him to refuse to allow himself ever to be called a clergyman. Not a few Protestant ministers function with no more hierarchical position (or theology) than that!

Elizabeth

Elizabeth seems to be one of the most radiant women in CWLF, full of joy and laughter. She is a college graduate, comes out of an upper middle-class home in the Northwest, works part-time in the CWLF business office, and is not very often seen at CWLF activities.

Her parents are Christians and she grew up an evangelical Presbyterian. Her church broke away from the United Presbyterian Church. She went to church all her life. While at a Quaker college in Oregon she realized she had "never personalized" her Christianity. She believed it but it was not a living experience. While there she became engaged to a man of Unitarian and Buddhist background. "We were very much in love." Because he was unable to share in the Christian faith she had come to have, she felt she could not marry him. At the

time she thought it meant that she would never get married. Wanting to know God more and more in a personal way and wanting to be away from love, she transferred, with just four quarters remaining, to a conservative-evangelical college in California, Westmont.

At the end of her junior year there she went to the evangelical fellowship at L'Abri while traveling in Europe. She met Oz Guinness, who invited her to stay for two weeks. This was totally new to her and she was very excited. Her own church had expected her to "leave her head at the door" and never question Christianity. "This was a whole new beginning for me. I went back to Westmont and committed myself to Christ through reading the Bible and fellowship. I don't know whether I was really a Christian all the time before then or just since then," After she graduated from Westmont she went back to L'Abri, studying and then working as a helper for two years at the L'Abri House in England. "I really learned about a Christian life style."

She had met Jack Sparks and his wife when she had come up to Berkeley during her senior year at Westmont. "CWLF was more Jesus Freaky in those days, everybody living together off welfare, all heavy street people, no responsibility. It just carried over into their Christianity. Really put me off. But I got to know the people on several different occasions. I saw a whole new way of living out Christianity. Berkeley really freaked me out after the social games of Westmont. I did see that these people were really serious. Jack wanted me to come up after I graduated."

Sparks and his wife visited her when they stopped at L'Abri in England. They talked long and seriously. "I guess I always thought I'd come here eventually. I really prayed about it a lot, though there were no strange messages tied to bricks."

She came and moved into Dwight House and lived there for five months. "Jack had tried to get me to 'raise support,' but I couldn't feel right about that. I said I would get a part-time job. I wanted to be an example or show in a concrete way my feelings about this. I didn't want to live off other people. An opening in the business office came about and I began working twenty hours a week."

Elizabeth says the way of life in Berkeley pulled her here. She and another woman also in CWLF were "rebels" at Westmont. "The whole social set-up sickened me. I haven't seen the freedom of life style in other Christian groups that I have found in CWLF. Some friends of ours came to visit and said they wouldn't be caught dead living like this. It's living on little, with no pressures about clothes and dating. We've visited other places, like J. C. Light and Power in Los Angeles and came away so glad we lived in Berkeley. We noticed Christian women being defensive about clothes, men, etc. I don't see that here at all. There's no competition or jealousy. Some people in the established churches around here don't understand why our people don't feel comfortable in their churches. Some are big supporters, but we have a real problem going into upper middle class homes to be served coffee and cookies. On the other hand, we have come to see some really beautiful Christianity in some of those people."

Elizabeth's father, a civil engineer, was able to retire at age forty-five, travel, read, do things he liked, do things with the family. They had come into an inheritance. Her parents have never pressured her about anything since she's been out of high school. They have been supportive or at least understanding about her present lifestyle. Elizabeth lives with a CWLF "sister" in a funky apartment in a run-down apartment building. They have little furniture and lots of atmosphere. A mattress is their couch. They are countercultural—sort of.

Elizabeth met her former fiance on a recent trip back home. The meeting was strained, but she was thankful she had not married him. She would like to get married someday very much. "Whether I will? I really get lonely sometimes. Perhaps because I have no deep roots here. It must be unnatural to be constantly wrenched from one group to another."

Elizabeth says she runs her life a little closer to reason than emotion. She also, however, sees herself more spiritual than earthy. "I always seem very aware of the supernatural. I find myself talking to God just like a regular conversation. Does that sound phony? I certainly don't feel like I live with a sense of an imminent return of Christ. Books and movies are my main pastime. I also like crafts. I don't know. Is there too much separation of body and spirit?" She "really adores Tolkien" and was excited when she met someone who was just about to begin reading him. She wishes she could begin all over again. "Sometimes I really get dark feelings from his books." She does not consider herself very knowledgeable in theology. She would not

recommend Hal Lindsey to anyone. "He really put me off, calling John F. Kennedy the Anti-Christ. Then he had all these proofs of Kennedy being alive on an ocean liner in the Greek Sea." C. S. Lewis and the evangelical guru Francis Schaeffer are two of her favorite authors. "But I hope I don't idolize Schaeffer the way some do."

Comments

Elizabeth is a free spirit who with little ostentation wants to be a free Christian. She has moved beyond her middle-class upbringing, though not its manners and values. She is not a joiner, does not like living in a Christian House—at least in Berkeley—and would probably prefer to live quietly on her own, doing the things she likes to do in her own circle of friends, simply being a Christian in Berkeley, rather than being a CWLF staff member. Indeed, Elizabeth's one connection with CWLF is her part-time work in the business office. Of course, she also has some friends in CWLF.

Elizabeth, more than many others, may have come to Berkeley rather than to CWLF. Yet in CWLF she saw a Christian community that seemed alive, free, and authentic. It was not the close, almost total, community she had loved and found so supportive at L'Abri. Nevertheless, she left L'Abri. To be on her own? Elizabeth talks about feeling very lonely sometimes and thinks it unnatural that she should move from place to place without roots. Why does she? Elizabeth is on no crusade. She does not have the vision of a ministry she must perform, as does David. She may be ready to settle down more now. She may wish to put down roots

now that she has grown into the kind of person she more or less wanted to be. She feels good about herself and the kind of life-style she is living. But she is not likely to remain happy as a secretary in the business office.

When Elizabeth first came to CWLF she found it difficult to relate to the life-style. It seemed more like sloppiness or irresponsibility than freedom. She has a carefully cultivated inner life and a strong sense of individuality—both of which she found difficult to tend in a Christian House. It is difficult to say what CWLF and Elizabeth do for each other. Perhaps CWLF made it easier to come to Berkeley and blossom as a free Christian. And Elizabeth's quiet example suggests the fusion of some important middle-class values, such as personal responsibility and independence, with countercultural dress and style.

Frank

Frank dropped out of a seminary to drop into CWLF. He grew up in a military family "very neutral about Christianity." His parents had asked Christ into their lives as teenagers but had grown cold. When he reached high school he had very little religious background. He had a consciousness of God, but did not know Jesus Christ was related to God or that he was a Christian figure. He had gone to church six or seven times. While in high school in Germany, where his father was stationed, he went to Young Life meetings and went on a trip to Berlin with them. He was impressed with their personalities and the fact that they were not tied to exterior things.

His father had always been in athletics, and Frank's own life revolved around sports, especially track. He had made the all-European cross-country team. At that time he began to think about God. Planning to be the best had always kept him happy. "Then when I made it big in my sophomore year, it was no big thing. That shocked me. I made the team a couple of days before Kennedy's death." He went to another Young Life conference where they talked about Christ living in a person's life. The thought seemed absurd to him. "I thought about it hard, just about every day. For six months, while working out, before going to sleep." Then he went on another retreat, to a ski-camp in Switzerland. He felt the need to make a decision as the meaning of Christ coming into a life was explained. "Every night for seven days I invited Christ. At the end of the week, I stood up and told all my non-Christian friends at the retreat that I had done it. I started seeing results immediately. Next week my quarter-mile time came down six seconds. I read the New Testament through three times in the next two years." The captain of the cross-country team had invited Frank to go on that retreat.

Frank had had no bad experiences with Christianity before. His parents were never negative and always understanding of him. "They only wanted what was best for me." He considers his parents Christians now, "though they maybe haven't led the best Christian lives. My parents certainly saw what has happened in my life."

He went to a Florida university and majored in drama. While there he was involved with Campus Crusade, for two years as a student

mobilization leader. His pastor called him and told him he thought God wanted him to go to Dallas Seminary. He prayed about it and three weeks later he was accepted. "I felt sure I should be there—it was a very clear thing to me. I had quite a few questions and my friends on the Crusade staff certainly couldn't answer them. Christianity seemed to have few answers. I picked a seminary with the highest academic standards. Dallas had a core Biblical curriculum and apologetics. I finished two years there."

In his second year at the Seminary, Frank helped teach a course in oral interpretation of the Bible. He began to feel the need to spend more time developing the talents he felt he would use. He had had his questions answered. He didn't want to be primarily a Bible teacher. He almost went with Young Life, but didn't see enough leniency and openness. Then Jack Sparks happened to speak on the Dallas campus. "My sister called from Oklahoma and said to go talk to Sparks. I tried for three days. A half-hour before he left I got to see him. 'I want to exercise my gifts,' I said. 'What are they?' he asked. 'Drama.' 'I've been looking for you for two and a half years.' He invited me to come out to look the situation over. We accepted them and they us." He arrived in Berkeley "on July 13, 1972 at 5 p.m." and the next day at noon did his first show on campus. "I had already formed a drama troop for Dallas Explo under CWLF's name. One of them came out and helped me." He was concerned about the poor way Christians communicate. "I came to work at Christian communication and if CWLF provided a free and creative atmosphere to do that I was glad to be a part of it. We're

free. We don't have to do anything in CWLF. We don't have to go to any meetings or staff conferences. On the other hand, we have a larger body of believers, in the churches, to which we feel indebted. We would like the churches to help us in terms of time, theology, and commitment. We would rather have church elders guide us as men in the church than CWLF elders. CWLF is a helpful vehicle that keeps us in line. I don't personally want to be the chief honcho in any group larger than Street Theater. Within that I want to be the boss. I couldn't work under someone else; I'm too independent. I'm really pleased with CWLF though. It's flexible . . . and lax. I guess they go together. Authority is very loose. I don't need a mother image, so that's fine with me. I'm really pleased. As long as I'm with CWLF I'll do anything they want me to do. My tastes aren't always correct. By being involved in a local church I don't have some of the problems and needs for community that others have in CWLF. I don't look to a service organization for all my needs. I can't go along with one of the elder's coldness, but I live with it. All the diversity of CWLF would not be possible in a tight local church. I see CWLF as a service organization and a mission to the Berkeley culture, churches, etc. It has a broad variety of services, but is very narrow in its spiritual scope. CWLF is just a radical Campus Crusade."

Comments

Frank and CWLF have a mutually satisfying relationship. He knew what he wanted to do, CWLF provided him with a fellowship, a forum, and

a scene to do it in. When the street culture changes, when CWLF changes or disappears, Frank will be ready to move on, either in Berkeley or another scene, dedicating himself to Christian communication. He has brought talent and a stable personality to the fellowship. His talent, his personality, and his contributions are highly valued. Frank has come to Berkeley to do something authentic. He is satisfied that he is doing it. He and his wife have become active members in a local church where they have found a very satisfying Christian community. That church in turn has opened itself more to CWLF's style of ministries and also offered economic support in the form of a house.

It is significant that the Berkeley scene and the CWLF style were able to offer Frank the opportunity he needed to do something about his concern for Christian communication. He had already moved beyond Crusade, and Young Life could not or would not give him sufficient freedom. This is one of many instances where the counterculture style of CWLF has attracted those who could not work within the personal or organizational restrictions of other Christian groups. The question to be pressed later is whether this suggests a different kind of Christianity in CWLF (presumably with a different theology) or whether it reflects only a Christianity which has found it possible to adopt a countercultural style.

Finally, one needs to note the meeting between Sparks and Frank. A remarkable number of meetings that come about among Christians in the Jesus movement have this fresh "Dr. Livingston, I presume" quality about them. Frank introduces himself and offers his talents. Sparks asks what

they are. Frank says drama. Sparks replies that he has been looking for him for two and a half years. Finally, the Lord delivered! In a community which continually "waits upon the Lord" such meetings are both thrilling and faith-confirming and almost unsurprising.

Jack

Jack is an orthodox Presbyterian minister who has come to Berkeley to infiltrate CWLF. He is thirty-two years old, married, and has three children. He has a beard, is as warm as a teddy bear, looks and acts strong, and embraces you with his smile and hearty laugh.

He was converted at eighteen while watching a Billy Graham telecast. He became a Baptist "because they were the first really warm-hearted Christians I ever met." His parents were a "religious hodgepodge, not Christians at all. We went to the Reformed Church in America as kids." The year after his conversion, Jack's father became a Christian. "My dad joined the Presbyterian Church, it was a tremendous source of fellowship and edification for him. My mother had some experience at the church, too, but I don't know . . ." He has four brothers and two sisters. Only one brother "gives any evidence of being a Christian, and he's really zealous."

When he first heard the Gospel at eighteen, "it was really good news." He was baptized that summer. An influential pastor led him to go to the extremely fundamentalist Bob Jones University. He seems almost embarrassed at having graduated from there. (Perhaps a good indication of where CWLF is at is that its two Bob Jones alumni are both sheepish

about having gone there.) "I met my wife there. We were both on the 'Inside,' she working in the office and I as a campus security officer. We could see the pettiness of the whole Bob Jones approach to the Christian life." After graduation he worked on the staff of Youth for Christ and became convinced after two and a half years that he was inadequately trained for a Christian ministry. In his last year at Bob Jones he had taken a philosophy course which led him to see the value of a careful theology, in this case Reformed, even though he was a confirmed Baptist at the time. He remarks that Bob Jones really hated to offer this course, they were so anti-intellectual, and they later forced this professor out. "It was exciting to organize doctrine rather than go leafing through the Bible looking for proof texts." He had also become "fed up with an evangelistic sermon every Sunday." His interest in the Reformed Presbyterian Church eventually led him to Covenant Seiminary in St. Louis.

At Covenant Jack vacillated, was encouraged, then distressed, over the role of the church in twentieth-century America. He had "really become a son of the church." He felt that one should get as much of a hold on the continuity of the church as one could. At the same time he was getting discouraged with his own denomination and what he knew of others. "What passed for church life was meaningless, irrelevant, contentless."

Out in St. Louis County there was a breach in a reformed church where he had been worshipping. The radical students had caused it, people said. He and others began worship services with a fellowship

nearby. This lasted for two years, "innovative, fresh, delightful." They were not allied with any denomination but "were careful to be confessional, in the Reformed tradition." Eventually that fellowship became a church in the presbytery. "That experience turned me on to the church all over again. If people are like-minded and devoted, the church could really be something."

As graduation grew near Jack looked at the open pulpits around the country. "They seemed OK, but I had also begun to hear rumblings of the Jesus Movement on the West Coast." In a prayer meeting, after the Look magazine article on the Jesus Movement, the people in the fellowship became convinced that "here's something the Lord is really doing. But it looks like they're setting themselves up to be led down any primrose path. We prayed that God would bring mature people to infiltrate the movement and bring some theological maturity. I never thought of myself. In our family we were just barely keeping our heads above water. We prayed that someone from our group might go. Meanwhile I checked out a ghetto ministry in Philadelphia and was very discouraged. When I came back I met a guy in touch with Jack Sparks, and he asked me to consider California. I said it would be OK if I could support my family somehow. We came out to visit. Everything just locked into place. When things started happening like that, we knew the Lord wanted us to come. We really fell in love with Berkeley, too. We found we could make our own life-style here, and didn't have to conform to everyone else."

Jack and his family moved to Berkeley in September 1971. A local church voted to include them in their missionary budget. They provided about half his "support," but that is dropping off now. They attend that church somewhat out of a sense of obligation. Jack had hoped as he got into CWLF that he might lead many of the churchless people there into his church, but he now sees that this church is unwilling to change in any way and that he himself feels being edged toward the door.

Jack is not actually on the official staff of CWLF. "But certainly I've felt the spiritual bear hug. I also have my denominational allegiance. I'm ordained in our denomination. I came out here to plug into their work as a Bible teacher and to develop an autonomous identity as well, free to develop any number of things."

They rented a house which they promptly dubbed Covenant House, and attracted four students to live there with them. That means fellowship and help with the rent. They hope their House may develop into some kind of a Reformed Presbyterian outpost on the Berkeley scene. "I feel quite at ease in CWLF, but never felt my forte was street freaks. I'm more interested in working with students. I have a tenuous relationship with CWLF. I'm on the Right On staff. I'm glad I don't have to become an official staff member. I worry sometimes, though, they hang so loose. Seems like they're really apart sometimes. Yet they're always getting into new ministries. I remember when I came to visit, one of the elders exuberantly offered me the Oakland House to take over and run. Wow! I backed off a little."

Jack wants to and does maintain his identity as a Reformed Presbyterian, sometimes to the annoyance or chagrin of others in CWLF. Being "a son of the church" is not that typical in CWLF. Churchmanship, having the mind of the church, being ordained, being clergy—these are more often discarded remnants or garments that never were. They seem too ill-fitting for many even to consider trying on.

Jack would like to stay on in Berkeley indefinitely. Yet he feels "geared up mentally for the pastoral ministry. I'd kind of like to have 'the right congregation,' not in some 1950 style. It's entirely possible that in five years all this will have passed on and I'll be in a pastorate somewhere."

Jack continues to keep space between himself and CWLF. "The essentials of a true church are true preaching, the sacraments, and discipline. I really believe that. I don't like the haphazard way CWLF plays around with the sacraments. The way they do bothers me more than that they're not really a church. But it may come from the fact that they're not really a church. To them the sacraments are just symbols. Ridiculous. Discipline is also important. I have already submitted as a Presbyterian to my group. I can't have a divided loyalty. A Presbyterian minister is a member of the presbytery he is in. I see myself as an ambassador of the church to CWLF. I had hoped our local church would be one we could get CWLF people into. It turns out almost every church in Berkeley turns these kids off. These kids just can't live on a 'church dispersed' six days a week. There is this need for family. Yet it's incredible to think the church can be

communal—all living within two blocks, eating together, sortie out to jobs, rush right back to fellowship. Even CWLF can't hack that. Movement on both sides needs to happen. More of a sense of community in the institutional church, even in its dispersion, will have to happen. I don't know how to go about changing."

Jack is critical of the level of theology within CWLF. He is sometimes amused, sometimes distressed, seldom happy at what goes for theology. When I asked him who he thought was theologically informed within the fellowship, he could name two and one "by extension" and said that was "if I believed anyone were theologically informed." He is committed to theological principles and frequently uses the adjective "principal" when describing certain points of view. He is critical of CWLF and Right On when the theology seems to be made up while speaking. He thinks theology must precede apologetics, not grow out of it.

Comments

Jack himself avoids laying trips on anyone, but his influence is steady. He has no interest in taking over CWLF and cherishes his identity as a Presbyterian minister. The space he keeps between himself and CWLF allows his influence to be subtle and rarely offensive. No one is threatened by him, though some may find his churchmanship eccentric. His infiltration comes about by example, by teaching, in discussion groups, and in individual conversation. He does not seek access to power in other ways, nor has he attempted to introduce any major reforms.

Jack is stable, well liked, mellow. It is possible that some of women's liberation threatens him—or his theology. He also will not hesitate to call into question theologies in apparent "principal" disagreement with his own. He prizes both his theological tradition and his seminary training. He is sometimes embarrassed, uncomfortable, or frustrated by what may go for theology in CWLF. If there were a term for self-taught and acquired theological sophistication equivalent to nouveau riche, Jack would probably use it often to describe what he sees. Jack has the bearing and character to be almost a father figure and certainly an older brother and good friend for some of the people in CWLF.

While he mentions the freedom of life-style which attracts him to Berkeley, he is decisively not a street Christian and not a "paraphraser" of the theological tradition. He is zealous in guarding churchly and theological reality to the point, in some people's view, of being uptight. At least for Berkeley. His conservative Presbyterianism and great concern about principles keep him from the easygoing freedom and looseness which characterize many in CWLF. He would have to draw the boundaries of an evangelical witness considerably tighter than many. This may be a result both of a narrower theological tradition and of a greater understanding of the issues involved.

Footnotes to Chapter II

¹ This is from a Disorientation Guide, a handbook of information for new students, created by radicals as part of Disorientation Week, September 1969. Reprinted in Mitchell Goodman, comp., The movement Toward a New America (Philadelphia: Pilgrim Press, 1970), p. 691.

² Robert N. Bellah, "No Direction Home: Religious Aspects of the American Crisis," in Myron B. Bloy, Jr., ed., Search for the Sacred: The New Spiritual Quest (New York: Seabury Press, 1972).

³ Ibid.

⁴ Charles Y. Glock and Rodney Stark, Religion and Society in Tension (Chicago: Rand McNally, 1965), p. 248.

⁵ Donald W. Peterson and Armand L. Mauss, "The Cross and the Commune: An Interpretation of the Jesus People," in Charles Y. Glock, ed., Religion in Sociological Perspective (Belmont, Calif.: Wadsworth Publishing Co., 1973).

⁶ Glock and Stark, Religion and Society in Tension, p. 247.

⁷ Peterson and Mauss, in Religion in Sociological Perspective.

⁸ Arthur Darby Nock, Conversion (New York: Oxford University Press, 1933), p. 212. Charles Y. Glock, Benjamin B. Ringer, and Earl R. Babbie attempt to operationalize such a notion into "A Theory of Involvement" in To Comfort and To Challenge (Berkeley: University of California Press, 1967). They note in summary: "Parishioners whose life situations most deprive them of prestige and gratification in the secular society are the most involved in the church. The church, then, was characterized as an alternative source of rewards for the socially deprived" (p. 109).

⁹ Glock and Stark, Religion and Society in Tension, p. 247.

¹⁰ These "stories" are, for the sake of vividness, generally kept in the present tense. That present, together with age and other references, is 1971-72. The reappearance of these people in later chapters reflects their development over time in CWF. The "where are they now" review of these twelve people in Chapter VII brings their stories up to 1975.

¹¹Erik Homburger Erikson, Young Man Luther (New York: Norton, 1958), p. 117.

¹²Kenneth Keniston, The Uncommitted (New York: Harcourt, Brace & World, 1965).

¹³Erikson, Young Man Luther, p. 91.

¹⁴Bellah, "No Direction Home," in Bloy, ed., Search for the Sacred.

¹⁵This refers to the enumeration of spiritual gifts in the New Testament.

¹⁶Erikson, Young Man Luther, p. 42.

¹⁷*Ibid.*, p. 249.

¹⁸L'Abri was founded in Switzerland by the American Francis Schaeffer, a conservative Presbyterian. It has become an oasis and rite of passage for young evangelicals from around the world who come here for days, weeks, or months of prayer, study, and communal living. For an account of the origin and growth of L'Abri, written by the wife of Francis Schaeffer, see Edith Schaeffer, L'Abri (Wheaton, Ill.: Tyndale House Publishers, 1969). Several people in CWLF leadership positions have spent time at L'Abri. Jack Sparks and his wife have also visited there.

¹⁹Benjamin David Zablocki, The Joyful Community (Baltimore: Penguin Books, 1971).

CHAPTER III

GETTING IT TOGETHER

Chapter II is a record of the spiritual voyage that twelve men and women traveled, as they came into CWLF. Their entry into the group occurred in 1971 and 1972. The present chapter traces the origins and early history (1969-1971) of this group, the period of consolidation and structuring (1971-1972), and the year of challenge and change (1973). Several of those whose stories are told in Chapter II are key figures in the evolution of the group during 1973. Later chapters, especially the last, include some of the history of CWLF's evolution after 1973.

This chapter, then, is a historical chapter. It is chiefly a history of the evolution of CWLF leadership, always in relation to changing concepts and identities in the life of the group, and of gradual institutionalization. The discussion of leadership includes the central figure of Jack Sparks, one of the founders of CWLF, the rise and decline of elders, and the development of a staff. The evolution of the concept of staff and the beginnings of a very limited economic rationalization in the life of the group and the conduct of its affairs are seen as the chief indicators of very gradual institutionalization. The chapter is arranged chronologically.

Charismatic Beginnings, 1969-1971

In Chapter I we saw the three missionaries to Berkeley who would found CWLF deliberating in Los Angeles about whether to come to Berkeley, making a trial run, and then coming here to pursue the ministry they felt called to. We saw the stage that was Berkeley and the antics of these missionaries as they jockeyed for position on the stage.

For months after Jack Sparks,¹ Pat, and Fred arrived in April 1969, they themselves were the sole ministry of what would become CWLF. Whatever was done, they did. They were like missionaries in new mission territory. It would be some time before the fruits of their labors would take the shape of new Christians ready to take up the ministry through which they had been won to Christ. It would take even longer before other Christians would come to be attracted by what they saw God doing in Berkeley.

It was up to them to set their style and form their methods. They were determined not to make the mistakes they thought the conservative Campus Crusade for Christ had made in its attempts to evangelize the University. There would be no telephone marathons calling to conversion, no "straight" dress worn, no hard-line evangelistic tracts, no climactic Billy Graham appearance. By deliberate choice the three missionaries were determined to work in the style Berkeley seemed to call for. They never knew themselves what they would do next, and often seemed surprised at what they were doing at the moment. The Berkeley environment shaped them.

Not long after they arrived they began encountering the question the scribes in the New Testament asked Jesus: "By what authority do you do these things?" It is the question the institution forces on unrecognized charisma and the question rival charismatics shout at one another. Shocked ministers, uptight evangelicals, upstaged campus pastors, angry SDSers, and annoyed street people all pressed the issue. As in other ages and different times, the missionaries looked for refuge and legitimation in a "doctrine of the call." They prayed to God and talked with each other and looked at the people they had come to save. They had a mandate from God. They had been called to Berkeley. If their style was loose, their methods uncertain, they were committed to the absolute value of their Christianity. They believed it for its own sake, entirely independent of any prospects of external success. They thought it had set them down in the middle of Berkeley to begin their work.

They lived and acted in the flush of their own enthusiasm and the breakthrough atmosphere which pervaded Berkeley in those days. There was a feeling that revolutionary things were about to happen, that transformations were being made, that a new stage of human or religious evolution was aborning, that something old was dying. It was a creative and explosive and destructive time. No doubt the missionaries were excited by the absolute evil they sometimes saw in SDS, by the plight of street people, by their own assurance of being called, by the dramas of confrontation, and by the new world Berkeley was for them.

Partly the environment was a dare, a challenge to them. As though they were Old Testament prophets determined to raise Yahweh's glory higher than Baal's, or Moses outdoing Pharaoh's magicians. They had moral fervor and certainty. They tried anything. If they needed money they prayed for it and immediately began acting as if it was on its way. If SDS made signs, they made them. If outshouting rival salvation-bringers was what Sproul Plaza on the University campus called for, they developed loud voices and incredible gall. Of course, they offended everyone.

Eventually, a few began to see something in the missionaries and to respond. What did they see? Why did they respond? We may suppose that those who were drawn to the missionaries' person or message saw that person and message connected somehow with the core of their own existence or with the landscape of the society of the late sixties as they were experiencing it. They were set resonating. The missionaries seemed to have connections with larger reality, to be in touch with cosmic dimensions. To be around people that certain gave comfort or excitement or reason for cautious hope. Some in the churches thought this all so fresh and creative and authoritative compared to the tired survival struggles that kept their own institutions occupied. To some searching for meaning, consistency, order, to some in despair that anything would ever come together again, these missionaries came with the certainty of "You have heard it said . . . but we say to you."

Many who were experiencing a shattering of the existing social-cultural order were ready to respond to new symbols that would give meaning

to their experiences and lives. The missionaries talked about a Forever Family and tried to act out what it would mean in their beginning efforts at "Christian Houses." They listened to people and touched them and sometimes fed them. They entered the campus marketplace with the message that Christianity could also compete. Partly it was their boldness and audacity, partly it was the certainty or comfort of their message, partly it was the novel experience of Christianity operating at the level of campus debates, rallies, and demonstrations.

Something about these prophets' style, however, was different from that of the classic Old Testament prophet. They often coupled with their "Thus saith the Lord" a rather utilitarian invitation to "check it out to see if it doesn't work for you, too." Eventually, a Jesus song came to be written, with the title "Why don't you look into Jesus, I really recommend it." Perhaps their position in a certain revivalist tradition, perhaps a Berkeley audience wary of people who laid trips on them, kept the prophets from the outlandish "take it or leave it" which sometimes characterized the prophets of Israel. The most significant difference, however, is these prophets' unwillingness to set a world stage for God's activity and grandly call the plays they see him making. The scope of Yahweh's activity in Berkeley was often reduced to the stage of individual lives and hearts.

As the early missionaries attracted a small following and began allowing some of their new converts to live with them in a Christian House, a period of paternal leadership began in the life of CWLF which lasted for about two years, 1969-1971. By 1971 and 1972 that informal

paternal style had been structured and consolidated. By 1973, and already to some extent before, it would come under heavy challenge.

By definition, the early fruits of the missionaries' labors were "new Christians," babes in the Lord, as they were often called. Some were coming from heavy drug use, occasionally trying to hold on to that habit. Some were rejects from a society that could not make use of their ill-fitting or inadequate personalities. Some were committed to a loose life-style and revolted by middle-class notions of work and responsibility. The missionaries came to see themselves as fathers helping the new babes to begin their "Christian walk."

Many of the new converts would crash at the home of Jack Sparks and his family. They assumed or came to assume that someone would feed them and clean up after them. Sometimes the missionaries and their wives did more than the new babes asked: clean laundry and clean bedding were often not high on the new converts' list of priorities. Often it did not occur to these "children" to offer services in return. In short, they were a drag on the Christian household. But the Sparkses were determined to adopt them into the Forever Family. They believed many of these new Christians had never been part of a warm, loving family. They wanted to give them that. A close, caring community seemed to be the very essence of what God had promised for his people. They also tried to instill some idea of what being a responsible member of such a family was like. They found odd jobs which the new Christians could do to raise money for food and rent. They encouraged the sharing of household tasks. They worked toward a community in which people did things for each other. At the

same time they were anxious to avoid laying on these young charges anything that was "purely a middle class trip." In many respects the missionaries had left the middle class.

To many of those first followers the missionaries were examples: father, mother, older brother, trusted elders. They looked up to them and sought their guidance. They depended on them. They expected them to "lead them into the Word," to help them mature in Christ, to answer their religious questions, to advise them on personal hassles, to pick them up when they were down, to come and get them when they ran off, to laugh with them when they were high, to hold their hand when they were down. Often, but not always, they hoped or expected the missionaries would take them into their house, feed and shelter them. Jack and Pat and Fred² felt needed, and began to function in a paternal way.

In those early days there was little need of overt legitimation for their roles, although the missionaries themselves used their calling as legitimation when they experienced self-doubt. Rescue from aimlessness, new meaning to replace anomie, food, warmth, shelter, family, understanding, patience, sympathy, love, joy—these were legitimation enough. By and large the new Christians trusted their leaders. They trusted them to do what was best. Indeed, the acclamation that followers give leaders, the charisma they recognize (or create by recognizing) is legitimation enough.

There were those, of course, whose ideas about authority made it impossible to accept any leadership. It was difficult to tell a Hell's Angel what to do, even if he was a converted Hell's Angel. Some found it

necessary continually to challenge the leaders, often pitting their own new spirituality against that of their "fathers in the Lord." The missionaries, after all, had made the Bible an open book. And it was a dangerous one. Some learned how to "one-up" the missionaries with their own "words of the Lord." After long meditation or with the assistance of drugs, one or two brothers thought themselves Gnostic elitists.

As long as the first missionaries were the only possible leaders, as long as CWLF was a small family, as long as their charisma was obvious on Telegraph Avenue and in Sproul Plaza, the paternal leadership functioned well for the group. Such leadership is scarcely unusual in such a situation. CWLF leadership did not even come close to the authoritarianism which prevails in the more successful therapeutic communities for drug addicts.

Always the legitimation, in their own minds, for their ministry and leadership was their call to put down roots and raise up a family in Berkeley. Jack Sparks once wrote: "Those God makes concerned were those God was calling." These prophets' burden was for the counter-culture and for students. Their call was to make Christ an issue.

Perhaps the most important reason why the paternal leadership worked so well in CWLF's early life in Berkeley is that it was both benevolent and extremely flexible or loose. Doctrinally, there were no creeds. The new believer asked Jesus into his life and made some kind of profession that he wanted to begin a Christian walk. Although a conservative evangelical theology was always in the background, religious experience and personal relationships and the Christian walk

stayed more important than doctrinal formulations or abundant legalisms. The life-style was adapted to the street culture, so that the missionaries could be all things to all men. Regular hours were unknown, people didn't get up too early, things happened when they could. It was a culture of improvisation, and it fit well into the missionaries' beliefs about how the Holy Spirit would work and what a life of prayer meant. Jack Sparks' oft-stated goal was minimum structure and maximum flexibility. Everyone was free to come and find his own niche. "We never fill anyone's position when he leaves." People created their own compartments, if they needed them, and those compartments disappeared when they left. Jack Sparks' personal freedom and willingness to let CWLF be free may be related to two factors. First, he had not grown up in the church and seemed amazingly devoid of religious baggage of any kind. "I have little interest in making distinctions or digging channels," he once said. Second, Jack had come to Berkeley looking for a way to be free in ministry, expecting to be free, wanting to be free. That he fit so well is evidenced by his obvious enjoyment and sense of roots in Berkeley, several years later. Pat and Fred did not take on the Berkeley coloration.

The honeymoon period of charismatic leadership and the unrivaled legitimation of the call would not last indefinitely or go forever without challenge. The paternal, if free, leadership continued for about two years, partly because young Christians often gladly acquiesced in it. That kind of leadership worked best while CWLF was a Family of young Christians. When it became a Family with more mature Christians,

when some felt the call to structure the growing up of the young Christians, when some began seeing CWLF not primarily as a Family but as a coalition of ministries, the pressures built up for change. First consolidation and structure happened; then challenge and change.

Structure and Consolidation, 1971-1972

By 1971 several key ministries, discussed in Chapter V, had developed. A small group of people willing to work full time for CWLF, perhaps about twenty, had come into being. Several Christian Houses, in addition to Jack Sparks' house, were in use by the family. Some of the ministries were sufficiently advanced as to require a division of labor, with people with certain kinds of skills or interests going into certain kinds of ministries. It was becoming possible to see CWLF as a group of creative ministries as well as a family of new Christians and their leaders. Regular Monday evening meetings or family celebrations were being held, attracting from twenty to a hundred people.

Toward the end of this important time, another of the three original founders, Pat, left CWLF. Pat had become more and more dissatisfied with being supported by other people. He also had some reservations about the directions in which CWLF was moving. Nor did he have the happy sense of roots in Berkeley that Jack had acquired, with the counterculture coloration that went with it. A business venture was presented to him through which he hoped to make enough money to support himself in future ministry for some time. That venture was a disaster. He continued active in a conservative Presbyterian church in the Bay Area

and eventually went to Southern California to work with Hal Lindsey. At this time also, two particularly strong leaders, Larry and Bob, entered the group. Both had come from straight, middle-class, business backgrounds. Larry had been a sales manager, and Bob was in real estate. It might be true to say they came to help the family grow up, to steer the emerging organization in the right direction, to bring its affairs into order. Consciously or unconsciously they seemed to be working to insure that countercultural values did not predominate and that the openness to middle-class evangelicalism and middle-class Americanism be maintained. Larry became the business manager of CWLF. Bob became a key advisor to some of the Christian Houses. Both assumed a leadership role that would eventually be called "elder."

The evolution from an easygoing paternalism to a more structured leadership was very gradual. Partly, the structure developed to meet challenges to leaders whose sole legitimation had been their charisma. Partly, it developed for the very purpose of the routinization of that charisma.

A ready-made challenge, even in the early days, could come from anyone who had a rival call. It was seldom grandiose, seldom a rival spiritual position set up against that of the leaders. It was non-compliance. Someone quitting a job the leaders had worked hard to find for him because he felt the Lord calling him to spend all his time "in the Word." Someone refusing to do his share in the Christian House because the Lord did not seem to be calling him on that day. Young Christians slipping out of their ministries because the excitement they

thought was God's call had left. In their pre-Christian days they might simply have said they weren't into that trip anymore. Now they had learned the language of evangelicalism. They said the Lord wasn't leading them to do that. Had they been in school, some counselor would have written on their record that they lost interest quickly or had a short attention span. A mature cultural analyst, of which there was no lack at the time, would have written of their openness to many things, if he thought himself free and daring, and deplored their instantism and faddishness, if he tended to be anal.

The notion of call was very slippery. The leaders learned to resort to that saying Paul himself had come up with for the excessively enthusiastic and charismatic Corinthian congregation: "Let all things be done decently and in order" (1 Cor. 14:40). There were two ways the leaders could exert power if they needed to. Since they controlled the Christian Houses as the de facto landlords, they could evict an erring child in the Lord if necessary. Further, since at any time the majority of people in CWLF acknowledged their leadership, they could bring the pressure of the entire group to bear on deviant members, causing them to repent and come around or to leave. Scriptural words which illuminated the person's inability "to submit himself" or which called attention to the obvious discrepancies in his Christian walk would often be used on such occasions. Yet, overall, there were not too many such occasions. The leadership was by no means under continual challenge of any overt kind, and there were few blatant exercises of authoritarian social control.

In most cases the leadership of Jack Sparks had the quality to bind the group together. Years after CWLF was begun, people still listened in a different way when he spoke. Though eventually he became a Director, with several elders following in the chain of command, he continued to operate as in the early days, a leadership of moral example and gentleness. Many thought questioning his decisions would hurt his feelings, and so hesitated. His entire self seemed to be bound up in CWLF, and people did not wish to challenge that. Yet he was the first to keep saying that when the time came for CWLF to disappear and for God to raise up some other ministry, it would be fine with him. As structures rose around him, he often acted as if they were not there. Sometimes this pleased people very much, as when he would privately excuse a brother or sister from what they saw as some authority trip being laid on them by one of the elders. Sometimes this frustrated people, as when they saw Jack willing to evade but not confront the incipient bureaucracy or undemocratic authority they saw emerging.

But the notion and exercise of authority was bound to develop. Eventually those leaders who, with Jack, were most clearly directing the group were called elders. The significance and power of the elders developed in 1971-1972. At first they were simply and literally elders—men who were somewhat older and more mature in the Christian faith. They dealt with problems that came up in the Christian Houses, they charted the direction the ministries would take, they did whatever day-to-day planning was done, they took responsibility for seeing that certain necessary jobs got done, they led Bible studies and the Monday

Night Family Meetings. As yet there was no carefully thought out rationale for this authority; no attempt was made to extend it into every area or to develop normative rules and rights. In terms of Max Weber's typology,³ there was no "rational-legal" legitimation for the exercise of this authority, nor was much "traditional" legitimation argued for.

There was no necessity (or possibility?) to incur the validation of the New Testament because CWLF was not a church. There was never a suggestion that the group was modeling its "church government" after that of the early church. Yet there clung to that word elder a good deal of legitimacy of precisely a "traditional" kind. Even after the time of the early charismatic paternalism had passed, and after later attempts to pass the word off as merely a matter of definition (elder means whatever we say it means), young Christians who studied the Word and more mature Christians who joined in CWLF ministries could hardly be or remain unaware of the theological freight that the word elder carried. It was heavily legitimizing in early church history and again among the free churches. In the American evangelical tradition it was a common and meaningful term, not a word whose implications one could easily ignore. Nor was it a word that acceded easily to the needs and demands of women's liberation. The evangelical tradition knew few or no female elders, and culture-bound Christians were not likely to see any in the early church either. We shall see below that when the term elder evolved into nothing more than a label for a certain kind of leader of the organization, its unadmitted theological-traditional legitimation hung on—allowing the male

inhabitants of that office the best of both worlds. Their office carried weight, but, at least in the eyes of some of the brothers and sisters, they exercised that weight without the spiritual care, brotherliness, and servanthood which characterized the elders of the early church.

As the ministries developed more and more during this period (1971-1972), as CWLF became less exclusively identified as a family, as the early charismatic paternalism became less and less appropriate, more power and authority flowed upward to the elders—almost by default, since no other structure had yet evolved. Eventually, some people coming into CWLF were less open to charismatic leadership and authority, especially those self-reliant, self-actualizing people we met in group three in Chapter II. Those who would fit in the first and second groups of Chapter II continued to be willing to acknowledge the leadership of Jack Sparks and to submit to him as their spiritual leader, but even they gradually came to question the role that the elders were coming to play. They were comfortable with a spiritual father, but not a lot of older brothers. How challenges to the elders began to come and what changes were made, we shall see below in the third section of this chapter, which records the events of 1973.

How, then, did the elders come to function in 1971-1972; what kind of structures did they develop; how was their authority felt? We mention first a specific instance in which they exercised authority, then the development of staff and the emergence of economic rationalization under the direction of the elders.

During this time the number of elders varied from four to six, with Jack Sparks, in a sense, also functioning as an elder. Bob and Larry, whom we have already mentioned, became elders as their help and good intentions were welcomed into the group. Chiefly, it was Jack who simply appointed them to be elders. David, whom we met in Chapter II in the third group, also became an elder, as his talents and high energy were quickly recognized and utilized. The two or three other elders were, in one case a convert who had come to considerable spiritual and personal maturity, and in the other cases experienced Christians in their twenties who had come to CWLF to help with the ministry they saw developing in Berkeley. Jack and the elders met weekly to discuss current problems, future directions, the various ministries and Houses, and any particular person in the group who needed attention. Often their decisions filtered down with few being quite aware where they came from. At any given time, many in CWLF would have been unable to name all of the elders. Yet specific ministries came increasingly to feel their guidance or pressure, and the beginnings of rules for the Christian Houses came from the elders especially. At the same time that he was convening weekly elder meetings, Jack continued to play the roles he had always played: spiritual father, counselor, friend, hard worker, proponent of loose and flexible style, model of easygoing leadership.

A good example of the elders' power in the group is their decision to terminate the basic weekly Family Meeting of CWLF. In the following account, the abruptness with which their decision was forced on the group is to be noticed; so also, however, is the long-term

resiliency of the group in the face of such decisions from above. In the spring of 1972 a special Family Meeting was called in the morning. Jack Sparks rose almost haltingly to say that the elders were recommending that the regular Monday Night Family Meeting be discontinued. He said they had deliberated over this for a long time and were convinced it must be done. He said, almost apologetically, that if the group might not want to go along with the suggestion, the decision could be modified or withdrawn. CWLF wanted to shy away from making anything, even the Monday Night Family Meeting, into an institution: it could become a new Sunday morning meeting, at 11 a.m. Instead, the new ideal would be many family meetings happening in many different Christian Houses throughout Berkeley at different times. This would provide a Christian presence in various neighborhoods and help insure that new people were always being invited. Jack's argument seemed to be a plea for a return to the early days. It also reflected a common evangelistic strategy of dividing groups with the expectation that soon each of the "daughter" groups would be as large as the original "mother" group.⁴

Another elder, however, presented other reasons, suggesting not a return to the old days, implicit in Jack's words and tone, and not a strategy of adding to the community, but a strategy for greater control. He told how difficult and frustrating it was to lead the Monday night meetings. Anyone and everyone could come in off the streets and lay their trips on the group. He was powerless to prevent it. Nor did the "regular" brothers and sisters ever move to get back on the subject or rebuke such digressions. It was "difficult to stay in the Word and keep

the meeting going as planned." Clearly, this elder had a different view of the many free spirits who wandered into the Family Meetings from many of the regulars.

Then Larry began in a very different style from that of the first two elders, sounding more like a corporation executive informing lower management of a recent Board decision. His voice was always firm when he spoke to the group, and there was the hint in his tone that he did not expect to be contradicted. His argument to the group was very brief: CWLF's first responsibility was to its staff (about twenty-five people by this time). The Monday night meeting was more like a free-for-all, serving no one well. His notion that CWLF's prime attention needed to be turned away from the streets and the campus to its own staff is highly revealing of his own position and of his assumptions about the direction in which CWLF was moving.

Jack Sparks then called for discussion. Very little was said. The group was remarkably acquiescent. Eventually, David, also an elder, separated himself from the proposal and suggested that Monday evening could at least be a kind of Jesus music sing-along. Another woman, who would fit in our third group in Chapter II, argued that many people looked to the Monday evening meeting as their one sure point of contact with a Christian community. They would get lost in the shuffle if a variety of small meetings replaced it. She suggested doing both. She also mentioned the number of people constantly passing through Berkeley who wanted to look up CWLF and used the Monday night meeting for that purpose. They could not possibly get in on a grapevine or even written

communication network which would reveal the times and places of many small meetings. Most others in the group made obedient nods to the proposal, although there were a few more minor dissents. Larry then rose to terminate the discussion by announcing firmly that this coming Monday evening meeting would be the last.

Not only are the varying styles of leadership exercised by the elders interesting. The group's reponse is also interesting, suggesting perhaps learned ways of dealing with authorities. Indeed, in less than a month the Monday Night Family Meeting was going strong again—only now on Saturday evening. What began to change by 1973 was the group's way of dealing with the elders' exercise of authority. In some ways, the elders were no more successful in 1972 than they were in the year of challenge and change, 1973, in passing their will onto the group. A diffuse group, committed to countercultural flexibility and a near cult of improvisation, could manage to work its own way, whatever the elders said. But more general directions, and especially the development of staff and the functions of economics, were successfully being influenced and set by the elders. To that we now turn.

The Staff

As the work being done in the first year of CWLF began to attract the attention of other Christians, CWLF began to see a slow influx of people who were already Christians coming to Berkeley to help with the ministry. Sometimes there would be extensive correspondence with Jack Sparks before the person came to Berkeley. Other times someone would

just show up, announcing that he felt called by God to share in the CWLF ministry. With a minimum of structure or formal procedures he simply began working with the team.

By 1971 CWLF leaders themselves were becoming aware of the great possibilities and needs for new ministries. They realized they could not do all the things God seemed to be opening up in Berkeley; yet they wanted to see what was happening continued and expanded. In short, they began, at first informally, to recruit. They asked many who came to Christ through their ministries to stay and work with them. In their newsletters to interested Christians around the country they wrote glowingly of what was happening in Berkeley, urging all to pray about it and inviting many to consider whether God might be calling them to join CWLF in Berkeley.

The charisma of the early missionaries was, in the eyes of many, being transferred to the entire group. There was a certain magical attraction to what was going on in Berkeley. "Christians in Berkeley!" Some began to feel that if they came to Berkeley they could be alive, authentic, excited, and exciting—and at the cutting edge, too. Such a ministry promised personal transformation. For some straight evangelicals it was a legitimate way to immerse oneself in the attractive counterculture. The routinization of the early charisma, at this stage, seemed to mean the transfer of that charisma to the group and the evolution of a "contact" charisma.⁵

Being "on staff" came to mean for about thirty brothers and sisters in 1971-1972 a more or less full-time commitment to some aspect

of CWLF's ministry. This could be working on the newspaper, witnessing on campus, overseeing a Christian House, helping in the business office, counseling at Rising Son Ranch, etc. A staff person was either paid from CWLF funds, as helpers in the business office were, or he raised support which was channeled through CWLF. We shall see more about the economics shortly.

Increasingly, coming on the staff became an orderly procedure. While the word "call" was used, the word "appointment" might have been closer to reality. As the power of the elders grew, the structure became rationalized. The legitimation for leadership authority became less charismatic and more "rational-pragmatic."

It is clear that someone who talks often and self-consciously about his call is harder to control than someone who is appointed to the staff. An organization is difficult to run if thirty different words from the Lord are going in every direction. No one, however, could deny the possibility of someone's having a call to Berkeley. Everyone was willing to praise the Lord for anyone God called to minister here. But a distinction developed between a call to Berkeley and being on CWLF's staff. It was difficult and unpleasant to dispute someone's call. It was relatively easy to keep him from coming on staff. To many, all of this was simply orderly procedure. CWLF could keep its house in order.

By November 1971, two and a half years after CWLF's beginnings, the elders were able to issue the following policy statement regarding staff membership:

THE POLICY STATEMENT OF ELDERS

It was agreed that the following discussion and motions should govern the selection of future staff members and the selection of Elders from among the Brothers.

Staff membership means that:

1. The applicant has and displays the gifts which are needed at this time in this ministry, and
2. The applicant has experienced a genuine call of God to this ministry in Berkeley, and
3. The applicant agrees to place himself under the authority of the Elders, and
4. The applicant agrees to raise his own support through C.W.L.F. unless otherwise agreed upon by the Elders.

The qualifications of a staff member generally come down to:

1. A teachable spirit
2. A heart for God
3. Christian maturity
4. Not a recent convert
5. Generally adhering to the qualifications listed in 1 Tim. 3:8-13.

The qualifications of an Elder shall generally follow that of 1 Tim. 3:1-7.

In addition to the above, a prospective staff member shall be tested in his walk and gifts for a period of three months, being observed by an Elder. If there is a Brother with a known walk and gifts, then the three months will not apply.

Secondly, all prospects shall be interviewed by an Elder and, after the time of testing, be approved by not less than three Elders.

Thirdly, the prospective member shall be responsible for all prior debts and obligations unless otherwise agreed upon. Any military or judicial obligations must be openly declared and settled to the satisfaction of the Elders.

Any person not a staff member who has a leadership role in C.W.L.F. shall have at least the same qualifications as a staff member of an Elder appropriately.

Fourthly, all applicants and staff members should consult with their own Elder and Pat Matrisciana for procedures to follow regarding all support raising activities—all the Brothers and Sisters shall submit to Pat the names of prospective supporters for approval prior to contact.

Noteworthy in this document is the emphasis on control, the ability to submit, economic rationalization, maleness, and apprenticeship. The document arose and was presented at a fall leadership conference. It suggests the increasing power of the elders and their intent to routinize the group, a clear determination to order the influx of new people in the coming years, and some dissatisfaction with the present staff, the presence of some of whom was regarded by the elders as an unfortunate fait accompli.

Two examples may suggest how effectively the control implied in this document could be exercised. We have seen in Chapter II that a brother named Barry was full of grand plans for his ministry but was unsuccessful in bringing them to reality. His relation to CWLF was very loose. He said he was and was not on staff. Months passed as he kept plodding away in the basement floor of Dwight House, where some of the CWLF offices were at that time, trying to develop his Hot Line ministry. Finally he got the telephone number listed and began taking calls, all the while thinking of training programs for the large number of volunteers he would need. It seemed logical to Barry that he should come on CWLF staff as a "head of ministry," a title the elders had begun using. Barry began to discover the elders had trouble finding time to talk to him about this. One suggested he write an autobiography to submit. Barry called another brother in CWLF to ask about this. The brother replied, "Go straight to Jack Sparks. Nobody else ever had to submit an autobiography." It was a typical response from one who did not understand or did not know about the new way of doing things. Going

to Jack, going around the structural edifice that was rising, and meeting in the mellow sunshine backyard of the old days would be the answer. Sometimes it was, as we shall see below. Jack played the game often enough himself. It was, after all, out in the backyard beyond the structural edifice that he really lived. It was there that the original CWLF had come into being. That was the location of the good old days and of Jack's consciousness. In this case, however, Jack was willing to let the structure work. Barry did not come on staff. Jack shared the other elders' reservations about Barry.

Another time Barry enthusiastically shared with Bob a letter he had just received from an eighteen-year-old brother in Detroit. He had been active in witnessing, had been distributing tracts, had gotten a prison ministry going, and now wanted to come to Berkeley because he had read about CWLF in the Right On newspaper.

"How about it, Bob?"

"Well, he'd have to fill out the usual forms."

"He sure sounds good to me."

"Maybe he should mature a little before he is so sure what the Lord is calling him to do."

"He's eighteen. Perfect for campus ministry."

"Not necessarily."

"Well, could he live at the Richmond House if he came, while you looked him over?"

"I don't make those decisions."

The other example is that of a sister who felt God calling her to active involvement in the women's movement. She saw an important sharing ministry with non-Christians and nonevangelical Christians in the movement. She had also just begun to get involved with a group producing a socialist paper. Bob strongly reminded her that she had come on the staff with the assignment of campus witnessing and suggested that the congregation which was contributing most of her support was funding that ministry and not something else. When Jack, who was away on a speaking tour at the time, heard of her troubles, he phoned long distance to assure her that she should follow God's calling and not concern herself unduly with any trips other people might be trying to lay on her. No doubt a key ingredient in Jack's behavior was his increasing openness to women's issues and his fervent intent to keep an evangelical opening to the left. Both Bob and Larry, on the other hand, tended to a hardline position on women's issues and an even harder line on leftist politics.

Economics

The only marked institutionalization in CWLF has occurred in the business office. It may be that the tightening up of the concept of staff is due chiefly to economic rationalization. (Unauthorized free spirits can be a drain on the group's resources. Also, the pool of potential supporters from whom one can solicit money is only so large.) One cannot minimize the importance of economics for the evolution of every part of the group. Economic interests do not sit unobtrusively in a quiet corner of the organization, though they may seem to. (The

CWLF business office is indeed significantly removed from the area south of campus where the Christian Houses have generally been located, where ministries are carried on, where meetings and worship are held, where brothers and sisters gather to interact, etc.) Economic rationalization may eventually require institutionalization down the line and be the most powerful force in the group's evolution beyond an early charismatic stage. Elizabeth, whom we met in group three in Chapter II, said once that Larry, the business manager elder, "made CWLF what it never was."

When Jack and Pat and Fred first arrived they supported themselves on a subsistence level through the contributions of interested friends and other Christians who heard of their work. They expected the Lord to provide for this ministry in Berkeley if he wanted them there. Like Elijah they waited to see what the day's ravens would bring. They were free in their expectations and free with what they had. "In those days Jack would have sent a copy of Right On to everyone in Berkeley if the spirit moved him. He didn't know." CWLF tended to think of the "Wanted: Jesus" poster which circulated at this time as theirs, since it had first appeared, they thought, in the second issue of Right On. When the poster began appearing around the world, they just praised the Lord. There was no thought of copyrighting material. (When Right On later thought of copyrighting it was because the editors had begun to worry about the integrity of their material and were concerned that large numbers of people and other Jesus papers could copy their material inaccurately or with significant omissions. It was not an economic concern.) Benjamin Zablocki has described how the Bruderhof

refused to get patents on the toys they designed and produced. Others copied them and made a great deal of money.⁶

Money was not necessarily a scarce commodity in the evangelical culture to which CWLF looked for support. Ramparts found it necessary to report the funding of Billy Graham and the selling of Key 73, the national evangelism campaign of 1973.⁷ One does not observe this sub-culture long without noticing the evangelical flimflam man with his Bibles and other paraphernalia.⁸ Others are the filmers and recorders of the Jesus movement, producing heart-warming documentaries for the evangelical market. They come to town in smart Hollywood threads, white bucks, and hair professionally trimmed to quasi-countercultural length. Their wives or female assistants are beautifully coiffed and smartly dressed, clearly standing out as they sit demurely at a Monday evening meeting. They arrive at CWLF, talk hip about the really "right on" ministries they see developing in Berkeley, and make whatever ingratiating remarks they feel necessary about the vacuity and irrelevance of the straight style of Campus Crusade for Christ. Who knows what line they hand Campus Crusade? A variety of people for a variety of reasons were interested in marketing the Jesus movement. They are not all alike, of course. Two CWLF brothers made a film called "Here Comes the Son" about CWLF's ministry and sold all their equipment to get enough money to print it. CWLF has shown the film repeatedly, without charge, to enthusiastic groups. A local school teacher, friendly to CWLF but not a member of the group, has taken a second mortgage on his home to open a Christian bookstore on Telegraph Avenue.

Within the evangelical culture, then, there is a certain mind-set and a certain availability of funds. In a way significantly different from many other Christians, evangelicals seem to expect opportunities for giving financially, outside regular church structures, to worthy causes and worthy people in Christian missions and ministries. This may relate to the longstanding tradition of free mission societies which were not tied into denominational structures. They existed partly to preserve local autonomy of congregations and to make unnecessary the bureaucratic and centralized organizations which, in mainstream Protestantism, "handle" the mission enterprise. Which of the mainline Protestant denominations would send a missionary into the field, assure him of prayers, and offer to be of whatever help to him it could as he raises his own support?

Contributions from evangelical Christians for such causes and people are an important means of support not only for CWLF but for Campus Crusade and Inter-Varsity Christian Fellowship as well, the latter two very important evangelical, nondenominational groups working on college campuses. Willingness to contribute is not at all limited to wealthy people. Most of the brothers and sisters in CWLF find their support coming from working-class and middle-class people. CWLF has no angels. Susan mentions that one family a minister suggested she visit became excited about the ministry in Berkeley she described and agreed to send her a small amount every month, saying they didn't really need a new freezer anyway.

As CWLF grew, then, it became common for all who committed themselves to staff to raise support for themselves. A person would

send "prayer letters" to relatives or friends or interested Christians whose names were given to them. The prayer letter may be a quite personal letter. It is a means of describing one's ministry, one's growth in the Lord, of asking for prayers, and of soliciting economic support. Often such letters are sent every month to all those who are interested in one's ministry. They serve as thank-you notes as well. Sometimes just prayer, and no economic support, is invited. Occasionally, these prayer letters are developed into a more formal and much more elaborate newsletter. All those in street theater once sent out a four-page printed folder, describing the ministry of the street theater and the backgrounds of all those participating. It included pictures of them in action. The regular CWLF newsletter is in a sense an elaborate prayer letter. It keeps an extensive mailing list informed on CWLF activities, plans for the future, specific needs, and solicits encouragement and economic support. Often there are invitations to people who might be interested in coming to Berkeley to join the ministry.

Not all people in CWLF like using prayer letters, and not all do. When Elizabeth came on the staff, she was determined to "set an example" and not "go on support." She would find a part-time job for her subsistence. She recalled her first visits to Berkeley in the early years of CWLF and her impressions of everyone living on welfare and support. Later she saw the group differently, but still was determined to pay her own way.

Others may prefer to seek support very informally. In 1971 Pat laid down formal procedures which everyone was expected to follow. After

he left, there was greater freedom to seek support in whatever ways were comfortable. Some still find the whole notion unacceptable—or wish they did not have to use it.

Occasionally, one church may provide very significant support for a given person, perhaps a member of that church. In the spring of 1973 Jack excitedly announced that a church in New Orleans had just decided to send \$3,600 over the next year in support of one of the sisters who came out of that church into CWLF's ministries. Such large amounts are unusual. Typically, any one person received monthly support from many people in amounts from \$5 to \$50.

CWLF's business office incorporated as a nonprofit corporation called Evangelical Concerns. Almost all support is sent to the CWLF office, earmarked for a particular person or ministry, and is tax deductible. The office takes care of all aspects of staff members' finances and keeps the equivalent of an account for each person. If the account should dry up, if the person should fail to gain sufficient support through prayer letters or other means, he or she or the business office may consider that an indication that God is no longer calling that person to a ministry in Berkeley.

Because not many people naturally choose to live at poverty level, one may expect some legitimation provided for such a life. Of course, some of those coming into CWLF had already adopted certain countercultural values and had learned to scorn the making of much money as a significant goal in life. They were committed to living on very little and adopting the kind of life-style which does not require

much money. Others may be people not likely to find jobs in straight society anyway. At least they were working for the Lord, while living on minimum subsistence. Still others were in the convenient situation of seeing subsistence living as romantic or an exciting experiment. In the back of their minds they knew they could reenter the regular job market at any time or write home to their parents for support. But generally there occurred in prayers, devotions, prayer meetings, and in other ways the attitude that doing the Lord's work with whatever sustenance he provides shows real discipleship and radical Christian commitment. Trust and reliance in the Lord is often offered as the alternative to worrying about money and getting ahead financially. In one or two cases a special kind of legitimation occurs. A person may bring in through one means or another two to five times the support that most brothers and sisters raise. Nevertheless, the important consideration the community is urged to keep remembering is that this person gave up a lot—for example, a \$25,000 job. One hears often that such a person gave up so much to devote himself to CWLF. This is exceedingly important legitimation to the many who could not even imagine a \$25,000 salary. At first, it rarely occurs to them to compare unfavorably the support they receive with that which this person gets. On the other hand, there are a few individuals who can say, "He gave up a tremendous house in the Berkeley Hills for a somewhat less tremendous house in the Berkeley Hills."

The clearest example of economic rationalization is the expectation, by 1972, that any prospective staff member raise a year's

support before he joins the team. People who have done that are held up as examples. By no means does this economic rationalization signal necessarily the decline of CWLF. One always has certain alternatives to consider, some of which have been chronicled and disparaged in books on the Jesus movement—people living together to loaf, assuming other Christians owe them a living, never getting themselves together enough to accomplish anything, running up debts they are never able to pay, leaving God to face their creditors, etc.

Larry's comments at a spring 1972 staff conference suggest the rationalization which had occurred in the business office:

Joyce works steadily, probably more than anyone else; it's steady unglamorous work. She's there all the time. We can't have a lot of 'thank you Jesus' going on in the office. It would distract her from her work. The office is not a place to congregate, to have a good time and meet other brothers and sisters. If you have something to do, come in and do it quietly, like in a library. And then leave. We will enjoy your leaving more than your arriving. One person is doing bookkeeping, another is taking dictation from a tape—if you come in all full of joy in the Lord, we can't get anything done.

At this conference Larry provided elaborate explanations of the business office procedures. There were accounts of expenses and careful recording of all potential deductions. The CWLF staffer might claim a ten-cent deduction per "routine ministry mile," might deduct the cost of taking a prospective supporter to lunch (it is almost absurd to imagine anyone other than the business manager thinking in such terms or doing it), might deduct a portion of his rent appropriate to that part of his house used for ministry, etc. Staffers were urged to keep all receipts for business expenses because this is good stewardship of the Lord's money.

Even the cost of having a brother or sister to dinner might be considered. Because their "salaries" would be quite low, salaries being the support they have raised channeled through the office, they were encouraged to file the proper forms for expense reimbursements first. Since there is only a limited amount of money in their accounts payable to them anyway, the money which would come as salary is used to reimburse their expenses—thus making it tax exempt. That is scarcely manipulating the Internal Revenue Service. It is true subsistence living!

If a brother or sister wants to help another out in a tough time, he is encouraged to file the proper form for transfer of funds from his account to the other's. Of course sometimes vouchers are filed or expenses submitted for money which does not exist in the account. In this case the business office does nothing but file the forms with the person's account folder. If the money comes in, the matter is taken care of. If not, it is not. The office charges a 5 percent administrative fee for handling the funds that pass through it. This is the "cheapest in Christian circles," Larry said. Other Christian associations typically charge 20 percent and more.

There have been great efforts to get staffers to take responsibility not only for their support-raising but for money management in general. Once Barry in a flush of enthusiasm for his Hot Line prospects suggested that the Hot Line be given a taxicab credit card. Then anyone manning the phone could call a cab for the person on the other end of the line, if needed, and have him brought to Dwight House. Usually such

people would not have cab fare. Bob squelched the suggestion immediately. "People are always too liberal with other people's money. If you want to take responsibility for sending a cab for somebody, then you take the responsibility for paying for the cab yourself."

In the midst of all this economic rationalization there remains very much in force what we shall call "economics by ordeal." Simply put, it goes: "If your support is not coming in as you think it should, the Lord must be trying to tell you something." And this is not usually a trip laid on somebody else, though it works that way too. One young woman, an outstanding street evangelist for CWLF, left Berkeley when her support fell off. She felt God was calling her elsewhere. She went to Nevada, where she also happened to have a boy friend. A few would go so far as to suggest that if Right On runs perpetually in the red or nearly so, the Lord may be trying to tell CWLF something. Such suggestions have a way of coming not from Right On staffers, but from people who may have some reservations about the new directions Right On is moving in. Others see such ordeals precisely as the sign of the Lord's presence. "He wants us to depend on him alone, not knowing where our next support is coming from."

I once sat an afternoon in the house of a deeply religious man who had left his job and taken his family to found a ranch near Grass Valley, California, for young Christians who might need that kind of environment. (A family from CWLF was considering moving to the ranch.) He talked wastfully of the security of his life before and then almost painfully but without bitterness of his life now. He and his family

and all the people at the ranch prayed often, laying all their needs daily before the Lord. They never knew in the middle of the month how they would pay all their bills by the end of the month. "If just once we would get some money ahead . . . but I guess that's not the Lord's way." They did pay their bills, though. And this mentality did not keep them from moving forward either. If the ranch really needed something, some lumber for building or a used mimeograph machine for their newsletter, they took it before the Lord and their friends in the Lord. They took prayer seriously and they expected the Lord to! They kept moving forward and they ordered things, though not without much deliberation and prayer, when they thought they needed them. Such a life had not made them passive. It had left them with a deep, patient faith, profound dependency, and the wonder about what it would be like if life could or would be different.

Both this deep-grained notion of "economics by ordeal" and a real discomfort with and reaction to any extensive rationalization kept the business office from really having its way. Bryan said once, "The office has gotten a lot more like CWLF than CWLF like the office." Vouchers and forms often come in late or not at all. The free spirit in the Lord seems to prevail.

Perhaps it was constant confrontation with this unrationalized style that led Larry to suggest his famous motto of economic rationalization. He was recounting to a staff conference that he had recently met one of the brothers on the street who had asked him for some money to buy food. Larry asked what had happened to his job and the brother replied

that the Lord had led him to see that he should be devoting full time to studying the Word. Larry then offered what he suggested was a good summary of what the Gospel was all about: "There ain't no free lunches." That summary was quoted more than once.

Challenge and Change, 1973

By the beginning of 1973 there had arisen a mild discontent with the direction the structure of CWLF had taken. The discontent had several sources, proceeding from infighting among the elders to a more broadly based dissatisfaction with the exercise and structure of authority.

An early key issue was economics, and it occurred with special sharpness among the elders themselves. Larry, in his elder-business manager role, exercised considerable control over funds. David, in his role as elder and co-editor of Right On, had been instrumental in taking that paper in a direction which Larry and Bob distinctly disapproved. (The evolution of Right On from street paper to sophisticated paper of Christian opinion is reported in Chapter V.) Economic rationalization had resulted in the rise of economic power to the top, particularly to Larry as business manager. Larry always denied this, Jack tried to avoid it, and David saw himself as in a struggle for the use of the general fund. Into this fund came gifts large and small that were not earmarked for specific ministries. At this time Right On was regularly running in the red. "When we're in trouble and go to the general fund for assistance, the only finger Larry ever lifts for us is this one" (gesture), David

once said privately. In David's view, Larry parceled out support to ministries he was particularly in tune with, rewarding, for example, ministries more compatible with his conservative, middle-class biases. Others argued that all the elders or all the heads of ministries had control of how general funds were dispersed. Larry continued to insist, "I'm just the lowly business manager. I don't set policy and I don't control funds." (Larry did not, in the inner group, deny his feelings about Right On. Indeed, after both Larry and David had left CWLF, Larry insisted that his wife resign her position as Right On art director.) A matter which tended to affect the whole group more than the funding of Right On and which caused no little irritation toward the business office was Larry's decree that no one could use the CWLF van without his permission. Until Larry's departure in the late summer of 1973 the group struggle with the extent of economic rationalization continued between the highly legitimizing, not to mention necessary-for-survival words of Paul, "Let all things be done decently and in order" and the bitter criticism of Larry, "He made CWLF what it never was."

The economic issue helped to raise the question of how power had arisen to the top. The actions of some people began to be seen as power plays. People wondered how that could have happened, how it could be happening. In fact, significant amounts of power could adhere to certain leaders precisely because the whole question of authority was never dealt with openly. While many in the group looked to Jack for charismatic leadership and probably could not even give the names of all the elders, the increasing size of the organization and the number

of staff persons and the personal ambitions of individuals and their willingness to work hard toward certain ends allowed more and more power to rise, almost unseen, to the top, to various elders.

In his study of American Baptist policy,⁹ Paul Harrison has suggested a fourth kind of legitimation beyond Max Weber's three types: charismatic, traditional, and rational-legal. It is the kind of legitimation which just "happens." Harrison argued that such happenings were typical in American voluntary associations. Harrison called the unreflective legitimation for the leadership authority necessary to get the job done as voluntary associations increase in complexity "rational-pragmatic." Of course, the complexity of CWLF is not in the slightest akin to the power politics documented behind the American Baptist illusion of local autonomy. Nevertheless, as CWLF's mission began to include more ministries, as the group grew in size and complexity, as some of the influx began to include people not in any sense "babes in Christ," a kind of muddling-through leadership developed. It was a leadership of expediency, which soon was carried the farthest by those most interested in being leaders. And so increasing power came to some at the top.

Bob and Larry were making more and more important decisions about how Christian Houses should evolve, whether they should accept crashers, who in CWLF could take up residence in them. The use and control of funds, we have seen, was an issue. Who could come on staff and in what ministries was becoming a matter of elder control. How much of an opening to the left and to women's issues would become increasingly

important issues. The latter, in fact, would be a key ingredient in the pressing of questions which would alter the entire structure of CWLF.

In an effort to increase collegiality among the elders and to decrease Larry's power (Bob usually voted with Larry on key issues), David proposed in the spring of 1973 a restructuring, which he privately could call a coup. Jack would be called the Director. Beneath him would be four elders. Beneath them would be ten "heads of ministries," who would have responsibility for the increasingly autonomous ministries in CWLF, such as Right On, street theater, Christian Houses, tutoring program, etc. Beneath them would be the staff of about thirty. At this time the strongest ministries were Right On and street theater. Led by David and Frank, both introduced in group three in Chapter II, they had become the most autonomous.

Actually, Bob and Jack acceded to David's proposal, perhaps seeing no threat in it. What is significant is the way this happened. In order to wrest power from the top and keep the CWLF community open for continued flexibility, spontaneity, free growth, and, one might say, a charismatic style, procedures were set in motion which in fact came closer to Weber's rational-legal legitimation. That was the route followed by those who were concerned with power and authority.

There was an alternate route to follow for those who could not place themselves fully under the authority of elders or leadership structures which conflicted with their own calls or ministries, but who had no interest in institutional power games. That was the "escape clause" route. Occasionally prayers would be prayed after a hectic

meeting in which no consensus emerged but exercise of authority was attempted which would rejoice that the Christian had but one leader and that he could always go to the Father for guidance and direction. This is, partly, a New Testament belief that has served the free church tradition well. It is a belief which often comes to mean not just local autonomy but personal autonomy. An end-run to the Father avoids leadership or authority conflicts in the Christian community. In one sense this is a charismatic legitimation being exercised: one can give charismatic acknowledgment of leadership and one can take it away. If the trust is gone, if unpleasantness or strife comes too clearly into view, if trips are being handed down, the Christian can withdraw and praise the Lord for whatever he can and does accomplish in the Forever Family, looking only to God for further guidance and direction. Yet there has been remarkably little fragmentation within CWLF, a testimony to Jack Sparks' ability to hold the group together.

Between David's plan for restructuring as a way of wresting power from some of his fellow elders and the very unrationalized withdrawal of legitimation mentioned above, there began to occur in 1973 a more carefully thought out questioning of the entire structure of authority. The first impetus for this was the feeling raised in the few who became aware of the infighting among the elders. They began to look more closely at what the New Testament demanded of elders over against what these elders were producing. Having gone that far, they were not willing to accede to explanations that elder simply had become a word meaning something like senior executive. Instead, they pressed

on to more pervasive questions.

The larger questioning grew particularly out of concerns and eventually challenges from a few of the women in CWLF whose consciousness was raised considerably higher than that of many of the sisters in CWLF. The issue first arose when one sister, a recent "convert" to CWLF but with a long tradition in radical activities and feminism, felt herself consistently put down within CWLF's Sunday afternoon "church group," a newly evolved worship meeting more nearly approximating a church service than the Monday evening meeting. We shall follow that story in Chapter IV. Challenging the male dominance in the church group, she came to see that such male leadership permeated CWLF. From that viewpoint, she and a small group of sisters came to question the entire authority structure as undemocratic and one which allowed the participants in CWLF too little influence over decisions that affected them.

We may note here in passing that the charismatic, new age, open-endedness of the early years of CWLF might have had less difficulty with women's liberation, though, to be sure, Jack "grew" considerably on this issue in later years; and Pat and Fred probably would have had great difficulty with women's liberation. But the freedom of style was there in the early period of CWLF (1969-1971). Every calling from God was then considered possible. The small community seemed ready for anything. Of course, only a radical possibility come true will reveal how open a person really is! At the height of the Apostle Paul's battle with legalism, he opulently described the free outpouring of the Spirit into the community of the new age and drew out the radical implications of

the Gospel in his famous statement: "As many of you as were baptized into Christ have put on Christ. There is neither Jew nor Greek, there is neither slave nor free, there is neither male nor female; for you are all one in Christ Jesus" (Gal. 3:27-28). By the time 1 Timothy is written, the New Testament message seems much less open to radical possibilities.

When it began to be clear that David's "coup" had solved nothing, the question arose among a few as to how the group could eliminate someone who was already fixed in a position of power, for example, Larry. That question had already risen now and then concerning considerably less important or influential figures. Increasing institutionalization had "set" some people in positions. But for those, a fatherly talk from Jack Sparks was usually enough. In some cases, however, the individuals themselves, such as Larry, had accelerated the very processes which set them where they were. A brother confided: "We don't know how to get rid of people." Because much authority was not clearly delegated and power was not clearly legitimated, no one knew what it would take to replace an elder.

None of this is meant to suggest that CWLF had become a highly institutionalized and oppressive structure by 1973. Even the staff was anything but lost in bureaucracy. And outside the staff there were still enough brothers and sisters in the community who seemed to while away their time in endless, aimless days. They heard the Lord telling them to leave jobs they were working at. They heard the Lord telling them to keep their schedules open and not make too many commitments in

advance. They heard the Lord telling them to stay loose and not sign up for any Crucible classes. The Lord seemed to keep them busy doing apparently nothing. It was getting harder to find the hands to pass out Right On on campus, harder to find warm bodies to witness at North Beach in San Francisco, harder to get people to staple posters on telephone poles. About the discipline necessary for bureaucracy Max Weber has written:

The content of discipline is nothing but the consistently rationalized, methodically trained and exact execution of the received order, in which all personal criticism is unconditionally suspended and the actor is unswervingly and exclusively set for carrying out the command. In addition, this conduct under orders is uniform.¹⁰

Weber notes further that rational discipline lessens the importance of individual action and signals the waning of charisma. It scarcely needs to be noted that in 1973 nothing could be farther from the truth about CWLF's situation than Weber's description of the discipline-style which pervades a highly rationalized organization.

We have seen the responses of David, of a few women, and of those who withdraw to the Father with respect to the development of leadership and authority in CWLF by 1973. The pressure of the situation was suddenly relieved when David, for a variety of reasons, announced that he was leaving CWLF to take a teaching position in a Bible college. The effect of his announcement was very great. Chiefly it enabled Jack to convince himself that something direct needed to be done by him about the situation in CWLF. In short, he fired Larry. The two most polarized positions were thus no longer present to the community. By the end of the summer of 1973 CWLF began to pull together to attempt

making the changes in structure which seemed to be called for and which the departure of two powerful elders somehow made considerably easier.¹¹

The challenges of early 1973 were, in one sense, never met head-on until David's resignation made some kind of symmetrical action with respect to Larry possible for Jack. The larger story is told in Chapter IV, especially the other forces that were building up on Jack to do something about the situation. Unquestionably, David's long-range plans and ambitions and the coincidence of his call to a teaching position elsewhere were very important factors "from the outside" which reduced the pressure, allowed a direct response to the situation, and enabled movements and experiments toward change to be initiated in the fall.

Notes to Chapter III

¹Since he is well known in evangelical circles as the continuing leader of CWLF, Jack Sparks' own name will be used throughout. No other last names will be used.

²Already in the fall of 1969 Fred felt he had to leave Berkeley. His father had suffered a heart attack, and he went home to manage the family business. In 1975 he was living in Alaska, playing an active role in an evangelical community there which had grown out of the Jesus movement.

³Max Weber postulates three pure types of legitimate authority. The rational rests on a "belief in the legality of patterns of normative rules and the rights of those elevated to authority under such rules to issue commands." The traditional rests "on an established belief in the sanctity of immemorial traditions and the legitimacy of the status of those exercising authority under them." The charismatic rests "on devotion to the specific and exceptional sanctity, heroism or exemplary character of an individual person, and of the normative patterns or order revealed or ordained by him." See Max Weber: On Charisma and Institution Building, selected papers, edited and with an introduction by S. N. Eisenstadt (Chicago: University of Chicago Press, 1968). p. 46.

⁴By 1975, precisely this dream of several Christian Houses in various neighborhoods of Berkeley becoming "house churches" for their area was coming close to reality. But 1971-72 was not yet the time.

⁵For a careful essay on Weber's concept of charisma and routinization of charisma, see S. N. Eisenstadt's introduction to Max Weber: On Charisma and Institution Building. This book collects all the original Weber writings on this theme.

⁶Benjamin David Zablocki, The Joyful Community (Baltimore: Penguin Books, 1971), p. 136.

⁷Ramparts, April 1973.

⁸Some of these are, of course, only crass commercial exploiters. They marketed Jesus bumper stickers, shorts, posters, and even wrist-watches. The latter may be deliberately camp. The advertising copy reads: "Be with Jesus every minute of the day. Wear the watch on your hand of the Man who stilled the water. Only \$9.95. Our Saviour's

likeness beautifully reproduced in crimson, earth brown, sky blue, sunshine yellow, cloth black, and soft pink on a fleecy white background. Complete with ever-revolving crimson heart to tick off the minutes of the day. The most perfect gift for almost every loved one and church group. Comes with wide leatherette wrist-band. The original and only true Jesus watch in 5 colors and revolving heart. Order the race of your choice."

⁹Paul M. Harrison, Authority and Power in the Free Church Tradition (Carbondale, Ill.: Southern Illinois University Press, 1959).

¹⁰Max Weber: On Charisma and Institution Building, p. 28.

¹¹In 1975 Jack Sparks referred to the months which immediately preceded Larry's departure as a time which nearly destroyed CWLF.

CHAPTER IV

THE DAYS OF THEIR LIVES

It is important, if one is to understand the Jesus Movement, to see the working out of the new relationship to Jesus and the Father in the day-to-day lives of Jesus people. These are not days struggled through or celebrated in isolation or determined individualism. Very little stays private. Joys and problems are shared with the brothers and sisters. The key experiences Jesus people report happen in the felt reality of the Forever Family. The collective effervescence of the new community imparts a certain glow to all the days of their new life. The Forever Family shines brighter than do all its members. When the community stages its great moments the individual is nourished and energized in ways he could not possibly effect on his own.

The Jesus people themselves live in the excitement that God is doing a new thing, that he is in these latter days raising up new believers in every corner of the earth. Jesus people enthusiastically bubble over with this intelligence and it becomes a spiritual high and a great edification when they feel discouraged. There is a self-fulfilling prophecy here. One keeps expecting to see God accomplish new things. One sees and hears and believes all the more. Such similar enthusiasms may be observed at certain peaks in any movement. The overwhelming joy in community and the excitement that God is calling people in every place

into his Forever Family are even more understandable against the background of an almost cosmic manic-depressiveness sometimes evident in the youth culture.

The new community is the context within which the days of their lives are lived and a continual source of energy to those lives. In this chapter we follow some of the significant happenings in the new life together. There is an ongoing reinterpretation and restructuring of past, present, and future in light of the new experience of living in the Father's Family. There is celebration of the new life in the Family Meetings. A new life-style emphasizing experience and witness evolves. Personal struggle and growth continue. The new community finds it necessary to relate itself to other communities, to those outside.

Restructuring Life

To the group of CWLF people who gather self-consciously as part of the Forever Family, nothing about life seems the same. The new Jesus person is suddenly immersed in a new meaning system which includes the benevolent warmth of Jack Sparks, living in a Christian House (or daily visits from other brothers and sisters if one lives elsewhere), a continual religious interpretation of all that is happening, through prayer, putting one's life under a new norm through private and group Bible study, and, not least important, what Luther was willing to call another sacrament—the mutual conversations and consolations that occur in the Christian community. The Jesus person is gradually resocialized; he takes this counter-symbolic universe as his own. The agency of that

transformation is benign: a Family of shared experiences and discoveries, loving and supporting words into which are sedimented all the new definitions of reality, stable, secure, accepting relationships. Every day there are new stories of remarkable deliverance, the importance of sharing in decisions, first experiences of telling someone else what has happened or is happening in one's life, the feeling that others are very interested in one's story.

The strongly affective identification with the new community is important for the resocialization process. The Jesus person has a sense of being adopted and in turn adopts. The Father and the Forever Family become the "significant other" against which reality is tested and measured. The old passes away. Outside of the new community, many a Jesus person knows from experience, the new life and salvation and love did not (will not) happen: extra ecclesiam nulla salus. "To have a conversion experience is nothing much. The real thing is to be able to keep on taking it seriously; to retain a sense of its plausibility. This is where the religious community comes in."¹

Some Jesus groups, such as the Children of God, have such a radically different definition of reality that it must be maintained and protected via segregation from the inhabitants of other worlds, including parents. Physical separation is the ideal. Next is the annihilation of others by defining them out of real existence. (Cognitive dissonance is a problem for any new convert.) Christian World Liberation Front practices or seeks no segregation, although the role of the Rising Son Ranch (examined in Chapter V) during the novitiate stage may be seen as that.

Nor is annihilation a significant mechanism. Rather there is the collective sense of having something the "world system" really needs.

Some people in CWLF, especially those we have placed in group three in Chapter II (coming to be authentic), carry the new reality inside them with sufficient strength that they do not rely on the Jesus community as their chief structure of meaning and sometime defense mechanism. The CWLF community was not the agent of any resocialization they may have undergone. Their loyalty is less with the community than with their own ministries or with larger communities they see themselves a part of.

But many are not so strong. CWLF must give much attention to mending the nets of the community, to insure that the weakest members are not lost. Some new Jesus people cannot by themselves sustain the new creation they have experienced while actively bombarded by the Berkeley counter-definitions of reality. A few may go to Rising Son Ranch (or elsewhere) for treatment of "reality slippage," just as some Roman Catholic seminarians may be sent to Rome for the same reason.²

The new way of viewing life comes about chiefly through the agency of language. The partners in significant conversation change radically when one enters CWLF. One's closest friends are almost always members of the same group. The daily conversations, bull sessions, devotions, prayers, and Bible studies are filled with language which has been deposited with experiences of forgiveness, acceptance, new start, peace, hope, joy, help, deliverance, healing, reconciliation with parents, new purpose, witnessing, etc. The new language reinforces the new

viewpoint and encourages one to view reality from a certain perspective. Becoming a Christian means "coming to the Lord" and never "joining a church." A hospitable person becomes someone with the "gift of hospitality." Wrestling over a decision becomes "praying about it." Another member of the group is a "brother" or "sister." What shall we do becomes "what does the Lord want us to do." Being at wit's end or being totally unable to do something about a problem becomes "we're going to have to trust the Lord with that problem." Talking becomes "witnessing" or "giving testimony." Much of the furniture of reality gets new names. With the new names come new functions. A chair that is no longer called a chair comes to be used for something more or other than sitting in. Slowly all reality begins to take on new shape and the believer functions in it in new ways. "The Lord" becomes the implicit subject behind many active verbs, and the believer and all other people as well become implicit objects of the Lord's attention and activity.

The new language sounds strange when it is juxtaposed against the language that other people speak. In small groups within the fellowship conversation has the character of just having looked up for a moment in wonder at one's new status. A letter from home takes on the character of a New Testament epistle. A toothache becomes an opportunity for Christian reflection on what God may be up to. The Jesus person goes out on the streets wide-eyed, without changing signals, just having left gazing at the reality of the Forever Family. His conversation with nearly anyone can easily take up the reality where he left off. There is not a feeling of "I ought to witness to this person" but a kind of natural talking in

the language "from where one is coming." That gives a jolt to the unsuspecting recipient of such conversation, sometimes making him curious, sometimes hostile, sometimes bored. Occasionally it is almost like the schizoid conversation of some mentally ill persons, with a certain "off the wall" flavor to it. In the midst of what seem to the non-Jesus person to be ordinary conversations, there suddenly are interjected the language and concerns of the religious worldview continuously swirling in the Jesus person's head. When the language occurs between a Jesus person and a non-Jesus person, it often will be disconcerting; when it occurs between Jesus people it will be continually reaffirming.

An instructive comparison is the difficulty many clergymen feel when "making calls." If they are calling on good members they can afford to be casual because they can assume a common symbolic universe. If they are calling on delinquents they are often too embarrassed to be explicit about the delinquent's apparent reality slippage from the community's symbolic universe, but at the same time are beset with doubt or guilt over the probability that their implicit conversation is nourishing any common definition of reality. They may leave frustrated or make some attempt at reality testing by moving toward God out of the conversations about weather, dogs, and the operation. Jesus people, on the other hand, with a certain fresh naiveté, rush in to any conversations with words that don't belong, i.e., words that fit their way of viewing reality and which are meaningful to them but which clearly are not shared by the partner in conversation. Yet this may not at all be the result of lack of sympathy or understanding for the other person. It may not be

insensitivity, but the urge to share fresh discoveries, the impossibility of getting out of one's exciting new viewpoint. (University professors, drug enthusiasts, businessmen have just as much difficulty moving outside their definitions of reality.)

The language between Jesus people is full of their hassles and suggested approaches to their hassles. There is the wife "not in the Lord," the temper that keeps exploding in the Christian House, the temptation to return to a drug or a gay scene, the sexual desires for Christian sisters. As they talk through their new hassles, they try to sort out reality, understand it, and interpret it in the light of their new worldview. Sometimes they cannot successfully accomplish this. What may be called "symbolic universe maintenance men" (leaders, elders) are called in. They deal with deviant versions of reality or community problems that threaten the new creation. A brother returns from a hitchhiking spree up the coast and reports on rival Jesus groups where he found great love but bizarre teachings. He wants an explanation. A small group that visited the non-Christian "One World Family" on Telegraph Avenue is perplexed at the great peace and harmony they found there. The Lord's failure to answer a year's worth of communal prayer for the wandering husband of a devout sister needs explanation.

Like other people, Jesus people may find maintenance of their symbolic universe less difficult if they are less involved with rival systems, with the sub-universes of a pluralistic society. Yet there are Jesus people who seek involvement, commitments, and apologetics. They learn to survive on the outside. Some have become sophisticated enough

to recognize the liberal's challenge to a radical, the comfortable's put-down of the challenger, the realist's negation of the visionary, the establishment's impatience with the prophet. To those who say "When will you people grow up and relate to the church?" they have learned to say "We are the Church." To those who say "What about society?" they have learned to say "New people will make new societies."

When the community is successfully redefining reality, everything conceivable now looks different. There is a certain rush to look at more and more things to see how they will appear. It is like children with new magnifying glasses searching out new objects and surfaces to inspect, or astronauts looking back at the world for the first time. Sometimes it is dizzying, and young brothers and sisters may laugh out loud or giggle with happiness. The simplest fact related, picking up a hitchhiker, looking at a rock, saying a word to someone on the steps of Sproul Plaza—each takes on excitement and Olympian meaning. The sharing of such excitement, the swapping of discoveries is not unlike that which goes on in the drug culture.

Meanwhile, this rewriting of history, bending of values, and withdrawal of allegiance from the old does not go without challenge from others. Within the Christian community, liberals and fundamentalists, campus pastors and Campus Crusade, may find it necessary to engage in reality correction. In the Jewish community, Rabbinic maintenance men are called to make house calls on young people slipping into Christian reality definitions. In the larger society deprogramming activities may be used by those who will not tolerate alternate symbolic universes.

In the Church such issues are handled with greater subtlety—integration, accommodation, co-optation, merger, disacknowledgment, or liquidation via the politics of doctrine.³

But the exciting confirmations of the new reality go on among the Jesus people. A Jesus person returns from a visit to a nearby junior college delighted to report how many Christians he found. Another turns to witness to a hitchhiker and discovers she was about to be witnessed to. A sister goes with a friend who wants to witness to his friends and discovers next door a woman she used to clean house for. She cleans and witnesses for free the rest of the day. Visitors from out of town are especially welcome because they are always full of new stories of what the Lord is doing elsewhere. A quaint phrase has emerged: "God is a spiritual arsonist. He's setting fires all over." Gifted people in the new community are elevated unnaturally. A local Jew for Jesus becomes a great Old Testament scholar. A seminary graduate is a master theologian.

It is possible that a continual outpouring of high experiences will lead to overly selected definitions of reality. How much one-sided socialization may arise from a steady stream of exuberance? Will one feel a social pressure against bringing up disappointments, failures, and doubts? The celebration of the new life sometimes descends to the planned contagion of a Fuller Brush sales meeting or the psychological techniques of Reverend Ike.⁴ When my family and I went to a Memorial Day Jesus celebration in 1972, we found ourselves looking over our shoulders before we would risk hollering at the children. The air was so filled with praise the Lord and thank you Jesus it was positively oppressive.

Nevertheless, there will always be sufficient problems emerging in the community to weather the triumphalism which seems to go along with a movement's early stage. One can observe in the Jesus movement much of the charismatic excitement and drive of the early church and also all the false starts down through Christian history by people in the first flush of faith. The new life in Christ is celebrated; the darker sides of consciousness, temporarily disregarded, emerge eventually.

Family Celebration

The celebration of the new reality in the Father's Forever Family happens most conspicuously every Saturday evening. (The apparent decline of this meeting in 1973 may indicate the early charisma had moved elsewhere, that maturing Christians were finding other occasions and means of growth and celebration, or that the whole nature of CWLF had changed decisively from a Family to a coalition of ministries.) For several years this meeting has been the high point of the Family's coming together. There are other activities more specifically nourishing or study-oriented or business-oriented, but this is the time for the whole community, for visitors passing through Berkeley, for people interested in becoming Christians or interested in CWLF. The tradition of this meeting, held in the large living room of Dwight House, goes back to the first months of CWLF's existence. The meeting was held on Monday for about three years and after a brief lapse was resumed on Saturdays.

Coming up the steps of the large house at 2736 Dwight Way you faintly hear singing and clapping. There may be no porch light on. If

there is a light, you can see a peeling porch ceiling and several old and dirty overstuffed couches setting on the porch, with an occasional dog asleep on one of them. There is nothing immediately to indicate that an ecstatic experience is waiting. You open the door. If it is a good night the living room is packed with people, mostly sitting and lying on the floor or sitting on old couches against the walls, and the crowd has spilled over into the adjoining dining room and into the hall. As you step over the bodies in the hall you hear singing, you see happy faces turned up to you, some positively angelic, and you experience a rush of warmth. Something extraordinary is happening here, and these people all seem to be sharing a secret which unites them in contagious joy and opens up their eyes and mouths in excitement.

If the celebration began at about 7:30 p.m. the music may go on for about thirty or forty-five minutes. It is hard to say who decides how much is enough. Although there is a piano in the corner of the living room, it is almost never used. Always someone brings a guitar and there may be several. One guitar case says "Getting hooked on Jesus." Sometimes song sheets are used, but many seem to know all the words. There are songs from the Jesus movement and old songs from the evangelical Protestant tradition. The singing is mellow, but not usually shouted. There is no suggestion that the Lord would pay more attention if the roof were raised. You notice a couple of changes in a well-known song, "They'll Know We Are Christians by Our Love." Instead of "we'll guard each man's dignity and save each man's pride" you hear "and crucify our pride." Sometimes the chorus is changed to "They'll know we are Christians

by His love." Often the One Way sign goes up on the last verse, as if a liturgical congregation were rising for the final doxological stanza.

One of the favorite action songs is "Silver and Gold Have I None." It is a song about Peter's healing of the lame beggar at the gate of the temple. At the words "stand up and walk," everyone jumps up and later continues "walking and leaping and praising God." At such times the Family's songs sound and look like fraternity songs. They express the happy togetherness and spirit of the group. The words of other songs speak of joy, new birth, Christian trials and hassles, the need to keep turning to the Father, the invitation to look into Jesus, the return of Christ, the need to accept Jesus now, the teaching of Jesus, etc. There may be a brother or sister with a new song just written, and the Family is always glad to listen and join in the chorus. Someone will raise a hand and say, often shyly, "I've just written a love ballad for people who don't know Jesus or what he's like." Some phrases from the song are: "what holds me together when I feel like falling apart; his love surrounded my heart and set me free; living each day without Jesus is not really living at all; how can you say no one cares; it's not really hard to find the joy and peace you looked for all your life; he loves you and wants to set you completely free; how do I know that it's true and why am I telling you; he set me free." The songs speak out of deep experiences of Jesus as a Friend and confidant, of God as the Father and Helper, of the desperate need of all to turn to the Lord, of all the trips people go on in search of something beyond themselves. They speak of great joy following searching and loss and despair.

Very rarely in CWLF someone may suggest getting up and dancing to the music. One male volunteered, typically to those who knew him, after one sister suggested it. Five sisters and one brother, mostly separately, went through a quick little happy, and slightly embarrassed, dance and just as quickly sat down.

During the singing you look at the people in the Family. They look like they are all singing their life stories, personal statements about their own history. There is always movement and always sights to gladden your eyes or arouse your curiosity. A Puerto Rican brother wears a green shirt with the entire back richly and colorfully embroidered with a picture of Jesus and the words "Wanted Jesus." You notice one brother come in, sink to a couch in the dining room, fall fast asleep, and remain there through the entire meeting. Another shirt catches your eye: "I'm Another Jesus Freak." The sisters have typical youth culture dress, but it is almost always modest. Long dresses or pants and full tops, sandals, boots, or bare feet. Sometimes skirts.

The leader, often one of the CWLF elders, may greet brothers and sisters the Family has not seen for awhile, or recognize visitors. He may on the spur of the moment point out "beautiful brothers and sisters" he especially praises the Lord for. There are always people passing through. "Here is Marla from Germany, a graduate of the Paris Bible School. We met her at Mardi Gras." Another time there is a smartly dressed woman and her absolutely stunning daughter. They are from Nebraska, but originally from Eastern Europe. They are looking for a good college, "and it must have Christian fellowship," the daughter adds.

"My country is not free. I lived under Communism one year and then came to the United States. We have a Christian group going back home every Monday. I've been a Christian eighteen years and the last six have been really great." Everyone greets the mother's words with respect and thanksgiving, and the daughter smiles radiantly.

A visiting sister says she has spent a summer in Marseilles with a Christian radio ministry and correspondence courses to North Africa. She is very excited about it and describes witnessing to children on the streets. There are two brothers from the Lighthouse Ranch in Northern California down to visit a sick brother in a San Francisco hospital. An older woman from Minneapolis describes how a Christian House just like this started there a year ago. She asks for prayer. She says she read about CWLF in Billy Graham's "Decision Magazine." "I'm here with my daughter and son-in-law. Pray for them. Especially for my son-in-law. He's a Jewish boy. Still blinded."

An old man who comes often tells how much his church disappoints him. It's not like Jesus People. "The churches are hung up on tribal mythology and dogmas derived from flyspecks on ancient Greek manuscripts." Everyone chuckles. He probably read that somewhere and saved it for the occasion. He wanted to help some people whose roof was leaking, so he deducted the cost from his church pledge. "The churches should help people more."

You learn to recognize some brothers and sisters who look and act older. They seem more informed, their "wows" and "reallys" are moderated, and they have had more experience in witnessing. There are also others,

marginal personalities, who come with "schizy" smiles or wrapped up in themselves, and find love and acceptance and people who will listen to them. Their comments and their prayers show where they are, and the Family responds with love and good humor. One woman wears bright red lipstick, every conceivable Jesus button on her coat and blouse, and occasionally what looks like a smashed tambourine around her neck. She describes being removed from a posh San Francisco hotel for witnessing in the lobby. "But the Lord held them back until I was finished."

Mostly the crowd, which varies from forty to seventy, are young, perhaps from eighteen to twenty-five. A few leaders are older. There are few teeny-boppers. There are university students, CWLF staff members, street people, and people working or existing in Berkeley.

The mood is relaxed from the very first song. After the singing is over or gradually quiets down, some kind of Bible study may begin. There is rarely any preaching. Jack's comments sometimes come close to it and David's Bible studies are more formal than most. Usually the leader announces a portion of the Word to get into tonight, the brothers and sisters open the Bibles they have brought, and whoever feels moved begins reading, one after another. Romans is a favorite book. The leader may make some opening remarks and then open it up for the group's response. It is never long in coming. "This last week the Lord really showed me what verse fifteen means." Almost always someone's comment will enlighten someone else and a whole series of remarks may continue, each one picking up the "tag line" of the previous speaker. It is remarkable that if the group is allowed to talk long enough, a myriad of

facets of the Word are brought to light. It is an interesting experience for a preacher who finds the group comes up with nearly everything he has thought of in hours of preparation for a sermon and a good deal more, all rooted in personal experience.

Sidetracks and tangents are not unusual. Someone comes to announce at the first opportunity that the expanded European Common Market is the fulfillment of the ten nations prophecy in Daniel. He has a newspaper story which he reads to the group. Another recalls Israel's Six Day War, a favorite among those evangelicals who specialize in apocalyptic and says, "Keep your eyes on Palestine." Things are rolling. Someone else describes the trouble he's having in junior college getting his teacher to listen to his witness, despite all his papers being written from a Christian point of view.

Throughout the Bible study some sisters may sit embroidering and a few may stand in the hall talking. Unfortunately the toilet is also in the hall and the meeting is often punctuated with loud flushes. There is no bashfulness about this. Once in a very small Family meeting a sister jumped up, shouted "Wait a minute I gotta go to the john" and ran out of the room.

Participants may be shy or bold, and the Family responds appropriately. A shy young woman says, "Can I say something?" The leader nods. "Does this apply to a woman not speaking in God's meeting house?" The leader says, "Go ahead." There is a long pause. "I had something to say before, but I didn't say it then." Sympathetically the leader says, "Do you want to say it now?" Pause. "I forgot." "Well, if you remember it

later, you can say it then."

A Puerto Rican brother launches into a long meandering message which is doubly difficult to understand because of his accent. Finally, a brother who lives at Dwight House with him interrupts, "Are you finished?" "No, I got more," he says undaunted. "I was wondering if you could cut it short. It's getting late." Another brother comes in: "Suppose the Spirit of the Lord is speaking to him. Why cut it short?"

One Bible study is on 1 Peter. The leader asks what kinds of trials people are having. Within a few minutes come discord in the family, ego trips, demanding parents, two flat tires on the Bay Bridge at the same time, demanding children, falling in love every five minutes with every Christian sister.

Questions raised often have little to do with the Bible study. A brother mentions a problem from his American literature class. A brother near him tries to explain. There is much buzzing in the room. Then giggling, then laughter. The leader says, "Let them do this later. Why don't we get back to 1 Peter?" The brother's face turns red and some sisters laugh. "I'm always getting hassled by these two sisters. The Lord must be trying to keep me humble." "Praise the Lord," the group shouts. "It's a good thing I don't get embarrassed easy or I'd been out the door long ago."

A middle-aged man who has sight and speech problems and some paralysis and who is a fixture in the group says, "Yesterday I walked without support for the first time in fifteen years. I used to ride the bus and praise the Lord and now I walked four miles on foot, praising

the Lord." Someone adds, "Your speech is improving, too."

Someone shares an insight from another Bible passage he has run across. Another shouts, "Where did you get that?" "Here in Paul, in Corinthians." "Wow, that's really beautiful. Really good to know. That really helps me." Someone may share something great that has happened. His eyes light up, he smiles broadly, and begins, "It's just beautiful the way the Lord"

The interaction is that of a close family gathered around the supper table after a long day apart. They all share what has happened to them today. The Family "ah's" in approval and interest. Some members of the Family may keep more things to themselves, but sharing says you really are in the Family. The participant-observer may not gain ultimate acceptance as a Family member if he does not join in this sharing. The scene may appear trivial or immature to an outsider. But in a family people come home to share their oneness with each other, to make sense of the things they have experienced that day, to seek some kind of fusion. It is no small thing for the person and the Family and their life in the world that their experiences and values and goals should all come together at this time. Alienated youth is the setting against which this Family lives out its life. There is no necessity to reenter the system. One just keeps coming home to the Family.

Is such a family a womb? What does Forever Family mean? Presumably it means a FOREVER Family. God calls his people into it and it continues throughout eternity. It may also be a kind of Forever FAMILY. One never really leaves home after finding it. Life begins

and ends around the common table and never strays far from it. This is not true for many in CWLF and decidedly is not true for those more personally mature or theologically sophisticated. For some, though, this Family is the only family there is and without it they could scarcely keep going in the world. With it they lead meaningful and relatively healthy lives.

One brother, Joey, represents a kind of deviant relation to the Family. He is welcomed with love and good humor, but he does not evidence the more common understanding of being in the Father's Forever Family. Someone mentions that Moses once killed a man. "When did Moses kill a man? I didn't see that" (in the movie). "There's no killing in the New Testament. God wants us to go out and love. I don't know why God did that in the Old Testament." Joey is a kind of happy clown who goes about in his pith helmet doing good in his own way. He throws parties for the children of Berkeley at Hallowe'en and hands out toys at Christmas time. Once he came and announced he had three tickets, each worth \$100, for one of his benefits. "I'm going to start praying and see who the Lord leads, whoever he will, to come and take a ticket and give \$100. You don't have to pay right now." Bryan says gently but firmly, "You remember what we said earlier, Joey, about not putting our agenda on God. Let's always wait and see what he wants." Joey is equally gentle and firm: "No, in this case I know. The Lord told me to do this." There is a sigh in the Family. The Lord does not lead anyone to redeem the tickets.

After the Bible study period the leader may share any news he has for the Family. He announces a wedding within the Family and invites everyone, urging them to bring cake and cookies for the reception. Jack may share letters he has received. A brother who left in a huff in the early days is now happily married and living in the Lord. Another brother is learning a printing trade in order to go to Europe and give his time to Christians there. Another brother is "into one of his well-known depressions." A sister reads from a letter she received from Lebanon. "We should really pray for my sister there. The Moslems are doing a lot of persecuting for passing out tracts about Jesus. I just really rejoice for the work this sister is doing." There is often news about Family members traveling around the country. When Jack and others were in New Orleans for the Mardi Gras there was tremendous excitement in the group when he wrote that many were embracing him on the street. There were immediate prayers for them, "especially for strength in the last hectic thirty hours of Mardi Gras."

Before the time for prayer begins the leader may ask someone for a hat and pass it around. "The only rule is to put some money in if you have it to spare and take some out if you need it. Only don't rip the whole hat off." A sharp-eyed observer will notice that one brother in particular always seems to take a good deal out. Once the hat passes him full of change and he dips in; later it passes him again with some bills, and he dips in again. It is easy to tell when many new brothers and sisters are among the group. The hat will stop as soon as the prayers begin. Occasionally, the leader says the hat is being passed

for a particular person who needs help.

The time for prayer lasts thirty or more minutes, and gives time to all who wish to make prayer requests and to the group to pray about whatever is on its mind. Most are very open at this time, asking prayers for heavy personal problems, but also for less profound but apparently important difficulties. Sometimes prayers are requested for members of the Family not present who are having personal problems, especially marital. This does not seem to be done in a spirit of gossip or self-righteousness. Some prayers are without much effect, some plaintive and others sobbing pleas.

"For a brother in Oakland, who runs a half-way house for convicts. He needs food, too."

"For my two brothers, separated from their wives."

"For my father, who will soon undergo surgery. Mostly to heal him spiritually, Lord. Make him a brother. That's a thousand times more important."

"For psychiatrists . . . [there is some dissent]. OK, let them realize they don't have the total answer."

"For my parents. Save them from their intellectual trips. I plead your holy blood, reach them. They won't listen to their own flesh."

"Open up more opportunities where I'm working."

"For a guy named Harold, soften his heart."

"Give us boldness as we go to speak to a sociology class. We expect to see fruit right there in the classroom."

"For my ex-wife. Soften her heart."

"For all the brothers and sisters."

"For all those traveling."

"For my grandmother. I received a note from her today. I'm so worried about her. For all parents who need to know how much we love them."

"For my friend, Lord. I din't have any idea how or what to do. You'll have to begin it."

"For my husband, Lord. He's into drugs more than ever and I just can't reach him. I don't know how much longer I can hold on." This sobbing prayer is received with many supportive "Yes, Lords."

"Lord, I've got terrible warts on both feet and my teeth need fixing. Let me be able to get both taken care of at the same time."

"For a minister in town. He's angry because I said I didn't think he was a Christian. Help us get together."

"For CWLF and all the hassles that are tearing us apart. Help us pull together."

No little humor is often part of the discussion in the Bible study, and often extends to the prayer time as well.

"Keep us humble in our coming [football] victory over Campus Crusade, Lord."

"Lord, you own the cattle on a thousand hills but give it to us one hamburger at a time. Keep us patient and trusting."

"Find housing for Mike and his family who need it so desperately, Lord . . . within four blocks of campus, Lord."

The meaning of the Family's life together is most clear at prayer time. Brothers and sisters pick up each other's requests and carry them to God on behalf of the Family. Often after the meeting is over, the problems and joys raised in the prayer time will be taken up again in small pockets of concerned conversation.

Now and then a brother or sister is beckoned to the center of the room. Once a brother had prayed, "I've got worms under my skin. They just keep eating away." Seven brothers (no sisters) laid hands on him, praying variously, and the last one said, "In the name of Jesus,

rise up and walk." When a brother named Leo was leaving Berkeley, some of the brothers called him up to pray for him. He didn't want to come up. They insisted. He requested prayers for his car Simon, too. He was sent off with many hands laid on him.

When Sherry, a Jewish Christian, was about to return East for her sister's wedding, Jack called her up and talked about how she had first come to the Lord in this Family, how they had all grown to love her and she them, and how they would be praying for her as she went back to her family. She said she knew great things were going to happen when she returned home. The Lord had been promising her. This was her first time home since becoming a Christian. Jack gave her a present—a book of Messianic prophecies and a bundle of tracts produced by Jews for Jesus.

Almost all prayers use the word Father in every sentence, and sometimes at the end of every phrase. There is a curious constant use of the word "just" as well. "Father, we just pray for Mary, Father. We trust you to stay with her, Father, and we just know, Father, that we can count on you, Father." It is the language of close, constant, heartfelt reliance on a loving God you can depend on, one you can risk giving yourself up to, a friend who will not fail to help. Perhaps the almost studied informality and intimacy of the overused "just" is by way of contrast with formalized Church prayers.

About once every two months, it seems almost by afterthought, the Family will close its meeting with Communion. Jack will take a half-gallon of Spīnada down from the fireplace mantel and a round of sourdough

bread and say, "Let's break bread and drink some wine together tonight." He chooses three brothers to say words over the bread and three to say words over the wine. He may immediately see five brothers to appoint and then say, "Lord, give us one more." The Lord never gives a sister. Depending on the brothers' inspiration, these may be quite short words, perhaps a Bible verse or two, or rather long and windy statements relating Communion and the Family. Not uncommonly one hears "not a ritual," "just a symbol," etc., but occasionally body and blood are mentioned as well. After the words are spoken, the bread is broken in several large pieces and passed in various directions around the room. Usually everyone waits until all have a piece of bread. Jack says a final word, and all eat together.

As the brothers speak the words over the wine (grapejuice is never used), the wine is poured into small paper cups which are passed throughout the room. The bottle itself is never passed. Jack says another word, and all drink. This is the end of the meeting. It is a solemn time, but not richly sacramental. The tone is set somewhat by whatever Eucharistic theology, if any, the brothers who speak the words over bread and wine have. Occasionally there is almost a Lutheran or an Episcopalian consciousness, but most often an anemic evangelicalism with a bloodless sacrament. Nevertheless, this is the only time that Jack appears nervous, older, and almost uptight.

Although the Family is more solemn at this time than at any other (there is no flushing of toilets or chatting in the hall), some bring with them their constant casualness. Once a fresh-from-the-farm-looking

brother at the edge of the room holds up a large remaining hunk of sour-dough bread to catch Jack's eye and motions as if to throw it to him—this while three brothers are beginning their words over the wine. Jack looks up and cringes. The brother motions again as if to throw. David looks up, shakes his head vigorously, and looks back down in prayer. The "farmer" sighs and lays the bread down.

The meeting often closes with a final song, usually "Holy, Holy, Holy," a popular song among Jesus People, but not the song by that name in most Protestant hymnals. The brothers and sisters stand, lock arms around each other in a large circle, and sway with the music as they sing softly. This is the final moment of unity and togetherness. The Family acts out its feelings about itself. After the song Jack says, "Greet the brothers and sisters with a holy kiss. . . . Keep it holy!"

Many stay for an hour or more, moving around the room greeting friends, sometimes inquiring further into troubles or joys mentioned at prayer time. There is no sense that this is a less spiritual time. It is the Family continuing to be itself. There may be a personal ministry out in the dining area by one of the older brothers or sisters to some distraught person who has come to the meeting, perhaps coming down off drugs or needing a place to crash for the night.

In the spring of 1973 the Family Meeting began to come upon hard times. Fewer and fewer CWLF staff members attended. Two elders have never attended. There is talk of this in staff meetings. "It's at an all-time low. The singing is terrible. You should hear them sing at Resurrection City." "It's not so bad. There may be a lot of nourishing

going on. The young Christians seem to enjoy it." "There should be more leadership and more structure. There's too much drivel. Everybody comes with an individualistic attitude, wanting to get his two cents in. It's almost a competition." "There's no body [community] sense. We must have oneness, a common ground." "Maybe we're just critical old hats. We should just go and praise the Lord the way most people seem to be doing. If they enjoy it why should we carp about it?" The Family Meeting has not approached its former highs. Nevertheless, there remain brothers and sisters spilling out onto the porch after the meeting with "Wow, I see it all now like I never did before. It's really great. Praise the Lord." There are others who have gone elsewhere, to Resurrection City, or to a group calling itself "the Local Church," seeking new excitement and more charisma.

Life-Style

People in and around CWLF talk often about their Christian Walk and self-consciously attend to the development of a Christian life-style. That life-style seems a curious blend of theology, good humor, naiveté, prayer, and the counterculture.

The Lord Wants Me To Do It

A sister says only a Christian or a nut could stand to work at Kopy Kat, a Berkeley xeroxing service. She expresses increasing dissatisfaction with her job. One day she announces that the Lord led her to get fired. Later she tries selling jewelry on the streets three days a week and for a time makes more money than she did at Kopy Kat. "Praise the

Lord for his leading."

The steering committee of Crucible (a ministry discussed in Chapter V) is coming to the end of a long discussion on the possibility of some kind of public dialogue with representatives of the American Humanist Association. No one has been able to propose a format that seems to fit. No one seems interested in taking responsibility for carrying through the planning necessary. Everyone is getting tired of the whole discussion. Someone says, "Apparently the Lord is not leading us in this direction at this time."

The editors of Right On are describing to a Heads of Ministry meeting Right On's financial difficulties. These difficulties seem to be constant in the last year or two, and they happen to be occurring at a time when Right On is evolving into a more sophisticated paper and less obviously written with the "streets" in mind. One brother who disapproves of the direction the paper is taking suggests, "Perhaps the Lord is trying to tell us something."

A brother who had spent a lot of time on the streets prior to becoming a Christian finally allows CWLF to find him a job. He works at it for a few weeks. After that he comes to one of the elders asking for some money and food to support him. He announces that the Lord has led him to give his full time to studying the Word and that this required leaving his job.

Susan relates to the community the difficulties she is having with her sexual identity and tells of her continual temptations to gay relationships. The community sees this as evidence that the Lord is

leading CWLF to begin dealing with these issues. Eventually a ministry to people with such problems emerges.

Experience is often unexamined. It is taken at face value. Whatever comes along receives the status of important experience. Unbalanced by reflective intellect a cult of experience seems to lead some Jesus People to naiveté, gullibility, and contradiction. When things go right the Lord is leading. When things go wrong the devil is interfering. For some, surrendering the mind to experience is not an act of homage but of desperation.

The most phenomenal evidence of unexamined experience is the ease with which Jesus People allow themselves to believe that "I want to" equals "the Lord is leading me to." This means that often insufficient responsibility is taken for actions already under way, and insufficient responsibility is taken to initiate action. One has to wait on the Lord. If he does not move, it is he that has done it and not we ourselves. Personal agony of decision and ambiguity about life and self sometimes get replaced by a calm confidence that the Lord is doing all the leading. Where this is a refreshing trust in the Lord leading to great feats of accomplishment and where it is clever rationalization overlaid with theological legitimation is the question. Classical Christian doctrine has often tended to attribute accomplishments to God and failures to people. Some Jesus People have succeeded in erasing the ambiguity in the "cooperation between God and man" and consigning everything to Providence. Whether this will be a source of great power in Christian living or an excuse for self-indulgence seems to depend on the maturity, spirituality, and self-honesty of the individual.

Holism and the Christian Optometrist

A brother in CWLF's Richmond House asked in a staff meeting once if anyone knew of a Christian optometrist. One might assume that he thought if he were going to spend good money, a Christian might as well receive it. He continued, however: "I've been having trouble with my eyes again after several years without problems. I thought a Christian optometrist could tell if it's an eye problem or a personal hassle."

The brother is a true believer. He has experienced that all things fit together, that there is one whole, and he simply acts on this intelligence. The way the world looks is a function of more than the condition of his optic nerve or the shape of his eyeball. Of what use is an optometrist with single vision? Since the Jesus person has experienced Jesus as taking over his whole life, he is committed to seeing everything from a new point of view. He is rejecting "single vision and Newton's sleep," in the words of William Blake. To some that may sound magical. The brother wants a shaman more than an optometrist. Yet many a therapy group flourishing today would instantly understand what he meant. The evangelical mind-set, at its most naive and least rationalized and acculturated, would fully concur. And Theodore Roszak has suggested that magic is a form of experience, a way of addressing the world when one has a more holistic consciousness.⁵

Such a consciousness expects everything to come from the Lord and continually finds such expectations satisfied. A brother from Denver attending CWLF's Radical Street Christianity Workshop described how the Lord helped them open a Christian mission there and even led them

to just the right decor, the color on the walls and everything. Not a few Jesus musicians relate at the beginning of a song how God just gave it to them. "It's not really my song at all."

Another brother at the Workshop suggested that if one is not a good speaker and is frightened by crowds, that makes him all the better a teacher. "The Holy Spirit will just take hold and flow through him. If he speaks naturally he may get in the way of the Lord." The person went on to say he would be doing some teaching, but he, of course, did not know that yet. The Lord hadn't given it to him. Such talk rarely goes without some "correction." Another brother related his discussion "with a Krishna who really knew his stuff. I relied on the Spirit but just barely succeeded in defending myself. I can really see the necessity of Bible study and good preparation."

Prayer

The ever-present prayer of Jesus People is an expression of their experience of the constant presence of God. When Billy Graham said he knew God was alive because he had just talked to him that morning, liberal Protestants laughed with scorn or embarrassment, secularists ridiculed, and Jesus People smiled knowingly. It is impossible to overestimate the role that prayer plays. Like blues music it seems to bring to verbal (and cultural) expression inner thoughts, hassles not normally discussed or admitted. As a group meets in prayer, the inner consciousness of each person is, as it were, projected on a screen for everyone to see. Such prayer occasionally sounds like the group confessions reported in prisoner-of-war camps or in some monastic

communities or encounter sessions. Yet this prayer draws the community closer together, not apart. It all seems to be done in the Lord and in the context of his love and presence in the Forever Family. Such prayer is a kind of "consciousness rake" for the individual and the group. It brings to communal attention and consciousness the problems of people in the group and what the Lord may be doing to overcome them.

The community simply takes prayer with utter seriousness. When it was reported in a staff meeting that a sister's marriage was in trouble and her non-Christian husband was back on drugs, someone suggested round-the-clock prayer for him. A sign-up sheet was passed around with fifteen-minute intervals on it. Then a staff member suggested not to make this prayer card public, since it might not look good if the person in question discovered his name on it and that prayers were widely solicited for his lapse. That suggestion says more about the increasing sophistication of CWLF than about the prayer life of most of the Jesus movement.

In the first year of CWLF's history a local radical suggested he would become a Christian when a million Christians prayed for him. Jack Sparks put that comment in Right On. Letters poured in to Right On and to the individual in question from around the country, assuring him of prayer.

Jesus People are sensitive to the prayer needs of others because they feel so dependent on prayer themselves. When it was announced that an elder would be teaching a course on Satan, several immediately suggested extra prayer for him. "Satan doesn't like us getting out the

truth on him." When Jack Sparks and several others left on a two-month tour of colleges and seminaries people suggested that his itinerary be placed conspicuously in everyone's home to remind them daily of where the group was and what kind of prayers they would be needing.

Prayers are a good indication of the location of the individual's consciousness. Once Larry, the elder who lives in a fine house in the hills, sent a prayer request to a staff meeting for the eucalyptus trees in the Berkeley-Oakland hills. The news media had been describing the severe winter frost that had probably killed many of the trees and the expectation of a tremendous fire hazard when summer came. "We better start praying now," Larry's note urged. A brother once announced to the group that he wanted to praise the Lord in prayer for letting him talk to his brother in Germany. "What's neat is the Lord giving me some bread so I could make the call."

The Street Culture Remains

Certain aspects of the CWLF life-style may have more to do with the street culture than being in the Lord. There is no such thing as an early CWLF appointment, Elizabeth once complained. Jack occasionally complains to staff conferences: "I can't understand why people must always arrive one and two hours late." When CWLF goes on a mission to leaflet a rally or march, there are not a few brothers and sisters who cannot muster the energy to keep passing out the literature. They pass out a few and then spend the day watching. Political radicals have the same experience. Sweet Pea, a brother from the Richmond House, hatches a plan for a five-year world tour. "I figure I can get free to Australia

by island-hopping from Alaska. But the Lord may be keeping me from it. Nothing is turning up yet." When CWLF houses began to use the services of the Food Conspiracy, the brother in charge was continually confronted with irresponsibility, work left unshared, and rotting vegetables. Christian houses are capable of being dirty, sloppy, and full of petty hassles. When the Sunday afternoon meeting was organized as a potluck, there was a disconcerting number of people who could not remember to bring food to share.

Working

Typical days for people in and around CWLF are not at all similar. Some are filled with great energy, steady work, and much fruit produced. Others are filled with dreams and excuses and endless plans, busy with nothing.

One brother keeps busy reading, writing, visiting friends, and puttering about his house. Another works two full days and three half-days at the office, goes to school part-time, spends Saturdays on study, housework, and relaxation, and takes Sunday for fellowship and relaxation.

One brother, who has never had a job in his life, has CWLF find him a position driving truck six days a week. He makes money for the first time and cannot adjust to his new image of himself. Nor can his wife, who discovers his latent machismo blossoming into an intolerable burden for her. A delegation from Dwight House goes to pick melons in a field fifty miles from Berkeley. After the Saturday Night Meeting, the whole Family unloads them onto the porch, two lines of melon passers

and much shouting, throwing, and dropping. The CWLF community eats many, sells a few, and gives some away.

David has a hectic schedule co-editing Right On, soliciting contributions and support, energizing Crucible, attending elders' and staff meetings, and staying active in his own church. Street theater may take up to six hours a day for those who participate in it. People in leadership positions seem to run constantly. Meanwhile, back at the Christian houses and in various other locations are a few brothers and sisters who seem to want nothing more than to relax in the Lord, do their things, socialize.

There are many small and necessary jobs. Joyce has to miss church to drive a new brother picked up on North Beach in San Francisco to the bus station. She is to put him on a bus to Rising Son Ranch. Joyce says, "I need feeding, too. He'll probably just split, I thought. I bought him a ticket, turned around, and couldn't see him, then there he was at my elbow smiling. He talked and talked, wow, he was really saved, telling me what salvation means, just great. Then I gave him some money for food and cigarettes on the way and put him on the bus." One or two people may be busy with advance planning—for a coming Jesus Festival or appearance at political conventions or a speaking tour.

Witnessing—It Helps To Say I Love You

Jesus People may see their whole life as a witness to the new life they have found in the Father's Family. Especially in the early days it would not have occurred to brothers and sisters to make distinctions between witnessing and other activities or to see some

kinds of activities as more sophisticated witnessing than others, or to speak of apologetics instead of witnessing. Right On has grown increasingly sophisticated in its witness. Some in the Jesus movement would not be able to recognize what it does as witnessing. Street Theater does many shows with no mention of Christ or God. Some brothers and sisters no longer consider leafleting crowds and rallies a meaningful witness.

Yet few do not see the way they live their lives, their conversations, and their attitudes a witness to all those around them. People witness in ways that seem natural to them, not usually out of guilt or a sense of "ought." A sister gets a job selling jewelry and immediately begins to talk about Jesus to the man who makes the jewelry. He keeps insisting he is not interested. Another sister says she is scarcely ever with anyone more than ten minutes without mentioning what the Lord has done in her life. A brother says he loves to talk to people who are not Christians. "It's not preaching. I just like to bring people around to taking a look at Christ." Another brother visits his brother in Southern California. After his brother turns him off every time he talks about Jesus he leaves some literature with some "right on neighbors" he has met. They promise to share the literature when the time seems right. A sister works on her parents for years, and finally gets her mother to come to a Bible class with her, but nothing really changes. A Jew for Jesus is arrested passing out literature at the San Francisco airport and takes the case to court. CWLF is often invited to speak to sociology classes in colleges in the Bay Area. The class and teacher see the Jesus

movement as an interesting zoological exhibit and CWLF sees the class and teacher as people who need to hear about the Lord. Someone in a meeting before they leave prays to see fruit right in the classroom. Jack suggests at a Saturday Night Meeting, "Rely more on the Spirit when you witness and not on your powers of persuasion. It helps to say I love you." A delegation from CWLF goes to the San Francisco showing of Jesus Christ Superstar not to picket but to hand out leaflets telling more about Jesus to those who may already be interested. Most in CWLF are convinced that personal interaction is the only valuable witness at mass rallies or in crowds. Given the choice between marching in circles at North Beach chanting "LOVE NOT LUST" or interacting with individual people, they usually choose the latter.

There is a kind of chain of witnessing that runs through the Family. Not a few brothers and sisters can point to someone else in the Family who told them about Jesus. There are many Biblical Andrews bringing their brother Peter to the Lord.⁶

Not all witnessing comes easy. Bob, the elder in charge of campus ministry, says he is terrified of the campus, "but the Lord gives me the strength." He was the advance man for the delegation to the Miami political conventions in 1972. "I was frightened all the time but the Lord kept opening up opportunities. I had to get the Forever Family tent up in Flamingo Park. The Zippies said you can't put it up here. I said Lord if you want this tent up you're going to have to do it. Then the Zippies offered to put the tent up elsewhere, and it ended up smack in the center of the whole park."

A mellow witness is appropriate for some occasions. There is the person-to-person caring in the prison visitation and high school tutoring situations. After the tutoring program got started, a few Berkeley radicals challenged it and demanded it be abolished for mixing church and state. Susan met with them, insisted that only tutoring and loving concern went on, and invited them to join the project. Susan was not lying. The only overt evangelical zeal connected with the tutoring program comes in a Thursday evening meeting when the tutors meet to discuss and pray about their work. There are dreams of a youth hostel where there would be no buttonholing. "We'd just let the people know why we're doing it." There are dreams of a coffeehouse with no raps and trips laid on people. "Just a place for congregating and talking."

CWLF's campus ministry has changed. Often the campus table is not even set up. Fewer people are interested in witnessing in Sproul Plaza, though Inter-Varsity often has a table there and various other groups come and go. Resurrection City has begun taking large ads in the Daily Californian, the student newspaper. A religious questionnaire has been developed for use at the campus table. The object is to find out where students are at religiously and to gain an opportunity to listen and talk to them. The plan was to have several brothers and sisters turn out every day for the campus ministry, with only one or two sitting at the table. The others would fan out into the throngs of students. Too many people at the campus table might seem too formidable and some inquirers might hesitate to come up and talk. Very rarely are the questionnaires used. People either lack the energy and interest, or are

too shy. Perhaps many are dissatisfied with this kind of campus ministry. When all people in CWLF were urged to come to Christmas carol on the steps of Sproul Plaza, a surprisingly small number came. They sang lustily but it seemed almost a Salvation Army scene.

There is a tendency among witnesses to see the witnesses as "coming around." Probably many who have been witnessed to would not be able to recognize the glowing reports of their encounter offered at a Family Meeting. Persons are often seen to be "searching" or "hurting" or "really interested."

The most important thing about the witness of the Jesus movement remains to be said. It is there. That would seem obvious. Studies on marijuana use often begin with the stunning conclusion that marijuana is there and available and there are groups of people who smoke it. If this is obvious, it is also crucial. Jesus People may be singing or meeting or standing around or looking joyful or doing nothing. All the while they are there. Not a few young people in the depths or heights of an LSD trip encounter Jesus, who has somehow been there all the time. If there is a Jesus group (or a church) there when he comes down off his trip as there was for Des, he may check it out. The churches, too, with all their weaknesses and irrelevancies and with all the hostilities they arouse, are repositories of a living tradition, celebrators of an ongoing Presence. If and when someone gets around to a quest for Jesus, or gets in touch with some childhood experiences again, there is presence, availability, and continuity. At the heights of the Jesus movement, the media not only trumpeted that availability but possibly set in motion not

a few searches and inner inquiries. The photographers and reporters who did the Look cover story and ended up as Christians are only the most notable example.

Personal Growth

"We have many hassles. We are shaped through fire. I Peter has the image of God as the blacksmith. Friction creates heat to make the soul malleable. God may be heating up the furnace to do some work for you." "God is the refiner. In the fire the gunk comes to the surface. When the world looks to the Christian for a cup of cold water, it should not be dirty water. We need to be purified." Jesus People do not cease to have hassles, though their personal growth may be filled with joy as well as pain.

In the same meeting where the above words were spoken, a brother says, "It's really been hard for us since we got to Berkeley. It just blew me out. We don't want to tell anybody what to do. But I need help knowing what to do. I hope the Lord shows me. It's hard enough talking things through with the brothers and sisters, let alone others. Nobody wants to be told what to do."

Bryan talks almost gratefully of how the Lord is handing him back the problems he grew up with. But now he is in a position of strength to work them through. After the honeymoon the growth begins. "The other night I got so mad at Bill again I told him to go to hell. It shocked me. Lord, what's happening to us? We began to deal with it." Bryan is excited to see the real changes beginning to happen in himself. Joyce

has grown into a position where she relates to people better, where she feels free and relaxed in the Lord.

At the CWLF New Year's celebration (1973), Susan dared to discuss problems of sexual identity. "I thought I was all together, that any gayness was a past problem. Then I realized I still had it. I was getting into emotional involvements not in the Lord." Her courage led others to discuss similar problems. A closely knit group led by Susan and Jerry evolved in a few weeks and began meeting every Sunday afternoon. Brothers and sisters in and outside CWLF shared and found strength from one another. A brother says, "The female in me is struggling with the male." Not a statement typically voiced in evangelical circles! A sister describes how she stopped seeing another sister because it was a relationship too heavy to deal with. Someone at the New Year's celebration, outside CWLF, reacted harshly to Susan: "If you think you can say something like that, it'll be interesting to see how long you last." In June 1973 Susan and Jerry began discussing the possibility of some kind of Christian "Sex Institute."

Political consciousness and women's consciousness have undergone significant evolution within CWLF. Susan is the best example of the first, and several women reflect the second.

When Susan first became a Christian she called herself a burned-out radical. For a year or more she felt in some vague way that she was still Left politically, but she stayed away from any overt political activities and felt she had forever left that style, which she associated with hate-tripping. When she went to Campus Crusade's Dallas Explo in

the summer of 1972 she met some of the people who produce the Post-American, a politically radical evangelical paper. "I saw a lot of myself. The old hates and fears. I loved them dearly. I could get next to them easier than to evangelicals. They hated the same things I would hate if I still operated out of hate. They seem basically committed to the Left with some support from Christ." Susan sympathized with the Post-American but was not an active supporter. Yet she had felt great revulsion when Campus Crusade led the 75,000 young people gathered at Dallas through "patriotic exercises which seemed militaristic."

Susan looked for some kind of local involvement. She wanted to think of herself as in the movement. She felt that CWLF in its early days had "blown any possibility of an entrance to the Left." She saw two of the elders as rightist and felt they may have moved there from far Right. To keep peace, she agreed to disagree with them and say little more.

As she looked more closely at CWLF leafleting of leftist marches and rallies, she began to consider withdrawing from such activities and to voice quiet protests against them. She argued that no one could reach leftist leaders at a demonstration. They were in their glory then. If one wanted to reach the leaders, one would have to be a leftist Christian, active in the movement. Eventually Susan refused to march or leaflet as part of CWLF at leftist events. She felt CWLF was ripping the movement off. "I felt like a traitor to the movement. If I want to go as an individual Christian, fine." The last straw came when a

leaflet with Susan's name and address on it was handed out without her knowledge at a political rally. Many of her friends in a leftist organization she had been attending received the leaflets. Jack apologized. CWLF had thought Susan especially appropriate for talking with leftists interested in Christianity. Indeed she has been. Susan finally replied, "I'm not sold on leafleting for Christianity anyway. Political leafleting somehow seems a different thing."

Susan later accidentally met a friend active in the Communist Party she had known and worked with for many years back in her Midwest days in the movement. "I couldn't believe meeting him. He invited me to go to his group the next day. I need prayer for that. I'm going though. I told him I was a Christian. He really freaked out. It was the hardest of all to tell him. But he really opened a door for me by inviting me tomorrow night." Susan immediately felt problems as a Christian insider. The first night there was a request for fifty cents dues. "Do I want to support the Communist Party? I rationalized it by the books I had received in return." Susan made no secret of the fact that she was a Christian and eventually the group received her as a sister, perhaps finding her something of a novelty. "It's frustrating to see the despair in their daily lives, the fights. I'm helpless. I am a friend though. Slowly they are accepting me and sometimes discuss their problems with me." Susan is scrupulous about not ripping off the group or being a mere infiltrator. "I hate that word." She is trying to stake out a territory for herself as an honest leftist Christian. In the process she is rethinking and perhaps recovering some of her past.

Susan may be important evidence that at conversion the closure that seems to take place may not necessarily be permanent and premature. It may be a honeymoon rush of deliverance, high experience, and peaceful serenity after a particularly acute crisis in one's life. When the honeymoon is over, the person may begin to grow and mature in the new faith, to reexamine the immediate rewriting of past history that took place upon conversion, and to begin building a larger worldview on the basis of the new vision granted at conversion. Possibly in Susan's case there was not a real vision granted at conversion, only deliverance from an unsatisfying past and from acute crisis in the immediate past. The vision gradually took shape as Susan began to think about what being a Christian might mean. Jack describes his growth after conversion in the same way. In Jack's case, however, there was no immediate crisis prior to his conversion. Nor was his conversion sudden like Susan's.

Such development is not always the case. Many Jesus People do not seem to have moved off the ground they were standing on at conversion. This may reflect less maturity on their part, less intellectual resources, different socioeconomic background, a less integrated personality and therefore more insecurity and less daring, less of a total or intellectual commitment to their past activities, a greater sense of being delivered and saved, or different teachers and Christian groups playing the role of significant others right after their conversion. Susan may be unusual in her intelligence, her past training, the intensity of her commitment, and in the kinds of people and the group (CWLF) she related to after her conversion. It is hard to imagine Susan finding a place in

the many Jesus communes on the West Coast.

The issue of women's liberation first came strongly into the group's consciousness when a relatively sophisticated sister offered a course on that theme in the Radical Street Christianity Workshop in the summer of 1972, and then in two successive quarters of study in Crucible in the fall and winter of 1972.

Many single women and wives of brothers in CWLF took these courses. This sister's very appointment to the co-editorship of Right On had been something of a shock to many.⁷ After these courses, a few women began visiting the women's groups in Berkeley, and especially one at the Graduate Theological Union, though they sometimes resented the heavy trips laid on them by anti-evangelicals. Other sisters began to notice the "really top-notch women serving as elders at First Presbyterian Church" in Berkeley where they worshipped.

The women's issue boiled over in 1973 when a new sister on the fringe of CWLF challenged the male dominance in the Sunday afternoon "church" meeting. A kind of self-appointed committee of five to seven brothers had created this meeting, and they now guided the services. Women did not teach or preach. In many ways they had a lesser role than they did in nearly all other CWLF activities. Some agitation began. Other women joined in the inquiries. Women's issues were raised "indiscreetly" in the very prayers of the worship service and very often after the service. There were confrontations and tears. The committee was challenged and decided to offer to open its weekly meetings to any sisters who wanted to talk over these issues. Several sisters declared

their solidarity with the new sister. This came as no small surprise to some of the brothers. One said to Susan, "I'm really surprised at you. I never expected this of you." The issue heated up to a standoff. Tempers were lost, women cried, men became angry and defensive, strident voices were raised, and a few sweetly or naively handed it all over to the Lord. The entire church group threatened to blow apart. Many women and a few men began staying away.

It is important to see what exactly was happening and why it had not happened before in CWLF itself. (The church group was loosely affiliated with CWLF. All the brothers on the committee were in CWLF, but all CWLF people were not involved in or interested in the church group. Many who attended on Sunday afternoons had no affiliation with CWLF.) This event illuminates a whole aspect of CWLF that would not otherwise have become visible. As long as CWLF remained a Forever Family or some kind of coalition of ministries, brothers and sisters of many theological traditions and persuasions could freely participate, praising the Lord for such a group. They almost seemed to leave at the door the special axes commonly ground in their own traditions. It now seems clear why. CWLF was many things, but it was never a church. Therein lay its great freedom, its loose theologies piled on top of one another, its flexible ministries, and its increasing openness to women playing important roles. There were already two women on the council of heads of ministry, one as co-editor of Right On and one as head of the tutoring program. David had occasionally remarked that he could conceive of female elders since CWLF made no claims to being a New Testament church.

Now this whole tenuous edifice threatened to come tumbling down. Sunday afternoon was "church," or aspired to be. The axes were brought inside. One of those that a lot of brothers and not a few sisters carried was the subordination of women in the church of God. The easy graciousness of the communal life-style, the happy evangelical family, the precariously balanced organizational structure were shaken to their foundations.

Brothers who professed to be "really open to women's liberation" began to show those liberal colors that radicals in other movements have grown to despise. "Let's pray the Lord for a solution suitable to the whole community." Translation to women feeling oppressed: a compromise between the oppressed and the oppressor would be most pleasing to the Lord. "I really agree with your concerns, but your attitude is really offensive." Translation: Ask nice or we won't give you your rights. Wait patiently for us to give you what we and the Lord think best.

A participant-observer might now begin to reexamine the apparently easy acceptance of the sister who co-edited Right On for over a year. She had a prominent role, but she did not play it prominently. There was an engaging meekness about her. Her eyes were often cast down, her voice always soft. She never seemed aggressive or threatening to any brothers. Indeed, she took little interest in much of the workings of CWLF. The most anybody noticed was that on principle she occasionally refused to take notes if asked at a staff conference. She had a meek spirit. She seemed all sweetness and light from a distance, and

few if any knew her well. She is a quiet person who keeps to herself. She is not one of the leading "prayers" in any group; few people know much about her joys or her sorrows. She has no interest in heavy confrontations with anybody, but perhaps especially with men. She minimizes her whole relationship to CWLF. There is an air of quiet elitism. Some would say she is cool. But never offensive or demanding.

When the battle struck, she simply stayed out of it, not attending any of the meetings with the committee or joining in behind-the-scenes discussion. The new woman, a graduate of Union Seminary with a strong history of scrapping, was allowed to catch the flak. Perhaps the co-editor of Right On was simply not interested in CWLF hassles. Some wished she had been more interested in her sisters. A year later she did become interested, and proceeded to lead the rally around women's issues.

CWLF was simply not prepared for a woman who would not ask nicely. That was one problem. Another was that visionary Christian sisters possibly expected instant liberation once they had said the word, just like the famous instant heroin withdrawals touted of the Jesus movement.

Everything came together in this crisis, then. The mind-sets and prejudices of old theological traditions had been set to flood in at the sound of "church." (No Jesus revolution there!) A new style on the part of Christian sisters caught the brothers unprepared. Christian sisters expected instant liberation. Eventually the committee met and appointed one woman to join them. She was committed to women's liberation, was a seminary graduate although not ordained, and decidedly

did not appear aggressive. The woman from Union had begun the battle nearly alone, had suffered the most, and could now be ignored. (Two years later, however, the woman from Union Seminary was one of the more prominent leaders and functioned as an elder.) It was probably too little too late. Some women never came back to the Sunday afternoon meetings. The church is not what it was. But not a few brothers have grown remarkably, from some of the sisters' viewpoints. And some of the sisters have moved on to other questions. Why are women in the CWLF office paid less? Why should there be elders at all in CWLF? Who appointed them? How are they responsible to the CWLF constituency?

During the turmoil which lasted for several weeks, Susan xeroxed an article on women's liberation from the safe Christianity Today and handed it to each male at a heads of ministries meeting which she chaired. She remarked that she still considered CWLF more open than any Christian group she knew of, but nevertheless it had become a heavy scene for women. A five-weeks Crucible course on the problem of women and the New Testament was also taught at this time. The general position was that the Gospel opened up a complete freedom of restraints on women. CWLF had come a long way in one year. Only the previous summer at the Radical Street Christianity Workshop Mike had stepped to the front of the room after a woman's presentation and explained that anything she had said about the Scriptures was simply her own opinion and not really exegesis. He then remained stagecenter and fielded the questions and oversaw the discussion which followed.

The Others

Whenever a group of people gather who have been converted to a new perspective on reality and acquire a new symbolic universe, they will find it necessary to work out some relationship to groups they have previously related to in their now reinterpreted pasts and to present rival definitions of reality. It is axiomatic that more energy is spent staking one's position relative to counter-realities seen as competitors or to definitions too similar to one's own than to realities comfortably distant. Thus, in Berkeley Hare Krishna, Transcendental Meditation, and other assorted human potential and Eastern movements receive no little attention from some brothers and sisters in CWLF. There is also the Graduate Theological Union, a federation of nine seminaries on Holy Hill in Berkeley on the north side of the campus. This sometimes takes on the character within CWLF of a monolithic liberal conspiracy. A few local churches, assorted campus preachers and campus ministers (a rather crucial difference between them), and other Christian groups also come into view.

At the 1972 Workshop, one of the brothers new to teaching spoke on the cults. "These pseudo-Christian groups are Satan's strategy and pride. Satan is still pretty much of a crafty dude. He has a cult tailored for everyone." He mentioned Mormonism, Jehovah's Witnesses, Christian Science, Theosophy, Bahai, Spiritism, hesitated a moment and added Liberalism, and Neo-Orthodoxy. He noted that cults typically rip Scripture out of context. "Also there is always Scripture and another source of authority." There arose some discussion of alleged Latter Day Saints' underwear, a special weave guaranteed to ward off demons.

At a Family Meeting a visitor announced that Swami Satchadananda was appearing at the Newman Center. "He's one of Satan's boys. I'll need some money for literature on false prophets," one of the visiting brothers explained. In a discussion of Hare Krishnas, Jack suggested two approaches he had seen. One, stay with them and love them. Two, expose them and show them up. "Option one is the one I think we want." He described giving a young chanter a CWLF leaflet during a Krishna march. "He read it all the way through on the spot and became interested in Jesus. He said that in Los Angeles they just told him to keep chanting." CWLF avoids "negative leafleting." Jack described a leaflet he had seen at Jack London Square in Oakland showing the Mararishi of Transcendental Meditation as a goat-headed devil with the number 666 on his forehead. "This kind of thing is not what we want to be doing."

There are the humanists, one of whom corresponded with Right On. The Right On staff and several members of the Humanists' Association in San Francisco planned to get together for a dialogue. It would not be a confrontation or a debate.

There are the optimists. Jack related to the Family Meeting that one rebuked him at a peace march where he was handing out leaflets. "I don't need to trust in God. I have faith in man." Jack replied, "What's the anti-war march all about then?" That clinched it for the gathered family and there was much laughter.

There are people of goodwill who might consider themselves good-natured pluralists. When CWLF was active during a Krishna celebration and parade, one such person said, "I really appreciate what you people

are doing, but you shouldn't be here today. This is Hare Krishna's thing. Do your thing on your day." The brothers and sisters could not agree. "What we do cannot and should not always sit well with people."

There are also people of ill will. A local group which specializes in Latter Day fraternity pranks published the following poster and stapled or pasted it all over Berkeley early one Saturday morning:

JESUS LOVES YOU—KILL YOURSELF. The humiliation and joyless vapidness of daily existence, where life is only survival, is part of the necessary suffering, in accord with His plan, that will cleanse your soul for the afterlife to come.

So, brothers and sisters of the Cross; you who have accepted the Lord Jesus Christ into your hearts, who have forgiven your trespassers, and who regard the daily plate of shit as the Holy Sacrament of Fate—give that final testimony of Faith and LEAP FOR THE LORD.

Come, Children of God, to the Golden Gate Bridge, Sunday, October 8th, 1972, 6 AM to the first annual Meet-Your-Maker Marathon and punctuate your life of rigorous devotion and conscientious self-denial with the supreme sacrifice: JUMP FOR JESUS!

With regard to those sociopathic heretics who feel that boredom isn't the Will of God, but the necessary product of a society in which time is money; who say that it's the commodity economy, and its capitalist pimps (forgive them, Jesus!), that reduces men and women to mere objects in the order of things, and who have not yet recognized the impossibility of changing life on earth: they might be better off writing to those God-less malcontents at NEGATION (PO Box 1213, Berkeley, Ca 94701) to discuss such blasphemous matters.

So as to dispel any unintended illusions let us, as a great Christian once said, make a few things perfectly clear:

It's not because we fear our own freedom that we'll submit to any degradation and to the authorities who enforce it, but because it is only in the acceptance of our destiny that any freedom can be found.

The amoral advocates of unbridled passion and world revolution are just hellbound hedonists who don't know that self-less renunciation is the only path to heavenly bliss. They say that our movement for spiritual rediscovery is an "emotional plague" that infects those whose daily squalor and anaemic will-to-live has made them despair about ever changing life. But how can it be: it's our only hope! Furthermore, let us rectify once and for all that Satanic Untruth that the religious excitement we get from being close to Jesus is only a sublimation of our

repressed sexuality. After all, every good Christian knows that
genitals are TOOLS OF THE DEVIL and that orgasms are just revolt-
ing SEIZURES OF SIN experienced by those into whom the love of
God has not penetrated. And when the atheistic anarchists of
 today's wayward youth say that God only represents the projected
 image and repository of man's own alienated powers, the supreme
 but suppressed possibilities of people themselves, they mouth an
irredeemable sacrilege.

For those who do know the Lord, the Kingdom of Heaven awaits
 you. Jesus die for you. You owe Him at least your life. So
 don't forget to join your enlightened brethren October 8th for
The-Big-Baptism-In-The-Bay. See you there!

--Power to the Passive! Central Committee
 Christian World Liberation Front

In the lower left corner of the poster are several men and women with
 crosses on their heads. A man with a hammer is striking the cross and
 pounding the people into the ground. One with no more than his hat
 showing is saying, "And the Meek Shall Inherit the Earth."

Some of the people in CWLF were angry at first, but took it in
 stride. CWLF people spread out all over town and got most of the posters
 down. The same group had stolen all the issues of the Daily Californian
 a year before and replaced them with their own version of a Daily Cal
 highly subservient to the Administration. Interestingly enough, a few
 radical politicians in Berkeley were impressed with the piece and credited
 CWLF with a brilliant self-parody for the purpose of making a statement
 about where they were.

There are many groups within the Jesus movement broadly defined
 or the wider evangelical tradition with which the brothers and sisters
 in CWLF continually find themselves in juxtaposition. They may be
 leafleting on Jack London Square and find themselves together with
 leafleters from The Way ⁸ — "one of those heresies where you can do what

you want as long as it feels good." They are worried that new Christians may be taken in. They discuss putting out a leaflet on The Way. "There is much truth there, but it is another Gospel." Someone else says, "I've heard some adverse things about them, too. I don't like to judge. We have to listen to see where they're at."

Once a brother just returned from Northern California said, "I met some Children of God and some Acts 2.38 Christians (Pentecostals). They seemed weird, but they sure were sold out to Jesus. You have to have fellowship with people like that. They really go all the way. Jesus Is Light is written on the light switch. Jesus Is the Door is written on the doors. There are passages written all over the floors, too."

The breed called campus preachers gives CWLF no little discomfort and embarrassment. Their style and their message are not congenial to CWLF. A sister complains: "A couple people on campus almost preach with clenched fists. They dishonor the Lord and people just get defensive. They won't listen. Who wants that kind of love?" Another adds: "There is a place to be militant—against evil and oppression. But you don't come down on individuals. Treat individuals with tenderness, but be strong against evil. We do not take it upon ourselves to be judges. The listener is the object of the battle, not the enemy." Still another says: "We are called to speak the truth in love, not spout proof texts. We try to be open to where the person is. Then tell the truth to that situation."

During a weekly class on Revelation that Mike was teaching in the fall of 1972 on the grass at the edge of Sproul Plaza, a loud

preacher took up his position about fifty feet away. It was impossible to ignore him. A sister said, "I know him. I met him once at the House of Pergamos." Mike says, "If he's a brother the Lord will bless him." There is general discomfort in the class. Finally they move farther away to have their Bible study in peace. Later, another campus preacher comes over and monopolizes the conversation for several minutes. After he leaves Mike says, "I just prayed silently that the Lord would take care of it." When the preacher runs out of steam and goes away, Mike continues with his class.

At a Family Meeting the subject of unloving preaching comes up. A sister who has been active at the campus table says, "I just get the creeps whenever this one preacher comes around. I just start praying. Yesterday the Gay Lib table was next to ours. He saw them and started in on them. We called him down and apologized to the Gay Lib people. He just said well, I've got my subject for today's sermon and went over to the steps to begin a harangue on homosexuality. The Gay Lib people came over and asked, 'What do you guys stand for then?' We talked quite a while. One said, 'I've been looking for something like that for a long time.'" There was tremendous excitement when the sister finished speaking. Jack commended her witness. All prayed for the Gay Libber. (No one prayed for the campus preacher.)

Campus preaching is a world unto itself. Two or three times a week in Sproul Plaza on the UC campus there occurs about noontime an interesting spectacle. A campus preacher takes up his position and begins shouting to (at) the crowds. To give one instance:

His pulpit is a cement pillar. A large black Bible, taken carefully out of its box, is placed on the pillar. He begins immediately with verve. His inflections show the studied rise and fall of the revivalist, of Billy Graham. He seems powerful and impassioned.

A crowd of longhairs smoking pot lounge on the steps of the Student Union building in front of him. Some carry on their own conversations, some heckle, some seem hardly to notice, some throw pennies—and immediately others run out to pick them up. Some people, psychological basket cases, become extremely agitated and like bulls pace around him kicking their feet. Some walk very close to pass him and when they are right next to him say bullshit or fuck you, thrusting their middle finger in his face. Heckles are loudest when he talks about sin and "conceived in sin."

He is twenty-eight, he says, grew up in Oakland and Berkeley, has been in jail, was on heroin for ten years until Jesus cured him with no withdrawal pains. This is a message of love, a call to repentance. He recounts past conversions he has seen, a girl who convulsed while three hundred gathered round, and the demon came out and she came to the Lord. He recalls a healing from Parkinsons' disease and mentions a man who died of a strychnine dose one hour after he rebuked the Lord by Strawberry Creek. He says he is a singer and begins some very long and uninteresting songs about David and Moses and Elijah.

In the crowd two short-haired Mormon elders pause for a few moments at a discreet distance. A couple of Jesus Freaks come close in sympathy and then disappear. After a while a homely girl with turned-up-at-the-toe boots appears and hands out pamphlets about the five ways. Another tall gaunt man stands close in moral support. Through it all a veteran street preacher stands at the adjacent pillar, looking like a fight manager, occasionally leafing through his pocket New Testament.

When the sermon is over, the preacher, the manager, the girl, and the gaunt supporter come together. Another young clean-looking Christian, who has been listening for a long time, gets into a loud argument with the manager over the tactics of street preaching. He feels that no love, only judgment, shows through. He is especially agitated about the terrible singing, which he considers a really gross put-on. He admits to being a "professional" singer-preacher.

A man walks up and engages the little huddle in nearly violent conversation, continually walking away but unable not to come back. He is native-born Spanish, he says. He says mother-fucker to two well-dressed middle-aged ladies who happen by—in Spanish, and then translates for the huddle. He has been in prison and met some good Christian chaplains, but none were closed-minded fundamentalists who demanded conversion before they would make a telephone call for you. He knows a lot of Bible passages and

spits them out at the preacher. He gets a sympathetic hearing from the clean-cut Christian and makes the most of it. The preacher says to his manager, not too quietly, "He's demon possessed." He asks the Spaniard if he can see the love of Christ in him. The Spaniard shouts no. A heavy conference on evangelism ensues, with the preacher and manager in near but not total agreement, the clean-cut Christian professional singer in reasoned and loud disagreement, and the Spaniard shouting contradictions and saying fuck very loud whenever he is losing their attention. Occasionally the preacher and manager stop to diagnose the Spaniard's spiritual condition, asserting that he is only half-possessed because totally possessed people always walk around bumping into things. The girl says a supporting word, with her speech defect, whenever she can agree with someone. The gaunt man smiles gently. After the Spaniard leaves, the argument continues rather loudly for some time, while several people stop for a few minutes to see what's happening. The people on the steps are still there, though many have left. They are no more interested in the Christians arguing than they were in the preacher's sermon.

As the argument closes, the manager is saying that preaching judgment is in the Bible and you can't stop it just to please the crowd. These people around here never want to hear any doctrine anyway. The preacher softens the manager's views and argues for preaching against sin but not calling people out of the crowds as dirty homos, filthy prostitutes, etc., the way another campus preacher does. The preacher seems strangely sad. Perhaps the Spaniard has called him to repentance. The manager agrees a little with the preacher, but his line is much harder. The girl sides with the manager and so does the gaunt man.

The manager says, "C'mon, let's go get some coffee." The girl and the gaunt man tag along. The preacher, looking very weary, says no, he has to get going. He walks away and almost immediately he disappears among the crowds that keep pouring back and forth across Bancroft Ave.

There are other Christian groups to worry about, too.

Resurrection City, Campus Crusade, Inter-Varsity Christian Fellowship, the local church, the Chinese Christian Fellowship. At one Family Meeting a visitor asked to speak. He said the Lord had given him a vision of hundreds of Christians from Inter-Varsity, Resurrection City, Campus Crusade, CWLF, and First Presbyterian Church coming together to praise the Lord. He looked to Scripture to see how it would work. From

the foot-washing story he concluded that people were to trust each other in relationship. He also drew conclusions from the Cain and Abel story which were not immediately intelligible. In the prayers that followed some praised the Lord for this brother, some sought help from the Lord for bringing such an eventuality off, and others prayed what could be called cautionary prayers. It was hard to say whether they were rebukes to the brother or gentle reminders to the Lord. For a while a few brothers and sisters from some of these groups did begin meeting every Sunday evening in one of the dormitories on campus.

Resurrection City is the most successful Christian phenomenon active in Berkeley since the 1972-73 school year. In some ways it has the charismatic flourish and excitement of early CWLF, a fact that is not lost on a few envious people in CWLF. In most ways this Pentecostal group, begun by a twenty-two-year-old Assembly of God circuit rider from Chico, California, is a world apart from CWLF. They meet several times a week in their Christian House for Bible Study but their big meeting, their "Night of Miracles," is held at the Veterans' Hall in Berkeley. Widely advertised and held twice a month, it draws up to seven hundred people. It is an experience not to be forgotten.⁹

As you walk into the very large hall there are four large paper buckets at the entrance, about the size of a Col. Sanders barrel of chicken, waiting for contributions. They are presently empty. On the stage is a grand piano. Two sisters, one at the piano and one with a flute, are playing beautifully. Everything is from memory. For anything the sister at the piano picks up, the sister on the flute immediately provides a stunning obbligato.

After a half-hour there is the introduction to the Night of Miracles. The speaker is slick and polished, with the inflections of a tent or TV evangelist. Immediately there is long prayer, with much speaking in tongues murmur and many thank you Jesus's.

Then begins a long period of singing. Song after song comes with tremendous enthusiasm, clapping, many knowing the words by heart. It seems the roof will be raised the singing is so loud and spirited.

There is sexuality in this audience. This Night of Miracles is happening in the bosom of Earth Mother. There is a feeling of bodies, of darker emotions, of lower class revivals. This is Saturday night entertainment and very good at that. There is joy and enthusiasm and goodwill, some hugging, and a lot of incipient tongues being set loose. In this crowd of about three hundred there may be about twenty-five blacks and about fifty middle-aged people.

The leader says the time of the service has been changed from 7:30 to 6:30, but some people seem to have forgotten. "Don't forget next time. Nursery service is provided for restless or talkative kids. No moving about please."

Another leader takes over and goes on with the four square truths. There are many Amens and wows. "You're rich tonight," he says. As he speaks, there are couples and groups shifting around the large hall to be with friends. There seem to be "dates," too. There is shouting, emotional jags, barbershop tenors, arms thrust upward in body movement, teeny-boppers moving around to see who's there.

The Lord has a plan and directed Resurrection City to have a part in it, the leader continues. "We're having the Night of Miracles on the first and third Saturday until God changes our direction. On Tuesdays and Saturday mornings we continue our worship and teaching."

A black singer is introduced who goes to the piano, says he is just a vessel, and begins to share a song that just came to him, kind of a prayer, he says. He has an absolutely gorgeous tenor voice. The crowd is enthralled.

The funny woman with the broken tambourine on her head is here. There are girls with pain and rapture on their faces, stretching their eyes and arms toward the ceiling. This is wholly, holy rapture, awe, sexuality, mysticism. These people let it happen in a way that never happens at CWLF. A woman with an elaborate red hairdo and spectacular black pants suit and many pearls sits with a young man. Is it her son, who needs this sort of thing? She lifts her hands up in enthusiastic prayer. There is no closure here. The crowd is awash in a sea of supernatural id. There are church people letting it all hang out for the first time ever.

The leader who is now preaching is beginning to work the crowd, moving toward a miraculous culmination. He wants the crowd to be open, to expect God to touch them, to move through the ministry of the leader. "You didn't come here to see humanity. God himself is going to do something here tonight and we fully expect it." He tells a story of a woman with a pancreas problem. A year later he

meets her and she has gained twenty-five pounds. He says to the crowd, "Say something." The crowd says, "Praise God." He says, "I'm really thrilled with things like that. Aren't you?" The crowd cheers.

"This is the forty-third sermon I've preached in twenty-nine days. How many know that's a lot? I've been everywhere, Southern California, Missouri. Some sessions I went six hours. How many of you know that's a lot? God healed my vocal cords about seven times." Laughter. "Nobody knew who Mario Murillo was before this Resurrection City began. Now they do. We've been through a lot here.

"I have to share a few things. The Spirit demands I say these things, even if they're heavy. People thank me for honesty. I have personally been involved in over two hundred churches and youth groups in the last five years. I was probably one of the first ones to believe that God could save a hippie. I was in San Francisco in '65 and '66. I doubt that any in this room has seen as much as I've seen. I've learned to detect the signs of death. The average life span of a Bible study or a Christian movement is eighteen months. Next month Resurrection City will be a year and a half old. Rather than give a eulogy I'm going to share concerns. I'm very, very, very concerned that we not die next month.

"These are very brutal statements. I've gone through three occasions when I really thought God was going to use a group. He passed it by. There was total disillusionment. Three days and nights I was in prayer and ended up in the hospital. There was failure, bitter defeat, retreat. Tonight I see empty seats. I see it coming. Every empty seat is representative of someone's personal failure. I am not like my predecessor. I refuse to live in mediocrity. Not for five minutes. I've been hurt too many times.

"I believe we are in the greatest hour of testing ever. Next month we are eligible for an overwhelming mortality statistic. I don't know what's going to happen. This Tuesday I myself am preaching at our Christian House. I'm taking the Bible study because I have the oversee of this ministry. I want everyone here, if the Holy Spirit directs, to be there.

"Next thing. Everything God does is expensive. It costs somebody a lot. If you think we haven't received criticism for meeting here tonight. Youth ministers warn against us, pastors pray we'll get out of town. This meeting tonight is a testimony, an emergency ward. A free-for-all for the broken and bound physically. Saturday night at Resurrection City is a needed link between the needy of the world and the anointing of Jesus Christ. Many choose to come here rather than see an M.D. or a psychiatrist. Say Amen. Many depend on it as a Holy Ghost clinic for help and hope. This is the only hope some people have. You know how that makes me feel? They broke their body just to get here. We are far more influential than we think we are. Some people here are just spiritual hangnails, drinking in the blessings. That's OK too.

"Someone had the gall to say to me, 'Your Saturday night meetings are not deep enough.' I said how insensitive can anybody be? I am not here to tickle theological funnybones. People desperate for healing have come. There is nothing complicated about sewing up a wound. It's not deep. But dying people, on their way to suicide, are crying in the corridors every Saturday night here, so glad to hear the simple but profound Gospel. A filthy vile girl feels clean after two words of the Gospel from a counselor. Shrinks charge \$50 an hour and can't do one-tenth of what we do on Saturday nights. Look at these chairs, they're hospital beds. They need to be filled. Bring people here."

He often pauses to see if the audience is with him. If he is losing them, he revs them up, gets them to participate, softens and lifts his voice again. He bows his head for prayer.

"Close your eyes. I want every seat filled when we meet again. I'm going to do something very scary. The Lord gave us Veterans' Hall. Now, Lord, may there never be another empty seat in this building ever again. How many of you believe that? I feel faith coming right now. Lord, never again. We'll need two hundred more here next time. One time my staff got scared. I had people coming out of the rafters at our House on College Avenue. I said, Never again up here. We'll need a new place. And we haven't had a Saturday night meeting there since.

"We're going to sing a few more songs and then I'm going to minister. Wouldn't it be grand if every last disease in this room were healed? This month is going to be the greatest month ever. More conversions, more healings." The crowd joins in singing Glory, Glory, Hallelujah over and over and nearly lifts the roof off the building. Mario says save some of that energy for the streets, you're really old-line Pentecostals. The crowd loves it. He prays for a double portion of healing and that people will not be looking at Mario Murillo, but only at Jesus Christ. He tells a long story, quoting someone who appears to be Jesus. The story is not in the New Testament, however. It doesn't really matter.

He begins a long sermon on Acts 8. Most people do not have Bibles. The crowd is now about four hundred. He is engaging, humorous. There is a slight hint of self-parody. The crowd is with him. Say Amen. Amen. "Peter said, 'You and your money can go to hell. I perceive you are being pickled by your own vinegar. Peter knew more psychoanalysis than Freud did. Freud is the biggest crock of foolishness ever put on paper. There's a multi-billion dollar healing neuroses.'" The crowd roars with delight. He puts together scraps of information that would please both middle America and radical therapists. There is an elaborate parody on the mental health establishment. He is so successful in this long excursus, strung together with bits of information ripped out of context and placed on a giant collage with something for everybody to denounce. He pauses.

"Am I like Marjoe? What I say would hold water in the laboratory. I don't believe in your Pentecostal anti-intellectualism. I don't say anything I can't back up. Freudian psychology can't deal with guilt. We as Christians should never feel inferior to anyone. A five-year-old Christian knows more than a non-Christian professor." Word after contradictory word surges over the Amens.

Then it is time for the miracles to begin. "I see healing in the eye. Now in ears. I see a nerve problem. Let that handicap go. Somewhere down the aisle to my left. One of you counselors, go down there, further back. I see a neck . . . throat . . . back problem. Clotting of the blood. A tumor. A muscle problem. A leg injury between the hip and knee. Saints, I want you to exhibit a little excitement right now because this is real what's happening here.

"Start singing, Lord I Believe. As soon as you know you're healed, come down here. I see someone with excruciating head pain. Marcus, go up the aisle, no back a little. Put your hand on that head. In the green shirt. I need another worker. Sister, put your hands on your waist. Brother, put your hand on your head. Someone recently gave birth to a child; there was congenital damage. It's being healed now. There is a damaged head from a car accident somewhere here. Whiplash. A shoulder condition. Come down here, come up front now. As we sing He Touched Me move out into the aisle, use your new limbs, come forward.

"You heard me mention a car accident. We have one here. When did you have your car accident?" "1957. But I have a recurring pain. Had it again this morning. Tonight it went away."

"Here's somebody who had a broken leg. Stomp your left foot."

On it went. Everyone who needed healing got healed, whether he wanted it or not. And before he asked. It was a Night of Double Miracles. The miracle of healing. And the miracle of people being healed before they had a chance to say what their problem was.

CWLF has no official or even quasi-official relation to any of the churches in the Berkeley area, although First Presbyterian of Berkeley and Walnut Creek Presbyterian are active supporters and make vital financial contributions. Many clergy in Berkeley tend to assume that CWLF is linked with First Presbyterian, which may make it easier to write the group off. Perhaps less than one-eighth of those regularly involved in CWLF attend First Presbyterian in Berkeley. Others are active in Peninsula Bible Church in Palo Alto and in Brethren, Baptist,

Quaker, and Bible churches in the area. A few have become interested in the liturgical experiences of Lutheran and Episcopalian and Roman Catholic churches. Many go to no church.

Jack once said, "I never met a minister the first two years we were here. We just have parallel ministries, I guess. There was no hostility or competition. We haven't been called to what they're into." He adds that making denominational definitions and distinctions is of very slight concern to him. Many in CWLF, including Jack and his family, have no church affiliation. Perhaps he could never be comfortable in a church. CWLF has been reluctant to call itself a church, although the Forever Family idea comes close to that. When pressed in debate, Jesus People will always answer spokesmen from the institutional church, "We too are the Church." It is, of course, possible that many churches would be less than eager to contribute to CWLF's ministry if CWLF were just another church. Campus Crusade carefully avoids giving the impression of being a church and insists that all its staff members join local churches in their area. It may also be that those who participate in CWLF and belong to a local church will receive a more balanced diet of spiritual nurture. This is especially important for families where only one member of the family is active in CWLF. The spouse and the children may need the feeding which a local church can provide. The critical factor may be that if CWLF were to settle down to being a church it would lose some of its zest and much of its flexibility for experimental ministries.

Some Jesus People who have grown up in the church are extremely hostile and full of bitterness. They spent long years looking and did not find anything there. If the churches had something, they were not telling, these people feel. Long years were spent with no salvation offered or shared. Kenneth Keniston has written of the great hostility the alienated young often have toward their families when they had looked to them for something they never received. Occasionally this hostility comes to the surface in private conversations. There is, however, no church baiting in CWLF and the churches are not singled out for denunciation as they are among some Jesus groups.

There is probably a quiet disacknowledgment of the churches by many Jesus People. Reich talks about the kinds of things that happen to break the credibility of young people in the society into which they are being socialized. They notice there has never been a non-white, non-rich, non-businessman on the school's board of trustees. The straight athlete tries marijuana and notices that he neither goes crazy nor becomes criminal. He notices society's tolerance of far more harmful things and wonders why.¹⁰ Comparable things may have happened and continue to happen to many Jesus People with respect to the churches. They are often equally unsympathetic and scornful of liberal and conservative churches.

Many in CWLF were embarrassed when they were written up in Billy Graham's Decision magazine. The theological legitimation Graham's presence gave the Nixon administration was bitterly resented. His public posture lends credence to everything Berkeley radicals customarily say

about groups like CWLF. CWLF leaders are "sick at heart" at what they see as a vapid, bloodless, Christless theology in much of liberal Protestantism. They see young seminarians withering from lack of deep spiritual experience and frustrated by constant contact with professors for whom theology is a head-trip and whose hearts show no evidence of a personal relationship with God in Jesus Christ. They resent what they see as loveless, legalistic fundamentalism and humanistic, Bible-less, liberal Protestantism.

Yet some in CWLF wish for a closer relationship with the churches because they see there a permanence and ubiquity which CWLF does not and never will have. They see a long-term nurturing institution. They see a community which is not restricted to a youth culture and in which all ages can grow into relationships with each other.

Jack once mourned, "When a brother or sister comes to the Lord on North Beach there's not one place we know to send them to find a community and get the Gospel. That's always the problem at North Beach." Such remarks, if they were made publicly, would undoubtedly offend the churches and may simply betray an ignorance of the San Francisco scene or an unwillingness to see God at work in many churches. It may be true, however, that few clergy and even fewer Christian church communities would come forward at any hour to close around those saved at North Beach with warmth, love, and long-term commitment.

There are also many styles within the Jesus movement itself which make some people in CWLF rejoice and others shy away. When a Memorial Day weekend Festival of the Sun was being planned to bring

together in the Santa Cruz mountains Jesus People from up and down the West Coast, some in CWLF could not relate to it. A surprisingly small number went to the Festival, perhaps ten people. Frank of Street Theater said at a heads of ministries meeting, "I'm just not into that at all. I praise the Lord for them and wish them well, but it's not for me. My wife would really freak out if she went." When Bob demurred, Frank said, "Your wife would freak out, too, Bob." Bob said, "I know. That's why we've scheduled a visit to some friends down there to coincide with the Festival. My wife can stay there while I run back and forth."

On the other front is the Graduate Theological Union in Berkeley. At one Family Meeting someone heard the magic initials GTU mentioned and asked what it was. "It's a group of seminaries on Holy Hill above the campus virtually all sold out to secular-liberal theology. They have the Earle Lectures every year when famous liberals come in to speak. We need a lot of prayer for over there. They know all the terms, but they are emptied of content. Pray that the Spirit make their theology come alive, that they know the real Father. Last year a couple of ministers received Christ after our testimony at the Earle Lectures." "Yeah, I heard that too," someone added. "We want everyone to be able to see the contrast between light and darkness."

Once some brothers from CWLF were to appear on a panel at Pacific School of Religion, one of the participating seminaries in the GTU. At the Family Meeting there was prayer for them and mention of the hostile atmosphere they would encounter as they went to testify to seminarians.

An intern at First Presbyterian in 1972 proposed a dialogue between the GTU and CWLF. It was probably easier to sell the GTU on the idea. Letters to the GTU student paper So It Goes indicated anything but hostility toward CWLF. As the day for the dialogue approached, one brother, bitterly resentful of any dialogue with the GTU and a Dallas Seminary graduate himself, prayed at the Family Meeting a long prayer: He spoke of the coming "confrontation" with the GTU and beseeched God to "keep us from flinching, help us put on the weapons of warfare." The prayer mentioned that Jesus did not shrink from saying what was necessary to the scribes and Pharisees and called them whited sepulchres very forthrightly. Yet Nicodemus had come later to Jesus by night. If only one Nicodemus from the GTU came around, the confrontation would be worth it. The sentiments expressed in this prayer were by no means shared by the entire group. Most expressed delight at the chance to dialogue with student and faculty representatives from the GTU.

The dialogue was held on November 17, 1972. Before the dialogue began someone in CWLF whispered to me, perhaps not knowing that I was a GTU doctoral candidate, "We've been prayed for for thirty minutes already. The Lord's going to be praised in spite of all these kooks." About one hundred people were in the audience in one of the larger rooms at First Presbyterian Church, perhaps twenty of them older people. The dialogue began at 3:10 p.m., with one GTU panel member still not present. The intern at First Presbyterian moderated. Jack Sparks was referred to as the co-founder of CWLF and was always referred to as Doctor, which, of course, he is, but no one in CWLF has ever thought of referring to him in that manner. Perhaps this was a kind attempt to lend him status or to recognize him as an equal. An assistant pastor at First Presbyterian opened the dialogue with prayer. Jack, Susan, and David were representing CWLF. Professor Durwood Foster of Pacific School of Religion and two students represented the GTU. One was called at the last minute to take the place of Professor David Willis of the Presbyterian San Francisco Theological Seminary, who did not appear.

The prayer was grateful for the One Body, thankful that people could recognize many parts to it, asked for light rather than heat, the ability to understand all our brothers and sisters, said the dialogue might be important for the days ahead, and asked that it would honor God and in the long run help all of us. It finally begged the Spirit to be at work in us.

The moderator said the purpose was to be more intelligently informed about the other group. It is not fundamentally a debate. It is not the GTU vs. CWLF. In some ways it is comparing apples and oranges. Mostly the purpose is to share insights, where we're coming from. Keep this spirit in mind.

Jack began, with a voice as thin and insecure as any had ever heard from him. Eventually he warmed to the occasion and acted the part people were familiar with. He said he was not very well acquainted with the GTU, had not spent any time there, that CWLF had not attempted to learn too much about the religious establishment because they were not called to that. He traced the beginnings of CWLF in Berkeley and related it to the fact that they had seen no movement to the historical Jesus within the youth movements in Berkeley. If the churches had tried to convert the culture, CWLF wanted to bring individuals into a relationship with the living God. There were no models for what they wanted to do and they trusted God to make them free and creative. He talked about the early Christian houses, the leafleting, their presence in People's Park, the evolution of Right On, and some thoughts on not abdicating a literature ministry to the secular world.

He described a positive belief in the validity of Scripture as God's Word when he began to talk about foundations. He saw the Scriptures as earthy, straight words to common people, not for scholars, and noted the development of CWLF's paraphrase, Letters to Street Christians.

He talked about marriages he had performed, the establishment of families, and noted that some CWLF brothers and sisters would not be welcome in polite society. He talked about heartaches and hassles, about conversions from heroin. He mentioned CWLF has about thirty staff members, who are paid a subsistence, "not wages between \$500 and \$1,500 a month as Seminary professors would get." He mentioned other ministries at CWLF, the role of women, the fact that God had put together their staff. He was very calm, mellow, unimportant, self-demeaning. He talked warmly and enthusiastically about CWLF.

Professor Foster began by acknowledging the absurdity of the idea that he could represent the GTU. He saluted the occasion and praised God for its happening. He had seen Right On from time to time but did not know much about CWLF. He said he was guilty for not attempting more persistently to relate to CWLF.

He wanted to sound a note of gratitude for CWLF. "You may be feeling that the GTU looks rather superciliously and disdainfully at groups like CWLF. By and large and on the whole, there is a

sense of appreciation for the vitality and endeavor of such groups." People on the academic side were surprised that an arid secularism was being invaded by Jesus Christ.

He liked the four words in CWLF's name. It was a forthright witness to Jesus Christ. The world is God's creation. There were parts of the world CWLF was into in far more realistic and effective ways than the GTU. Jesus Christ does set people free. In the unintended pun of the year, he said, "Both of us are seeking to come abreast of women's affairs." He deeply shared the purposes the name CWLF suggested.

The task of the GTU was to prepare ministers to share the mission of Jesus Christ in the world, to promote the enterprise of Christian scholarship, to provide a framework of exploration for people seeking purpose in life to which they can wholeheartedly commit themselves. Some students in the GTU have only a tentative commitment now or are trying to work out a purpose.

However remote the GTU's technical activities might seem, underlying them was a commitment to Jesus Christ. There was a vision of the movement of the whole world summed up in Jesus Christ. When the GTU does get bogged down in the minutiae of scholarship they need to be protested against. Hopefully, no one will mistake the basic commitment even with all the shortcomings.

People in the GTU never think of themselves as Christ's whole show in the world. Theirs is not the only way or even the most important way. They do feel what they are doing has significance and has its place in the whole providence of God. They see no rivalry between what they do and witnessing in the streets. "In our personal lives, so far as we have time and talent, we recognize we should be doing that, too. We thank God for other workers in the vineyard who do their work well."

People at the GTU think what they are doing is important because they do it in obedience to Christ. They feel called to love God with the whole mind. The disciplines of scholarship are instruments and means of carrying out the summons to love God. They are emboldened by the Biblical statement "all things are yours." Scholars too can be saved. And need to be.

The GTU student spoke next. He said that the GTU and CWLF were not apples and oranges. Both have meetings every night, both meet to celebrate the Truth. They both can discover continuities and illuminate discontinuities between them. He then talked about why he chose the GTU. He listed his priorities and looked for an institution to cover them best. He has discovered that he does not have to log off any part of his religiosity in the GTU. He decides what he wants to learn and learns it. That's a possibility at the GTU.

He noted two specific things about his own faith and its relation to the GTU. He mentioned that one can isolate sentences in the Christian tradition and build a life around them. For him, the statement was Jesus' "I am the Truth." Hence he chose the occupation of student. He considers himself a religious man and

considers himself doing religious things when he is in the library. Secondly, he saw a commonality between all men and women who were religious and who expressed their Christian commitments in various ways. He hoped he had escaped apples and oranges.

Susan spoke the most movingly. In a very simple way she told the story of her previous life in the Left, her marriage to a black radical, her psychosis, her confrontation with CWLF, and her coming to Christ. The most exciting thing about her life as a Christian was being able to ask God for love to somebody and he'll give it to you. She has seen miracle after miracle. She said she was petrified to speak, did not know the language, but basically knew who was in control. She knew where to go for the answers. The audience seemed enthralled.

The next GTU student began by saying he was more favorably disposed toward CWLF than the previous two speakers (which was hard to imagine since they practically applied for honorary membership). His only two reservations, as a Lutheran, were with regard to church and sacraments. He was wary of various groups going their own way and he wondered whether CWLF saw Christ as really present in the sacrament.

David spoke last. He began by putting in a plug for the "other controversy" of the Reformation. Not between Luther and Calvin, but between Luther-Calvin and the Anabaptists. He mentioned he had a GTU library card, that he considered GTU students brothers and sisters, and remarked that he was disappointed when John Dillenger, then President of the GTU, had "ho-hummed" justification by faith in a class on the Reformation that David had once taken.

He had seen in CWLF something unique and therefore became a part of it. He had been discouraged by what he had seen in the Jesus movement. In CWLF he had seen a unique uniting of minds and lives around the person of Christ. He was inspired and excited and driven back out into the world. He mentioned several CWLF ministries. He said he loved the expression the GTU brothers had brought up—obedience to Christ.

He thought there were some distinctions about theology, Christ, and Scripture between CWLF and GTU, though there was also diversity within CWLF. He hoped for further meeting of minds between CWLF and GTU. He looked for a long relationship from which both could prosper.

The discussion that followed was as interesting as the dialogue, and not nearly as mellow. A few insisted on saying the things that none of the speakers had cared to say. A local Baptist pastor said he was mystified by the whole dialogue, by so much agreement going on. When he had attended classes at the GTU, CWLF was always the butt of jokes. On the other hand, he had seen CWLF scalp-hunting in his parish and one person in CWLF had said he was not a Christian because he had not had the baptism of the Spirit.

Jack jumped up in excitement. "You never heard CWLF people say that. That's not at all representative of our people. I don't know where you picked it up." One CWLF staff member then arose to apologize for calling the pastor's Christianity into question.

Another pastor thought it was nice for the establishment to dialogue with the nonestablishment, possibly picking up some of its charisma. The GTU professor said seminaries are not exactly establishment. They are more serving under the Word of God than serving the churches and hence can be more prophetic.

The brother from CWLF who had prayed against the GTU began to press the GTU professor. He wondered about the basis for unity when a Unitarian Seminary could be included. The GTU admitted the question of unity was unresolved and seemed a little embarrassed about the Unitarians. The brother wondered what the GTU meant by scholarship and suggested that GTU scholarship might be called into question by him for its biased and false presuppositions. He was sure GTU was weaseling on its supposed high view of Scripture.

A Hebrew-Christian commented that he saw the GTU searching for truth and CWLF saying they had found it. He wondered what it meant to call oneself a Christian.

David talked about CWLF's great concern for learning. He mentioned that Crucible is offering courses in Greek, church history, Old and New Testament history and theology. There were plans to offer Hebrew.

When the dialogue was over many thought the GTU had sounded remarkably like CWLF and vice versa. Those familiar with first ecumenical encounters were not surprised at that. There was general goodwill. Both groups expressed the hope that it might happen again. There was not quite the lingering at the door after the first date—when will I see you again? As a matter of fact, the groups have not met together again since that time.

At the next Family Meeting Jack talked about the dialogue in different tones. There was some laughter and derision at the very mention of the GTU. Jack noted that after two and a half years the GTU had finally decided to notice CWLF. He said the goal of the dialogue from CWLF's side was that people might see God's light, fruit and consequences versus a theological system devoid of reality. But he said they didn't want to polarize but to just present themselves. "In the interaction and the questions from the floor I began to see the GTU

on the defensive. I think we found some friends. I hope it may be possible to teach a few courses over at the GTU. Don Heinz [the present writer] is not the only Christian over there. I hope we can be some light over there. We have the foundation they're looking for. The Christ of the Scriptures. They knew very well what we meant by a high view of Scripture. There was good interaction. I wouldn't choose an experience like that every day. I felt like we were being examined." Later during the prayer time, someone prayed for certain at the GTU, "Show mercy to them, lead them from darkness to light, change their minds about Christ the Messiah, revealed and accurately recorded in the Scriptures. For students like Don, that he not be intimidated by the intellectual atmosphere and bring a witness to Christ to the students."

The dialogue with the GTU, or perhaps the discussion within CWLF before and following the dialogue, and other encounters between CWLF and theologians raise some questions. Jesus People often seem threatened and angry when confronted with theologians, or even when they think of them. Are they incapable of debating on their higher ground and so become angry? Are the Jesus People thinking that the Jesus they know and experience is really what theology is all about? Do they resent the sophistication and privilege in speaking about God seemingly reserved for theologians? Do they feel like general practitioners dialoguing with specialists at a University clinic? Is it that GTU theology has no experience credentials?

To the extent that it is the latter, the feelings of the Jesus People are no different from feelings generally held in the counter-culture with regard to professors. There is little concern whether a

person is an instructor or a full professor. Do his experiences, does the kind of life he has been leading give him the right to be here, to teach us? What are his experiences, his feelings, his life credentials? What has he done? (Not what has he written.) It is not dissimilar, either, from the invectives that radicals sometimes hurl at establishment liberals. The implication is that people like GTU theologians talk endlessly about God with empty words. Jesus People experience him, know him, talk to him, and live out his presence in their lives and witnessing.

On the other hand, there are a few Jesus People, disproportionately represented in CWLF, who think they can beat the GTU at its own game. They aspire to learned theology, to intellectual defenses of the faith. Their heroes are C. S. Lewis and Francis Schaeffer. When they play theological games they find something peculiar happening, which infuriates them. People coming from the other side, the academic side, may say to them, "Don't play our game. We can beat you at it anyway. Besides we're bored with it. Talk about your experiences. That's fresh to us. Talk about the love of Jesus you feel in your midst. Talk about your witnessing, your personal relationship to the Father. You only sound argumentative, strident, and harsh when you start arguing theology. Your winsomeness is lost."

Notes to Chapter IV

¹Peter L. Berger and Thomas Luckmann, The Social Construction of Reality (Garden City: Doubleday, 1966), p. 128.

²Ibid., p. 146.

³Cf. the recent efforts in the Lutheran Church, Missouri Synod, to enforce one theological viewpoint and treat alleged reality slippage (change) by centralization of power and strong bureaucratic control.

⁴Rev. Ike is a flamboyant and highly successful black preacher, media personality, and long-distance guru who convinces people that giving money to him gets them money from God, that the lack of money is the root of all evil, and that God wants people to be happy and successful. Nothing succeeds like success.

⁵Theodore Roszak, The Making of a Counter Culture (Garden City: Doubleday, 1969), pp. 244-247.

⁶John 1:35-42.

⁷Yet Linda Meissner had been one of the most important leaders of the early Jesus movement in the Northwest.

⁸A great variety of groups came to be identified with the Jesus movement. Some were direct extensions of particular denominations, particularly Pentecostal groups. Many were indebted, in one way or another, to mainstream fundamentalism or evangelicalism. Some were new mutations, arising with the Jesus movement, as did the Children of God, or prior to the Jesus movement but utilizing the media focus on that movement for their own purposes. The Way is an ultra-dispensationalist sect led by Victor Wierwille and headquartered in New Knoxville, Ohio. Wierwille's movement precedes the Jesus movement. He claims to be the only true preacher of the Bible since St. Paul.

⁹Later Resurrection City began staging its meetings in the large Pauley Ballroom in the Student Union building. They grew increasingly sophisticated in their ministry and styled their approach to the UC Berkeley student body, attempting to free themselves from the anti-intellectualism often associated with the Assembly of God tradition. They were heavily funded by various Assembly of God churches, which saw them as a direct missionary outreach program in Berkeley.

¹⁰ Charles Reich, The Greening of America (New York: Random House, 1970), p. 353.

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